THE

European Magazine,

For NOVEMBER 1803.

[Embellished with, 1. A PORTRAIT of RALPH WALKER. And, 2. A VIEW of CASTLE HOWARD.]

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London:

Printed by I. Gold, Shoe-lane, Fleet-street,

FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

AND PUBLISHED BY JAMES ASPERNE,

(Successor to Mr. SEWELL.)

At the BIBLE, CROWN, and CONSTITUTION,

No. 32, CORNHILL.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, FREE OF POSTAGE, to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and every Part of the West Indies, at Two Guineas per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, *of the General Post Office, at No 21, Sherborne Lane; to Hamburg, Lisbon, Gibraltar, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at Two Guineas per Annum, by Mr.* BISHOP, *of the General Post Office, at No. 22, Sherborne Lane; to any Part of Ireland, at One Guinea and a Half per Annum, by Mr.* SMITH, *of the General Post Office, at No 3, Sherborne Lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope or any Part of the East Indies, at Thirty Shillings per Annum, by Mr.* GUY, *at the East India House.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. S. and the poem on an *Infant Sister* are too long for our purpose.

The same may be said of Dr. Perfect's "*Peasant of the Bay.*"

Several pieces which came too late for this month's Magazine are under consideration.

Osmond is informed, that we cannot promise the insertion of his *Remarks*, &c. until we have the whole of the MS. under our consideration.

Batavia came too late for insertion this month.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN from November 12, to November 19.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London	00	0	00	0	00	0	00	0	00	0
INLAND COUNTIES.										
Middlesex	58	11	26	6	27	8	29	4	39	3
Surry	60	8	43	0	28	6	28	10	38	6
Hertford	55	6	35	9	23	6	25	4	35	9
Bedford	55	5	34	8	22	5	24	3	38	2
Huntingd.	53	3	00	0	21	6	22	0	31	3
Northam.	53	2	31	0	22	8	22	10	33	9
Rutland	58	0	00	0	25	0	21	6	37	6
Leicester	58	1	00	0	25	10	25	3	38	7
Nottingh.	61	0	38	0	29	2	27	8	40	0
Derby	62	0	00	0	30	10	28	0	42	0
Stafford	57	5	00	0	30	11	28	3	37	4
Salop	51	6	37	6	27	0	25	10	00	0
Hereford	47	4	32	0	25	6	25	0	43	9
Worcest.	48	6	36	2	28	2	28	6	43	7
Warwick	55	7	00	0	29	0	28	5	43	11
Wilts	52	10	00	0	25	2	24	8	43	4
Berks	59	9	00	0	26	4	27	3	40	4
Oxford	53	6	00	0	23	8	23	10	36	0
Bucks	55	2	00	0	24	11	26	0	36	3

COUNTIES upon the COAST.	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
Essex	59	8	35	0	27	10	30	7	35	4
Kent	60	4	46	0	29	6	31	4	39	6
Suffex	54	4	00	0	30	7	29	8	43	6
Suffolk	54	3	00	0	23	9	25	4	30	11
Cambrid.	52	10	00	0	21	2	20	3	31	0
Norfolk	51	6	32	8	23	5	23	5	33	5
Lincoln	52	11	00	0	26	1	23	2	36	3
York	53	4	37	2	26	6	24	4	40	8
Durham	50	3	00	0	26	8	22	11	00	0
Northum.	48	10	38	0	22	9	23	4	00	0
Cumberl.	54	5	36	0	26	10	22	2	00	0
Westmor.	58	4	44	6	27	8	24	2	00	0
Lancash.	59	3	00	0	28	8	28	8	40	11
Cheshire	54	9	00	0	30	6	28	4	00	0
Glouceſt.	49	8	00	0	24	4	24	5	41	2
Somerſet	55	4	00	0	27	11	22	8	40	1
Monmou.	53	0	00	0	24	6	00	0	00	0
Devon	57	9	00	0	23	11	22	6	00	0
Cornwall	56	10	00	0	28	6	23	9	00	0
Dorſet	53	5	00	0	25	6	26	0	45	0
Hants	52	11	00	0	25	10	25	1	39	7
WALES.										
N. Wales	58	0	00	0	24	10	18	3	00	0
S. Wales	58	8	00	0	00	0	16	0	00	0

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c.

By THOMAS BLUNT, No. 22, CORNHILL,

Mathematical Inſtrument Maker to his Majeſty,

At Nine o'Clock A. M.

1803.	Barom.	Ther.	Wind.	Obſerv.
Oct. 29	30.20	46	N	Fair
30	30.16	46	N	Ditto
31	30.14	45	N	Ditto
Nov. 1	30.27	46	E	Ditto
2	30.30	45	E	Ditto
3	30.33	41	N	Ditto
4	30.15	38	N	Ditto
5	29.65	39	ESE	Ditto
6	29.31	42	SE	Rain
7	29.50	46	S	Fair
8	29.40	54	S	Rain
9	29.14	52	SE	Ditto
10	28.70	54	SSW	Ditto
11	28.61	53	S	Ditto

1803.	Barom.	Ther.	Wind.	Obſerv.
Nov. 12	29.00	49	W	Rain
13	29.41	48	SW	Ditto
14	29.67	48	SW	Ditto
15	29.44	49	S	Fair
16	29.22	52	S	Rain
17	29.37	46	WSW	Fair
18	29.43	44	W	Ditto
19	29.27	43	N	Rain
20	29.20	44	NE	Fair
21	29.12	44	E	Rain
22	29.08	46	S	Ditto
23	29.37	40	SW	Rain
24	29.67	44	W	Fair
25	29.72	42	W	Ditto

Ralph Walker

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW,

FOR NOVEMBER 1803.

ACCOUNT OF RALPH WALKER, ESQ.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

IT muſt be obvious to our readers, that there is always a difficulty in procuring biographical ſketches of living characters; and we are ſorry to ſay that, after all our endeavours, we have been able to collect but a very partial, if not an incorrect, outline of the incidents of the life of the Gentleman whoſe portrait forms the frontiſpiece to this number of our work.

All we can at preſent learn is, that Mr. Walker is the ſon of a farmer, was born in the neighbourhood of Stirling, in Scotland, and was named after the brave and ever-to-be-lamented General, Sir Ralph Abercrombie. The firſt rudiments of his education he received at the village of Dollars, from which place he was removed to the town of Stirling, where, under the tuition of Mr. Manſon, he was inſtructed in navigation and the general elements of the mathematics.

From Mr. W.'s own evidence before the Houſe of Commons, we learn, that from the year 1768 to 1783 he purſued a nautical life; that for the laſt ten years of this time he commanded ſhips in the American, Baltic, and Weſt India trades; when, in 1783, his connexions led him to ſettle as a planter in Jamaica. While in this laſt employment, his plantation did not occupy the whole of his time, and he had leiſure to turn his attention to the improvements of the machinery neceſſary for the plantations, and obtained a patent from the Aſſembly of the Iſland for an improved ſugar-mill, and a machine for pulping and cleaning coffee.

Although he had, from the time of his ſettling in Jamaica, relinquiſhed the nautical profeſſion, he had never loſt ſight of what he conſidered improvements in navigation.

Having made conſiderable improvements in the mariner's compaſs, and in particular having diſcovered a method of aſcertaining the exact variation of any place by means of one obſervation, and without any calculation whatever. This improvement attracted the attention of General Williamſon, then Governor of the Iſland, and Admiral Ford, Commander in Chief on the ſtation, who ſtrongly recommended to Mr. Walker to return to England, and lay his improvements before the Lords of the Admiralty and Board of Longitude. With this intention he left Jamaica in 1793; and having ſubmitted his improvements, as above recommended, was ordered to have his inſtruments tried, and experiments made with them, on board ſeveral of his Majeſty's ſhips, particularly the Queen, Admiral Gardner, the Glory, Admiral Murray, and the Invincible, Admiral Macbride, with the latter of whom Mr. Walker was at ſea on a cruiſe for ſome months off the Coaſt of France. At the ſame time, Mr. Wales, late of Chriſt's Hoſpital, was ordered to carry on a ſet of experiments with the inſtruments on ſhore. The reſult of the whole was, that very ſatisfactory certificates of the utility of the improvements were returned to the Lords of the Admiralty and Board of Longitude, who granted Mr. Walker a very liberal premium; and the Commiſſioners of his Majeſty's

Navy have ordered Mr. Walker's compaſſes to be made uſe of in the Navy ever ſince.

In deſcribing theſe improvements, Mr. Walker has been led to publiſh the explanations, with tables of the variation for the Northern Atlantic, and all places adjoining thereto; which tables are now in general uſe; and we underſtand he has now prepared materials for extending theſe tables over the Southern, Atlantic, Indian, and Pacific Oceans.

In 1795 and 1796, while Mr. Walker was employed in bringing his improvements upon the compaſs into general uſe, the project of making wet docks for the better accommodation of the increaſed trade and ſhipping of the port of London was under the conſideration of Parliament; and a Committee of the Houſe of Commons, to whom this buſineſs was referred, having ſignified their intention to receive plans from Engineers for that purpoſe, Mr. Walker was induced to turn his attention to the ſubject; and upon the 7th of April 1796 he preſented his plan.

In doing this, Mr. Walker muſt aſſuredly have laboured under difficulties which none of the other Engineers were ſubject to. Being almoſt a ſtranger in the country, without the ſupport of a ſingle member of the Committee, and even without any works in this country of his executing, from which an opinion of his merits as an Engineer could be deduced, his plan was ſubmitted to Parliament, depending ſolely on its own merit.

Mr. Walker's plan, along with all the others which were preſented, was, by the Committee, referred to the Elder Brethren of the Trinity Houſe for their opinion; and the following is their report upon it:

"The Elder Brethren of the Trinity Houſe are of opinion, that this plan would have every effect in regard to the navigation and ſtationing of ſhipping coming to the port of London, and it would be attended with great advantages to the trade thereof, as it propoſes to eſtabliſh a wet dock in the propereſt place for accommodation, without the neceſſity of employing lighters, ſecures property and revenue, and leaves room in the River for other ſhips to deliver at the preſent quays, ſo as not to deprive them of a ſufficiency of buſineſs. It would not be injurious to the King's Dock at Deptford, or otherwiſe; nor would navigation be injured by it; but, on the contrary, may be improved to the utmoſt extent."

The above report being delivered in to the Committee, the Committee reported to the Houſe of Commons as follows:

"This plan is ſubmitted on its own intrinſic merits to recommend it, without patronage, and with no evidence in its favour or diſapprobation, ſaving the Trinity Houſe, to whom it was referred; and the brethren of that Corporation give it the moſt unqualified approbation on every requiſite to the accommodation of trade and navigation to the port of London."

Preceding the ſeſſion of 1798 and 1799, George Hibbert and Robert Milligan, Eſqrs., with a great majority of the principal Weſt India Merchants and Planters in the City of London, ſeeing the oppoſition which was made to Docks for the trade in general, and fearing leſt the Weſt India trade, which called moſt loudly for relief, would be precluded from the accommodation of docks, it was propoſed by them, in conjunction with the Corporation of the City of London, to apply to Parliament for an Act to conſtruct Docks, which ſhould have for their particular object the accommodation of the Weſt India trade, and they appointed Mr. Walker to be their Engineer for carrying the Bill through Parliament, deſigning their plans, and carrying the works into execution. Although he has not been bred to the profeſſion of an Engineer, he has found no difficulty in deſigning and conſtructing the moſt difficult parts of the works in a ſecure and ſubſtantial manner. Of this his deſign for a double turning bridge over the entrance into the Docks at Blackwall, being the firſt of the kind, may be adduced as a ſpecimen.

In this ſituation Mr. Walker ſtill continues; and we underſtand, that as the great object of the Weſt India Docks is now accompliſhed, namely, the Dock for unloading inwards, he is now engaged as Engineer upon ſeveral other extenſive works of the ſame nature in this country.

LEISURE

LEISURE AMUSEMENTS.

NUMBER IX.

Tempus mea poſſeſſio; tempus meus ager.—MOTTO OF JEROME CARDAN.

PHYSICIANS agree, that many diſorders of the body ariſe from inactivity; and moraliſts have applied the ſame remark, with equal truth, to the mind. Indeed, our mental faculties receive more injury from this ſource than our corporeal; and the cauſe is evident. The body may reſt, and the only injury it receives is from the too long duration of its inactivity; but mental inactivity is only a figurative expreſſion; the mind never ceaſes its operations, and when not employed on ſubjects of utility, will be on ſubjects either directly or indirectly injurious. Æſop's ſimile of the bow was juſt, as far as he carried the compariſon; but extend its limits, and it ceaſes to be applicable. The bow by too much tenſion loſes its elaſticity, and ſo will the mind; but the bow by being long relaxed is improved, while the mind is conſiderably impaired. How wiſely, then, has Nature implanted in us a certain principle, which renders us uneaſy when either our mind or body is in a ſtate of inactivity. Happineſs, we find by experience, depends on employment; and how to employ every moment advantageouſly, is certainly a queſtion deſerving of ſerious conſideration. This queſtion I ſhall endeavour, in the preſent Eſſay, to anſwer.

The greateſt part of mankind are compelled by fortune to perform ſome certain duty, by which they are to ſubſiſt, or obtain independence; conſequently a great portion of their time is not at their own diſpoſal. It is, however, abſolutely neceſſary for our health that ſome time ſhould be allotted for recreation. A temporary relaxation gives both mind and body freſh vigour. Unhappy is that ſlave to buſineſs who has no ſuch leiſure time; but doubly unhappy is he who poſſeſſes it, and is at a loſs in what manner it ſhould be employed: yet, if we look around us, we ſhall ſee many ſuch deplorable inſtances of folly. Let us endeavour to correct their miſtakes.

Various are the methods of employing vacant time, almoſt as various as the tempers or diſpoſitions of mankind. This variety may, however, be divided into two claſſes, viz. amuſements which are beneficial, and amuſements which are injurious. Under one of theſe heads, I think, all recreations may be placed. At firſt thoughts, I know we are apt to conſider ſome amuſements perfectly innocent, as it is termed, neither injurious nor beneficial; but when we recollect that they cauſe us to waſte our invaluable time, we cannot be longer in doubt under which head to claſs them.

In making choice of an amuſement, we muſt, in a great meaſure, be determined by the nature of our chief employment. If our aim is to relax the mind, it can only be done by varying the object of its attention:

——— "happily to ſteer
From grave to gay, from lively to ſevere."

He who leads a ſedentary, ſtudious life, muſt, of courſe, chuſe ſuch recreations as give exerciſe to the body and light employment to the mind. The flow of his ideas muſt be accelerated; while, by mingling in ſociety, he receives that improvement which he is moſt liable to want. He muſt learn, by practice, to diſplay with advantage in converſation thoſe intellectual ſtores which he has been depoſiting. From ſtudying mankind through "the ſpectacles of books," he muſt now endeavour to ſtudy it without their aid, or he will find his knowledge very imperfect. He, on the contrary, who is uſed to the buſtle and exertion of an active life, will find his amuſement and improvement, which he ſhould always *ſtrive* to unite, in ſtudy. In books will be obtained that ſpecies of knowledge which cannot be obtained in converſation, and which forms ſuch a valuable addition to the enjoyments of life.

When we reflect on the ſhortneſs of life, it ſurely requires no other arguments to perſuade us how neceſſary it is to employ every moment beneficially. Recreations which do not tend to the improvement of ourſelves, or good of our fellow-creatures, are certainly far below the dignity of human nature.

nature. Heaven has endowed us with faculties ſuperior to the reſt of the creation; why ſhould we not employ them in a ſuitable and ſuperior manner? Why ſhould we waſte a moment in tedious vacuity, which can be employed with both pleaſure and profit? The acquirement of knowledge is certainly the moſt dignified employment, and the one from which we receive the moſt ſubſtantial pleaſure. When I ſay this, I ſhould except the pleaſure ariſing from doing good to others. If our ſituation in life allows us but a few moments at our own diſpoſal, let us employ thoſe few moments profitably. If our eſtate is ſmall, let us be more diligent in its cultivation.

Although theſe remarks are, one would ſuppoſe, ſelf-evident, yet how ſeldom do we ſee people actuated by them? If we examine the moſt prevalent amuſements we ſhall find, on the contrary, many of them are mere inventions to *kill time*, without producing pleaſure or profit, and ſometimes encouraging cruelty and deceit. It would be both needleſs and impracticable, to ſcrutinize the merits of every particular recreation, but I ſhall juſt curſorily mention objections to two or three which I conſider peculiarly unworthy of a rational being.

Hunting, and what are barbarouſly denominated the "*ſports* of the field," I cannot but conſider as injurious and degrading in the higheſt degree. Such employments muſt harden the heart, and diminiſh what ſmall ſhare of benevolence Nature has implanted in our breaſts. Our laws have wiſely ordained, that no butcher ſhall be allowed to ſit as juror upon his fellow-countryman; and, I know not any good cauſe, why a ſimilar law ſhould not exclude from ſuch privileges, thoſe who more culpably, becauſe more wantonly, commit cruelties equal, if not ſuperior, in barbarity. Some have called it a veſtige of the ſavage ſtate, but it does not deſerve that name. Man then purſued ſuch employments for ſubſiſtence, which formed ſome apology, but now through mere *ſport*: I bluſh for the preſent civilized age, when I ſay the word. Bear and bull baiting ſhould never be condemned, without the ſimilar *amuſements* of hunting and ſhooting. Angling is a kindred employment, and if in any thing, exceeds in its evil tendency, as it produces a degree of craft as well as cruelty, and has not the health-invigorating qualities of the others to recommend it. I am ſorry ſuch diverſions ſhould have found poets to ſing their praiſes; poets, who, of all men, ſhould employ their talents in ſupporting the cauſe of benevolence. All poets have not, however, agreed in ſuch a miſapplication of their art. The amiable Thomſon has condemned ſuch crimes againſt humanity with an energy ſuitable to their enormity:

"Upbraid us not, ye wolves! ye tygers fell!
For hunger kindles you, and lawleſs want;
But laviſh fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To laugh at anguiſh, and rejoice in blood,
Is what your horrid boſoms never knew."

AUTUMN, v. 400.

The evil effects of gaming are almoſt generally allowed; but the effects of an "*innocent game at cards*" are very ſeldom mentioned. They are not, to be ſure, when compared to what I have been juſt alluding to, of great importance; but I do not think them entirely unworthy of notice. If a game at cards tended to exhilarate the mind, like muſic or dancing, I ſhould not heſitate to give it my approbation. But as it only ſerves to deſtroy time, which might be much better and more pleaſantly occupied, I muſt condemn it as injurious. Of all methods of deſtroying time, it appears to me the moſt inſipid. If we play for ever ſo ſmall a ſum, we, in ſome degree, produce covetouſneſs; and if we play for nothing, we deſtroy the amuſement. I might urge againſt it, that it interrupts converſation, did I not know, the amateurs of card-playing conſider, as its chief recommendation, that it interrupts what they are incapable of enjoying. In cards, the dull and the witty, the ignorant and the learned, are equals.

To render theſe amuſements unneceſſary, I would adviſe every one to employ at leaſt ſome of his leiſure time in the cultivation of his mind, that he may not be incapable of converſation. There is another, and more powerful reaſon, to ſupport this advice. The man who is incapable of drawing amuſement from his own mind is really an object of pity. His happineſs depends upon the whim and caprice of others. He cannot always command the company of his equals in intellectual endowments, and he is not capable of enjoying that of his ſupe-

riors. Beſides, there are moments in the life of the moſt active in which all recreations, depending on external circumſtances, are denied. The amateur of cards cannot always meet with his companions; and the ſportſman muſt wait the ſeaſons. How miſerable is the ſtate of a perſon thus ſituated! His mind, inſtead of affording him comfort and amuſement, is only a ſource of uneaſineſs; and the leiſure hours, which would make others happy, are thus to him hours of penance. As a contraſt to this, let us review the ſituation of him who has wiſely acquired a taſte for learning. In company, he is happy in the converſation even of his inferiors in knowledge, becauſe even from them he has acquired the art of drawing inſtruction. When alone, he is happy in the converſation of his books; and if they are denied him, he is ſtill happy, becauſe poſſeſſed of reſources which no human power can diminiſh. Thoſe who have confined their reſearches even to one branch of ſcience, will find the pleaſure ariſing from it more than commenſurate to the trouble it has coſt them. How bleſt is the Botaniſt or Chemiſt, compared to the Sportſman or Gameſter!

I know it is a very current opinion, that literary purſuits are incompatible with buſineſs; but I think the arguments on which it is founded are feeble in the extreme. Every ſubject that engages the mind in the hours which ſhould be devoted to buſineſs, is undoubtedly injurious. "*Je ne fais pas qu'une choſe à la fois*," ſaid the celebrated ſtateſman De Witt, when aſked how he was able to diſpatch ſo much buſineſs; and the force of the reply muſt be generally acknowledged. Upon whatever we are employed, let us beſtow our whole attention, or we can never hope to ſucceed. When the ſun's rays are concentrated, we find their power much increaſed; ſo it is with the powers of the human mind. Let me not then be miſunderſtood. I recommend literature and ſcience as profitable *leiſure* amuſements for an active life, but by no means would have them impede the diſcharge of neceſſary duties. This muſt be avoided, whatever be the ſpecies of recreation, and not particularly with reſpect to literature.

Before I conclude, let me obviate another miſconception of my meaning which may probably ariſe. Perhaps ſome ſuperficial reader may imagine my advice tends to diminiſh the enjoyments of life. Such a plan, I aſſure them, is the very reverſe of my intentions. I wiſh to increaſe them. The ſum of my arguments is,—let no time be waſted—let every moment be enjoyed. I conſider that time waſted which produces neither pleaſure nor improvement. One of theſe rewards we ſhould never be content until we have obtained, but we ſhould always *endeavour* to obtain both.

The above remarks occurred to me on the peruſal of the letter in my fifth Number; and in offering them to the public, I have diſcharged my promiſe.

HERANIO.

Nov. 14, 1803.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,

The enclоſed Letter from Doctor Smollett's Widow falling accidentally into my hands, and being always an admirer of the Doctor's writings; and many matters relating to the Doctor having appeared at various times in the European Magazine, I think you will have no heſitation in giving admittance to the Widow's affecting letter, and in obliging a Subſcriber from its firſt publication.

Yours, M. M.

If you were to throw out the Letter from Rome, page 5, July 1798, Vol. XXXIV., in a ſeparate ſheet of paper, to meet the public eye, it muſt at this time have good effects in raiſing the reſentments of every reader.—The Traitor Berthier, therein mentioned, has to command in the army deſtined for the invaſion of England.

Alſo, Queen Elizabeth's Speech to her Army at Tilbury, and to her Parliament, as introduced in the XXVth Volume of the European Magazine. M. M.

SIR,

THE proofs you have given me of your deſire to ſerve me, lays me under infinite obligations; and in courſe, after the trouble you have taken for the benefit of one of the moſt unfortunate of women, you ſurely had reaſon to expect a letter of acknowledgment

ledgment and return of thanks to the benevolent perſons who generouſly aided to my relief. Although I have not the honour to be perſonally known to you, the tender concern you expreſs of my diſtreſſes, convinces me of the goodneſs of your heart for the miſfortunes of a fellow-creature. To excuſe my not anſwering you ſooner, I can only ſay, that when I received your kind favour, I was ſo totally abſorbed in grief, from the diſmal proſpect of neceſſities in old age, as left me abſolutely incapable of the leaſt application. Happily, fortune placed me under the roof of very dear friends, who exerted their power to comfort me, and through their affection I owe my life and preſent ſupport; otherwiſe I muſt have been abandoned in a foreign country, devoid of all reſource. In my deſpair, I was adviſed to apply to the public. Flattered by the general character of our nation for deeds of charity, I acquieſced, hoping my ſex and age would plead in my behalf, being reduced by an unavoidable calamity, which has entirely ruined me. Alas! I have been baffled in my expectations; diſappointment ſeems to attend my ſteps. This has truly humbled me, becauſe I have ſeen many people aſſiſted in leſs deplorable circumſtances, when they had youth and ſtrength to get a livelihood. Being abſent from England, I could not make application to ſome powerful friends to ſupport my cauſe. When this is wanting, which is the great wheel of fortune, the unhappy muſt ſink down in oblivion. In ſhort, my obligations are chiefly owing to the merchants of Leghorn, excepting my good friends of Bath, with a few particulars. Be it as it will, I muſt ſubmit to my fate, hoping God will give me patience to bear his will. I ſhall take it as a particular favour you would offer my beſt reſpects to thoſe good Ladies, my benefactors, and aſſure them of my eternal remembrance of their compaſſion. Moreover, I return you ſincere thanks for your kind attention. Wiſhing you health and proſperity, I beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Your moſt truly obliged and very humble ſervant,

ANN SMOLLETT.

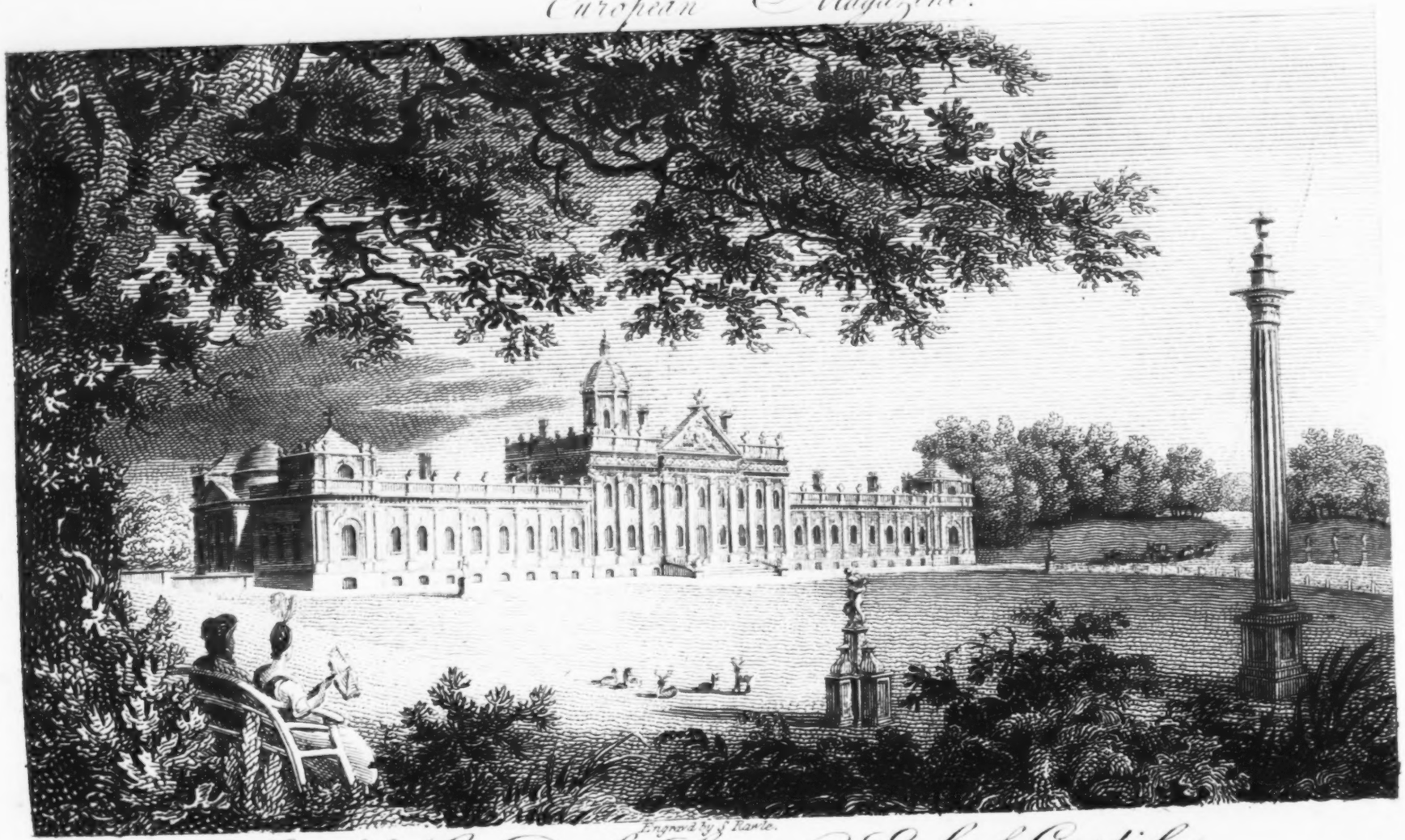
Leghorn, Sept. 23, 1783.

To Mr. Lewis Bull, at Bath.

CASTLE HOWARD.

[WITH A VIEW.]

THIS magnificent ſtructure, the property of the Earl of Carliſle, is ſituated ſix miles from New Malton, in the county of York. It was built by Sir John Vanbrugh, in the ſtyle of Blenheim, and is liable to the ſame objections as attach to that celebrated edifice. The hall is 33 feet ſquare by 60 high, terminating in a dome at the top. It is ornamented with ſtone pillars, thought to be too large; the walls are painted by Pellegrino, with the hiſtory of Phaeton, and adorned with ſeveral antique ſtatues and buſts. The ſaloon is 34 feet by 24, and on the left of it is the dining-room, 28 feet by 21, elegantly furniſhed with pictures, buſts, and ſlabs. The drawing-room is 21 feet ſquare. The antique gallery is richly ornamented with pictures by Raffaelle, Rubens, Baſſan, &c. The ſtate bed-chamber is 28 feet long by 24 broad, and the dreſſing-room is 30 feet by 24. In the park is an Ionic Temple, which has four porticoes, and forms a handſome room, fitted up chiefly with marble; and in another part of the park is a mauſoleum, a circular building, ſurrounded by a colonade of Tuſcan columns, and crowned with a dome. Over the vault is a circular room, called a chapel, 30 feet in diameter by 69 high. Eight Corinthian pillars ſupport the cornice over which the dome riſes: the floor is in different compartments inlaid with marble; and there is here a very fine table of antique Moſaic. Several other ornamental buildings are in different parts of the park, but chiefly in the Vanbrugh ſtyle.



Engraved by J. Rawle.

Castle Howard, the Seat of the Earl of Carlisle.

VESTIGES,

COLLECTED AND RECOLLECTED,

BY JOSEPH MOSER, ESQ.

NUMBER XVII.

LETTER AND FRAGMENT.

To Mr. NICHILS.

SIR, *Present.*

HAVE the pleasure to enclose my bill in cause "Nichils *versus* Tardy." Hope you will approve of what has been done. Had notice yesterday, by letter left in box at Chambers, and signed "Sam[l] Skinflint, Att[y]," that "his client, def[t] Tardy, has brought a writ of error," which will delay process near twelve months. Though entitled to go to *execution*, it is impossible to pursue judgment on writ of enquiry had before Sheriff and Jury, till we are cleared of error. Shall be obliged to you for extra costs hitherto incurred, as p[r] bill, which will certainly be returned to you twofold by Deft Tardy.

Shall follow him in error, where I have no doubt but he will find he has taken a *wrong step*. At any rate, if, upon argument in Exchequer Chamber, he should be fortunate enough to establish errors assigned, (which I can hardly think he will, for how is it possible that I should have made any slips? though I wish you had taken my advice respecting the *original*,) we shall have an opportunity, I hope and trust, to go over the ground of action again, when you may depend upon my vigilance and activity.

Should not have sent bill so soon, but am going out of town, and thought having driven Deft Tardy into error was too pleasing and important a piece of news to be delayed.

If you are of opinion the bearer (my Clerk), who will give receipt for cash on account, deserves any consideration for his diligence, you will use your discretion.

I rem[n], S[r],

Your obedient humble Serv[t],

HENRY HARPY.

London, July 12, 1793.

P.S. I much doubt whether the notice left in box at Chambers be regular, or service good; but these will be matters for future consideration.

H. H.

TRINITY TERM

1793.

NICHILS *versus* TARDY.

		£	S	D
Mar. 29, 30, 31	To Plaintiff, yourself, calling at Chambers 3 times when I was at Hall, and Clerk taking down minutes of debt due from T. Tardy - - -	1	5	0
Apr. 1, morng	I waited upon you for farther instructions; you was from home - - - - - - - - - -		13	4
Do even ing	Passed by your house, looked up at the window (shut), supposed you to be still out		6	8
2	Receiving instructions, and giving advice to arrest said T. Tardy - - - - - - - -		13	4
do	Returned, as you had forgot to put £ : S : D at the top of pounds, shills, and pence, in your acct of T. T.'s debt - - - - - - - - - -		6	8
Apr. 3	Attending you to Sheriff's Office - - - - - - - - -		13	4
	Coach back to Chambers (rained hard) - - - - - -		2	0
	Porter for fetching my umbrella, left at said Sheriff's Office, by mistake - - - -		1	0
5	Letter to you informing you of caption - - - - - - -		13	4
6	Waiting on you to state bail was approved, and affair would be settled this Term		13	4
12	To your meeting me in the street, and asking how affair went on - - - - - - - - -		6	8
20	To informing you Deft had put in a false plea, and matters stood over to another Term, when it would certainly be settled - - - - -		13	4
May[1], 9, 11, and 13.	To your calling at Chambers 5 times, when I informed you I knew nothing further - - - - - - - - - -	1	13	4
July 4	Writing you a letter, [illegible] advise that at Trin[y] to [illegible] Paper, books, &c Porters and			

Here an unfortunate *hiatus* in MSS. or rather *desunt cætera*, as my friend the schoolmaster used to call it, baulks our curiosity with respect to the remainder of this bill, though I have no doubt but the part which is lost was equally moderate and equitable with that of which I am so happily the possessor.

At

At the ſame time (perhaps it is not *yet* too late) I cannot help congratulating Mr. Nichils, the plaintiff, upon the amazing progreſs he has made towards the recovery of his debt from Mr. Tardy, who ſeems to be a very excellent defendant; and would alſo, from this ſpecimen of Mr. Harpy's abilities, take the liberty to recommend to any of my readers who would wiſh for the pleaſure of engaging in a ſuit of a ſimilar nature, as they may, at a trifling expenſe, enjoy a whole twelvemonth of *Hope*, which is ſaid to be the greateſt bleſſing of life, and at the end of that time, by that *liberal* indulgence which is frequently given to *human errors*, eſpecially if diſplayed with ingenuity, be, as we learn from Mr. H., gratified with an opportunity of traverſing the ſame ground the next year. I ſhould, therefore, adviſe every one to begin the world by piddling in a little ſuit of this kind; but if they wiſh for ſomething ſubſtantial, a knot, not half ſo eaſily unlooſed as the marriage ligature, a *life annuity* of bliſs, ſuch is my benevolence, that I might, for a conſideration, trifling in compariſon to the object, be induced to permit one or two to a participation of the chancery-ſuit I mentioned, and conſequently to attain that conſummation of human happineſs, which has at preſent devolved on the ſingle head of

PETER PRY.

MR. SMEATON.

I well remember this Gentleman, to whom the ſcience of civil architecture is indebted for ſyſtematic improvements which places him upon a level with its original inventor, once in converſation ſtating to a relation of mine, that when, in ſpite of the various difficulties he had to encounter, the Eddyſtone light-houſe was finiſhed, notwithſtanding the fate that had attended the former building, a number of perſons applied to him to be appointed reſidents in the new erection, where, it is to be underſtood, two were to be conſtantly on duty, immured or caſed in ſtone, in a ſituation where, probably, for many months in every year, it was impoſſible to have any communication with them from the main land. Among the reſt that, upon this occaſion, attended his levee in Arundel-ſtreet, was a young man, one of the journeymen to his tailor.

As this youth had frequently brought home, and tried on clothes for him, Mr. Smeaton knew him perfectly well; but as, at this time, he had given no orders reſpecting apparel, he was aſtoniſhed at his appea ance, and ſtill more ſo when he underſtood the nature of his application.

He aſked him if he was *married?*

"No," he ſaid, "he was a ſingle man."

"What, then," ſaid Mr. Smeaton, "can induce you to wiſh to become an inhabitant of the Eddyſtone light-houſe?"

"Why, to confeſs the truth," replied the tailor, "I have a vaſt inclination to *ſee* a little more of the world; I was always fond of *liberty*, and have for many years diſliked the confinement of buſineſs and my maſter's ſhop."

Mr. Smeaton ſaid, he could hardly keep his countenance: he, however, with that affability which was ſo diſtinguiſhing a trait in his character, explained to the man the nature and the danger of his ſituation. But no arguments that he could uſe had force ſufficient to diſſuade him. He wiſhed to feel the advantages of *liberty*, and to obtain that knowledge of the world which, he had an idea, the proſpect from a barren rock, continually beaten by, and frequently almoſt covered with, the waves of a boiſterous ocean, would afford.

As Mr. S. knew this perſon to be perfectly ſober, and of an unexceptionable character, he no longer preſſed his objections, but accordingly ſent him to reſide at the Light-houſe. As he was fond of reading, his patron directed, that whenſoever an opportunity offered, files of newſpapers, with magazines and other books, ſhould be ſent to him; and the tailor, by his care and diligence, repaid his attention. He continued in this perilous ſituation for a long period, and declared that he never was ſo happy in his life. Fiſhing, in fine weather, was one of his amuſements. But what was very extraordinary, he made ſuch good uſe of the abundant leiſure which the winter afforded, in reading, writing, and ſtudying, that he exceedingly improved his mind, and became ſo capable of buſineſs, that he was by his patron, when the term of his laſt engagement (I think ſeven years,) had expired, employed more advantageouſly, though probably not more agreeably to himſelf.

EDWARD

EDWARD SHUTER, COMEDIAN.

This truly humorous and excellent, though ſometimes *outré*, Actor, in the early part of his life, was engaged at Drury-lane Theatre, where his irregularities having, it is more than probable, very frequently offended the Manager, he was ſometimes ſent upon the ſtage in parts by no means ſuited to his genius and talents. It will be recollected, that the weeping Muſe had no ſhare in the compoſition of Shuter, whoſe very appearance was an antidote to grief; yet he was, one night, appointed to act the part of Balthazar, in Romeo and Juliet; a character which, though ſhort, certainly required that kind of gravity of deportment which it was impoſſible for him, even for a moment, to aſſume. Garrick was the Romeo of the night; and as Shuter undertook the part with great reluctance, he, it appears, reſolved not to be ſpeedily called upon to tragedize again; for in the tomb-ſcene, where Romeo drives him away, and threatens to "tear him joint by joint, and ſtrew the hungry churchyard with his limbs," if he returns: to which Balthazar replies, "I will be gone, Sir, and not trouble you." *Romeo.* "So ſhalt thou ſhew me friendſhip—Take thou that—live and be proſperous, and farewell, good fellow." Shuter at this looking up at the audience with that characteriſtical humour which he well knew how to aſſume, continued, in the words of the Author,

"For all this ſame, I'll hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt;"
So I'll go behind the tomb, and put the candle out.

The laſt line was an addition of his own; and it is almoſt needleſs to ſtate the effect that his manner of reciting it had upon the audience. The burſt of laughter, which almoſt ſhook the theatre, baniſhed ſorrow for the remainder of the ſcene. When Balthazar again appeared, mirth was renewed; and it is ſaid, this circumſtance effectually prevented the Manager from ſending Shuter on the ſtage in ſuch parts in future.

WILLIAM CAMDEN, ANTIQUARY.

There is an anecdote extant of this learned, induſtrious, and ingenious Antiquary, which diſplays, in a ſtrong light, the truth of this propoſition, "that the timidity of men of extreme ſenſibility frequently leads them into thoſe very inconveniencies which they had taken great pains to avoid*." While Philemon Holland † was correcting the

* This was ſaid of Addiſon, and indeed with ſome truth, as I was informed by the widow of the Dean of Liſmore, who was intimately acquainted with the daughter of this very excellent writer, and had it from her, that his timidity and fear of giving offence were ſuch, that although he has employed his pen upon more ſubjects, and delineated more characters, which ingenuity might have applied, than any Author in the Engliſh language, he was hardly ever ſatisfied, and was continually altering, reviſing, and correcting, the manuſcripts and proof ſheets of his publications. This propenſity of mind he himſelf hints at in ſeveral parts of his periodical works, particularly in his letter deſcribing Nic. Hurt, the annual ſleeper. (Spect. Vol. III. No. 185.)

He there ſays, that "one of the moſt eminent pens in Grub-ſtreet is employed in writing his dream, which, if he can keep free from *party* ſtrokes, may be of great uſe; but of this I much doubt, having been informed by his friends and confidants, that he has already ſpoken ſome things of Nimrod with too great freedom."

Mr. Burke, in his latter writings, had the ſame deſire to reviſe, correct, and obliterate, though perhaps not ariſing from *exactly* the ſame cauſe. I have known him, in ſome of his pamphlets, to cancel whole pages at a time, after they were printed, and inſert others, which he has again altered and corrected.

† Lord Cheſterfield obſerved of Cardinal Chigi, who told him, at ſome diplomatic meeting, that he had written ſeveral years with the ſame pen, that from this ſlight hint he gathered, that he was a man of confined ideas and a little mind. I think he would have ſaid the ſame of Philemon Holland, had he known, which was ſaid to be actually the caſe, that *one pen* ſerved him to write the tranſlation of Camden's Britannia, by much the beſt of his works, which are well known to have been ſo numerous that this couplet was made upon him:

"Holland with his tranſlations doth ſo fill us,
He will not let Suetonius be Tranquillus."

Engliſh edition of the Britannia, Mr. Camden came one day, by accident, into the printing-houſe, as the ſheet relating to Oxfordſhire was working off. He fixed his eye upon the part which deſcribed, or rather referred to, Banbury *, and found that his obſervation upon this town, being famous for cheeſe, had, by the tranſlator, been extended alſo to cakes and ale. The Antiquarian had no objection to the two former, becauſe he knew that the voice of the public was with him. He knew that Banbury cheeſe had attracted the notice of even Shakſpeare †, and the celebrity of Banbury cakes was ſuch, that they had not only circulated to a conſiderable diſtance as an article of traffic, but had found their way to the metropolis, and had there been imitated with great ſucceſs; but he could not bear *ale*, probably becauſe, from the froth and *vapours* that attended it, he was fearful it would be deemed too *light* a ſubject to be mentioned in a work of ſuch gravity and erudition as his. Heavens! what troubles do men of acute feelings create for themſelves! I have no queſtion but he had in his mind the concatenation not only of cakes and ale, the liquor ſo denominated, but with them Whitſon ales, feaſts, revels, morrices, and May-poles; all which the Puritans had ſo raved againſt; and, it is likely, ſaw, in idea, himſelf and his works hunted down by the Godly Brethren of Black Friars.

"What was now to be done?"

After much conſideration, he reſolved to let cakes remain, and, by a ſmall addition, and eaſy tranſpoſition, change the obnoxious word *ale* into *zeal*. This was effected. It then ſtood thus: "Banbury is famous for its cheeſe, cakes, and zeal ‡." This town, at that period, abounded with Puritans, who having, in common with their brethren in the metropolis and elſewhere, ſuffered by the graver writers,

* Surely, notwithſtanding the tranſlator has amplified, and additions have been made by the learned editors, the notices of places in many parts of this work are ſtill too conciſe to be perſpicuous.

† I cannot think that Shakſpeare, by the expreſſion he has put into the mouth of Bardolph, alluding to Slender,

"You Banbury Cheeſe,"

could, although it has been once hinted, have any more deſign to ſneer at the Puritans than he had at Dr. Fauſtus by Piſtol's Mephiſtophilus; though he had, profeſſionally, no great reaſon to have a violent affection for their ſtarched principles. From the large ruff which it was the faſhion to wear, he might mean to compare that of Slender to the ſtiff paper ornament with which it was the cuſtom to encircle the wooden hoop in which theſe cheeſes were placed. He might allude to the colour of his complexion, to the maggots of the youth. It was not very uncommon for him to draw compariſons from the farm or the dairy: "Cream-faced lout!" "Where got thou that Gooſe look?" "Though you can ſwim like a Duck, you are made like a Gooſe," &c. &c. &c.—Perhaps from their ſtaple commodity the people might, in the time of the Bard, have obtained the nick-name of Banbury Cheeſes, as we ſtill hear of Hampſhire Hogs, Eſſex Calves, Corniſh Cloughs, Moonrakers, and a hundred other epithets, which, although conſigned to the vulgar, have, in their ideas, a characteriſtical meaning.

‡ It may in this place be neceſſary to obſerve, that about this time the *zeal* of the Puritans, who began to feel their ſtrength, was ſtimulated to a flame, by a declaration dated 1618, and publiſhed by the King (James the Firſt); nearly at the end of which was this, to them, obnoxious paſſage: "And that his Majeſty's pleaſure was, that his good people ſhould not be hindered, after the time of divine ſervice on Sundays, from their lawful recreations; ſuch as, dancing, either men or women, archery, leaping, vaulting, or from having of May-games, Whitſon-ales, morris-dances, and the ſetting-up of May-poles, and other ſports therewith uſed: and he barred from theſe ſports all recuſants that abſtained from coming to church and divine ſervice, and all thoſe that though they conformed to religion did not come to church."

The obſervations upon this declaration, in a book publiſhed ſoon after, are ſo indecent and illiberal, ſo much in the ſtile of Jack, who, ſtimulated by a miſinterpretation of many paſſages in his *father's will*, was tearing his coat to rags, that I ſhall not quote them. The furious zeal of thoſe times has, thank Heaven! ſubſided; I hope it will never riſe in *another form!*

as

as well as by the wits of the age, conceived themſelves ſneered at in this paſſage.

Whether they thought that, by connecting cakes and zeal, the author meant, as the change from cakes to *wafers* was eaſy, to ridicule the violence with which, at that time, ſome of their party had oppoſed the doctrine of tranſubſtantiation, it is impoſſible to ſay; but they expreſſed the greateſt indignation againſt him, which indignation probably ſpread from Banbury * through the whole ſect; and the aſperity of their obſervations actually produced in his mind that uneaſineſs which he had taken ſo much pains to avoid.

ADAM DRUMMOND, ESQ.

Many may yet remember, and regret the loſs of, this Gentleman, whoſe facetious and convivial talents, good humour, and innocent hilarity, rendered him the delight of his friends.

When Lord North was firſt introduced into office, he met him one morning in Spring Gardens, and told him he was happy in the rencontre, as it was the firſt opportunity he had had to congratulate him upon his being appointed Paymaſter-General.

"You are miſtaken, Mr. Drummond," ſaid his Lordſhip: "I deſerve but *half* your congratulations, for I have but half the place; I am Joint Paymaſter."

"No matter," returned Mr. Drummond; "I ſtill, upon the *whole*, have great pleaſure in wiſhing your Lordſhip joy; for you know, according to the old proverb, that half a loaf is better than *no bread*."

DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

This Actor was one afternoon paſſing along Taviſtock-ſtreet, in his way to the Theatre. A Gentleman on the oppoſite ſide ſpoke to him: to which Garrick replied, "You ſee, George, that I am going to play the fool to-night."—"Ah, Maſter!" ſaid a fellow that was driving an aſs in the highway, "that's what many a wiſer man than you is obliged to *do every night*."

RUNCIMAN AND HIS OWL.

I have often thought that, abſtracted from the general excellence of the Spectator, and ſome other periodical papers of the ſame era, they had one ſpecies of merit in particular, which, if it ever ſhould happen that a taſte for elegant writing, true humour, and ſound morality, was to abandon this kingdom, would ſtill render them valuable to a certain claſs of readers, from their preſerving ſo many notices of local cuſtoms, perſons, and circumſtances, of which, whether they conſider this immenſe metropolis in a comparative point of view, with reſpect to the purſuits, amuſements, habitations, and characters, of their anceſtors, or wiſh to deſcend to the minutiæ of events and occurrences, merely from motives of caſual curioſity, ſuch as frequently leads one to liſten to anecdotes of the place, and the tittle-tattle of the day, will always inſure them admirers.

Something of this nature has given riſe to theſe ſpeculations; a turn toward obſervation in early life, and, latterly, a deſire to communicate, have been the parents of many of theſe ſcraps and fragments, theſe fag ends of collections and recollections, and the ſource from which, probably, many more will be produced; of which the following may ſerve both as an inſtance and a ſpecimen:

One of the firſt objects that ſtruck my almoſt infantile ideas, was a ſnuff-ſhop on the north ſide of the church-yard

* About this time Banbury made a conſiderable figure in the puritanical annals: I have ſomewhere read, that ſome of the ſect denominated "the Family of Love" ſettled there, and obtained, for their ſuperior ſanctity, the appellations of "Banbury Elders," and "Banbury Brethren," by which they were recognized by ſeveral of the comic writers of the time, particularly by Ben Jonſon, who makes his Puritan in Bartholomew Fair, "Zeal of the Land, Buſy," a Banbury Elder and Baker, and mentions them in many other parts of his works. It is a curious circumſtance, as it tends to ſhew that in the revolution of ideas in the public mind the lighteſt of them are apt to riſe again, that moſt of the tenets of this ſect were, ſome years ſince, revived; and a prophetic pamphlet written by Richard Brothers, very much like the ancient one, entitled "The Publication of Peace upon Earth," was, with great induſtry, promulgated, defended, and commended, by men who had given conſpicuous proofs that their learning and abilities ought to have been employed upon better things.

of

of St. Clement Danes (which has, with many other buildings, fallen in the general crash and dilapidation that, as has been before obſerved, has ſo ſucceſsfully operated in that quarter of the town), which was remarkable for having, upon a well-conſtructed perch on the outſide of the door, a living owl of the largeſt ſpecies. This creature, who kept his ſtation for more than twenty years, was, as may well be ſuppoſed, the admiration of paſſengers, and had, eſpecially when he uſed, at meal-times, to devour his mice with extraordinary facility, a little aſſembly around his perch, or cage, for he had ſuch a habitation to retire to in bad weather.

From having, for a length of time, frequently obſerved this bird, which indeed was a moſt diſtinguiſhing *ſign*, and, as I have been told, gave celebrity to the tobacco upon the papers of which its portrait was diſplayed, it was natural to make ſome enquiries reſpecting its maſter; the reſult of which were; that, about the year 1746 or 7, Runciman came from Scotland, probably driven ſouthward by the diſtraction of the times and the violence of party. He took a ſmall ſhop at the corner of the Robin Hood paſſage, in Butcher-row, where he ſold ſnuff and tobacco; and as he had a mind turned toward buſineſs, he, to render his humble dwelling the more conſpicuous, exhibited, juſt at the entrance of the tavern, a large figure of a Highlander, who, with that hoſpitality for which they have on all occaſions been diſtinguiſhed, preſented his *Mull*, which his maſter, or rather his *Laird*, for I think his ſpirit was too independent to own a maſter, took care ſhould be frequently repleniſhed, to the paſſengers, particularly to the cuſtomers that frequented the Robin Hood, whoſe attention he is ſaid more than once to have attracted.

Though I have only heard of this famous Highlander, the venerable figure of Runciman I well remember. He was a man of a grave aſpect and great dignity. (I have ſince thought he had once ſeen better days). When the boys were wont to plague his owl, he uſed to reprove them in terms which they did not always underſtand. In fact, he ſpoke what in England they term "broad Scotch" in its *broadeſt dialect*: but from the idea which I ſtill retain of the man, he had, in his flowing wig and plaid night-gown, that kind of patriarchal character which, though in a much lower ſphere of life, is ſo well depicted by Burns, in his portrait of the *Cotter*.

At the time this Highlander occupied the place I have mentioned, it is well known that he was not a very popular character in London; he therefore, it is probable, met with many taunts, and was obliged to endure many a bitter and keen reproach; which as perhaps his patron did not conſider his ſubject in a condition to anſwer, and did not chooſe to anſwer himſelf, he prevailed on him to remove from his ſituation at the time he removed his ſhop to St. Clement's Church-yard; where, to the aſtoniſhment of his neighbours, he ſoon after exhibited the living Owl I have celebrated.

Whether Runciman had any political meaning in this, it is impoſſible to ſay; or whether he took the hint from the frontiſpiece to the Dunciad, as the diſputes betwixt the editions of the Owl and the Aſs, which diſtinguiſhed that celebrated work, were then ſcarcely ſubſided, it is equally uncertain. There have formerly been perſons of more wit than diſcretion, who have called this bird his *Prime Miniſter*; and further ſaid, that he properly typified the wiſdom that guided the counſels of that time: but theſe are ſneers and alluſions to which, from men of light minds, every perſon and every *thing* in a *public* ſituation is liable. If the Owl acted as Miniſter upon thoſe occaſions where his exertions were neceſſary, I can only ſay, he ſeems to have conducted himſelf very *wiſely*; for I have already obſerved, that, in ſpite of all *oppoſition*, of all that *was ſaid*, of all that *was done* to remove him, he kept his *place* conſiderably *more than twenty years*. During this long courſe of time, he obſerved the tranſactions that were continually paſſing before him with a ſagacity which would have done credit to a Walſingham; and when queſtioned, which was frequently the caſe, maintained a taciturnity which would not have diſgraced a Burleigh. His fame ſpread far and wide. He had never any difficulty about raiſing the ſupplies, yet he filled the exchequer of his maſter; and, as has frequently happened to great and diſintereſted perſons of antiquity, I am credibly informed, ſo little attention had he

paid to his own concerns, that he did not leave enough to bury him.

This deficiency the gratitude of his maſter ſupplied; nay, he did more, for he cauſed his effigy to be curiouſly cut in tin, and beautifully painted, which he ſet up before his ſhop as a monument to his memory, and which remained there many years, indeed I think till near the time when the genius of dilapidation would have ſwept ſigns and ſymbols, the veſtiges of the dead and the habitations of the living, into the vortex of oblivion, had it not been the buſineſs of theſe effuſions to ſnatch, here and there, a ſlight fragment of ſuch as may be ſtill floating upon the ſurface of recollection, and in this vehicle to convey them to poſterity.

PATENT PERUKES.

It gave me great pleaſure, the other day, to learn, that the art of manufacturing theſe teguments is now arrived at ſuch perfection, that they are, in their preſent ſtate, not only correct imitations of nature, but ſit as cloſe to the head as a Cherokee ſcalp, or an Engliſh bliſter, and are, *for lightneſs*, properly adapted for thoſe ſkulls upon which they are ſo judiciouſly moulded. But if my patriotiſm led me to rejoice at the revival (for I fear we are not the inventors) of an art, which flouriſhed, in a ſmall degree, among the Greeks and Romans, ſunk in the ruin of the latter empire, and ſhot up among the Goths, who carried a branch of it into France; how much greater was my pleaſure to find, that we are likely to derive advantages from it which the latter people, ingenious as they are, have, as yet, no idea of. Theſe advantages will, in the ſequel, be diſplayed. In the mean time, I muſt obſerve, in order to ſhew the importance of the ſubject, that *hair* was once ſo greatly eſteemed in Gaul, that, according to Gregory of Tours, Childebert ſent a perſon, in whom he could confide, to Clotharius, King of Soiſſons, to conſult, "Whether he ſhould murder his nephews, or *cut their hair?*" As theſe wiſe and humane counſellors did not chooſe to go to extremities, they determined to inflict the former, as the *lighter* puniſhment. Charles *the Bald* was the firſt Prince in France that had the courage to ſhew his naked head to the people; but as this inſtance of temerity had nearly excited a rebellion, it is thought that, in order to enjoy a little quiet in his latter days, he clapped a wig upon his pate. This remedy had like to have proved as bad as the diſeaſe; for his ſubjects, knowing his capillary deficiency, imagined his head was covered by magic, and that his barber dealt with the devil. Whether the latter got into a ſcrape upon this occaſion, hiſtory does not inform us; but the art itſelf, thus happily promulgated, ſurvived and flouriſhed; ſo that the attention of the French to their hair, natural or artificial, was continued down to the times of Thickneſſe and Dr. Smollet, who both ſeemed to think that many lived for no other purpoſe than to take care of the thing itſelf, or the tegument that ſupplied its place.

In what manner, or with what inſtruments, the French, who are much more famous for *cropping* than honeſt Bat Pigeon * once was, have *ſince cut hair*, it is not neceſſary to ſtate. God forbid we ſhould ever imitate them in that branch of the art!

In the ſcience of wig-making, we have, at an humble diſtance, followed them; and as their artiſts, to ſhew their claſſical knowledge, have, upon their male pupils, clapped the ſcalps of Tarquin, Brutus, Catiline, or Nero, ſo have they adorned their female with thoſe of Semiramis, Lais, Cleopatra, Julia, &c. whoſe *virtues*, it is probable, they meant theſe wigs, like a conjuror's cap, ſhould convey to the wearers.

It has, in a former part of this work, been ſaid, that we generally improve upon the inventions of our ingenious neighbours; and I am happy to find, that we are likely to do ſo in this inſtance, *i. e. Wig-making*; for I underſtand, by an advertiſement put forth by a *hair-brained* philoſopher, that he has had a print engraved, which carries the ſyſtem further than it has ever yet been carried; and is, in my opinion,

* This ingenious operator, who lived oppoſite Arundel-ſtreet, in the Strand, will force himſelf upon my memory, from the circumſtance of his having a *pun* upon his ſign; in alluſion to his name, two pigeons and a bat were there depicted. I think he was the laſt of the old ſchool of hair-cutters, whoſe places the modern ſchool of hair-dreſſers *amply* ſupplied.

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fifty times more valuable than one of Hogarth's tobacco-papers, Rembrandt's horſe with the black or the white tail, or the far-famed hundred guilder print; for it teaches, what cannot be learned from theſe *valuable* works (which only meaſure the *pocket*), every perſon to *meaſure* his *own head*. The advantages of this new diſcovery are ſo obvious, that I think my readers would be ſatisfied with my barely hinting, that they may now, at a trifling expenſe, and with no greater trouble than by calling at, or ſending to, *Bond-ſtreet*, acquire a ſcience ſo infinitely eſtimable, but that I cannot in conſcience be quite content with giving a mere hint upon a ſubject of ſuch general importance; as I do conceive, that many evils, both public and private, have ariſen from the want of the knowledge of this grand *arcanum*.

A ſtateſman, for inſtance, lays a plan; it is proceeded upon; but not having beforehand *taken the meaſure of his own head*, he frequently finds, that, for want of *ſufficient capacity* there, he is obliged to ſtop his operations long before the moment of projection. Could a lawyer ſometimes know the meaſure of *his own head*, he would not, from a deſire to come at *effects*, ſtuff it with too many *cauſes*. A phyſician, from the meaſure of his head, might, in many inſtances, be certain, that the true caſe of his patient *was a coffin*. A man ſhould always meaſure his head *before marriage*, becauſe it has, in *ſome few* obſolete examples, been known to *increaſe* wonderfully afterwards. A ſpeculator ſhould likewiſe keep the exact dimenſions of his head, to ſend to his creditors at times when he was obliged to *hide* the original. A tradeſman alſo ought to have a *fair* copy of his countenance ready to produce when he was ſuppoſed not to be able long to *keep his head above water*.

The ladies will derive great advantage from being taught to take meaſure of their own heads, as they may be able to determine, to a nicety, how much gauze, ſilk, and ribbands? how many *notes?* what ſort of an equipage? what quantity of jewels? and how many lovers? they will contain. In fact, the invention is ſo uſeful, and the benefits ſo immenſe, that I ſhould not wonder if, by legiſlative authority, the dimenſions of every head implicated was obliged to be aſcertained before any buſineſs of importance was undertaken. We ſhould then, with propriety, deem every *act* in which the well-being of ſociety was concerned a *public meaſure*; and if, as an improvement upon this ſyſtem, a *ſcale* of merit was to be added, ſo that a man might learn the *weight* of his opinion, as well as the extent of his *capacity*, the thing would be complete, as we ſhould, by the ſureſt of all guides, mathematical demonſtration, be able to determine upon every ſuggeſtion, and ſo accurately to ſuit every action of our lives to time, place, and circumſtances, that it would, in future, be impoſſible to err. We ſhould look with ſtill greater contempt than we do at preſent upon the contracted ideas and abſurd prejudices of our anceſtors, and be able to govern every undertaking by a kind of omniſcient power, as certain as it would be correct; and, by knowing the juſt dimenſions of our *own*, very ſoon be able to *take meaſure* of the *heads* of every nation in Europe.

NEGLECTED BIOGRAPHY.

NUMBER I.

THE Biographical Collections already in print having not duly noticed many eminent perſons, whoſe names are worthy to be held in remembrance, it is propoſed to appropriate a portion of this Magazine, under the above title, to reſcue from oblivion the memory of ſuch perſons whoſe merits have been injuriouſly neglected. In the execution of this plan we ſolicit the aid of the intelligent, whoſe communications will be received with thankfulneſs, and every proper attention paid to them.

WALTER TITLEY.

This Gentleman was born in the year 1700, and, at the age of fourteen, was admitted on the foundation into Weſtminſter School; from whence he was elected, in 1719, to Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow,

Fellow. In 1722 he took the degree of B. A., and in 1726 that of M. A. Biſhop Newton (ſee his Life, p. 13.) ſays of him, that "he was an ingenious man; at firſt Secretary to the Embaſſy at Turin, afterwards, for many years, his Majeſty's Envoy at the Court of Denmark. During the time that he was King's ſcholar, he lived in the houſe with Biſhop Atterbury, as tutor to his ſon, and his taſte and learning were much improved by the Biſhop's converſation. His plan of life, as laid down by himſelf, was to proſecute his ſtudies at Cambridge till he ſhould be thirty, from thirty to ſixty to be employed in public buſineſs, at ſixty to retire and return to college, for which purpoſe he would keep his fellowſhip. This plan he nearly purſued; he kept his fellowſhip, he reſigned his public employment, but inſtead of returning to college, where in great meaſure there was a new ſociety, and few or none were left of his own age and ſtanding, he remained at Copenhagen, where, by his long reſidence, he was in a manner naturalized, and there lived and died greatly reſpected and lamented by all ranks of people."

By his will he left 1000l. to Weſtminſter School, 1000l. to the Univerſity of Cambridge, and 1000l. to Trinity College; and his death is thus announced in the London Gazette: "Copenhagen, March 2 (1768). Mr. Titley, who for forty years had reſided here as his Britannic Majeſty's Miniſter and Envoy Extraordinary, but who had retired for ſome time from public buſineſs to a place called Lyngbye, near this city, died there the 27th of laſt month."

Mr. Titley's productions are but few. That by which he is moſt known is an imitation of Horace, Book III. Ode 2, anſwered by Dr. Bentley in a manner to obtain the approbation of Dr. Johnſon, who declared them to be "the forcible verſes of a man of ſtrong mind, but not accuſtomed to write verſe." (*Boſwell's Life of Johnſon*, Vol. IV. p. 23.) The ſame obſervation will apply to Mr. Titley's. Both theſe pieces are in Dodſley's Collection, Vol. VI.

Mr. Titley, while at Cambridge, was the Author of an "Ode on Chriſtmas Day," printed in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1744, p. 613; and of a Latin poem on "The Magic Lantern," of which the following is a tranſlation:

I SING the forms which magic pow'rs impart,
The thin creation of deluſive art;
And thro' the ambient gloom bright ſhapes diſplay,
Bid from the ſun, nor conſcious of the day.
Expand the ſportive ſcene, the lantern ſhow,
No gleam of day muſt thro' the darkneſs glow;
The fleeting forms abhor the envious light,
Love the brown ſhade, and only live by night.
Darkling and ſilent in her lonely cell,
The ſorcereſs thus exerts her myſtic ſpell,
Calls forth the ſpectres, and unpeoples hell;
But when the morn unfolds her purple ray,
Start the pale ghoſts, and fly approaching day.
See thro' the gloom the fiery ſplendor fall;
Glares the red *Lens* around the duſky wall;
'Tis thus the ſanguine ray of Cynthia ſtreams,
When magic ſpells obſtruct her lab'ring beams,
And ſhiv'ring ghoſts from earth's reluctant womb,
Forc'd by Theſſalian charms, glide round the gaping tomb.
Of various forms an incoherent train
Fills the bright orb, and crowds the pictur'd plain;
Here with rude pomp the ſatire ſhapes advance,
Friſk with their tails, and lead the ſylvan dance;
A dread grimace does ev'ry look defile,
And each grins horribly a ghaſtly ſmile;
No more my eyes the uncouth ſcene purſue,
A lovelier proſpect riſes to my view;
Here ſceptred monarchs glare in bright array,
There blooming maids in beauteous fullness play.
Next theſe the Knight who lends vindictive aid;
What ſhape more worthy to ſucceed the maid?
In hoſtile mood the warrior wights appear,
Fierce at the dragon flies the conqu'ring ſpear;
In vain he ſtands uprear'd in waving ſpires;
In vain his tongue emits envenom'd fires;
See where his flaming creſt is doom'd to feel
An arm victorious and reſiſtleſs ſteel.
Bleſt champion! but how ſoon the conqueſt flies!
How ſoon the tranſient pomp eludes our eyes!

To

To the thin air the fading warriors yield,
And glide reluctant from the painted field.
Far hence, ye forms of war—see Bacchus ſhine,
His roſy cheeks proclaim the god of wine,
And round his head the purple cluſters twine.
How ſoon the airy ſhade our hopes deſtroys!
So fleets the golden dream of human joys.
Next grins a form of pallid horror full,
Emblem of dreary death, a liteleſs ſcull;
The naked cheeks no graceful beauties wear;
The barren ſcalp's deſpoil'd of waving hair;
A tott'ring tooth, the fractur'd jaws between,
Hangs diſmally alone; no eyes are ſeen,
But all's a dark vacuity within.
Soon from our ſight Death's frightful image flies,
Whoſe place a ſhape more terrible ſupplies;
Slow thro' the darkneſs ſtalks a baleful ſpright,
No drearier phantom of ill-fated Night
Haunts the ſad ſlumbers of ſome lonely dame,
That nods delirious o'er th' expiring flame;
When dimly blue the conſcious lamps appear,
And clank of chains proclaims the ſpectre near:
Down from its head the mournful ſhroud depends,
Beneath its feet the plaited garment ends;
The ghaſtly face a diſmal paleneſs wears;
The trembling hand a livid taper bears.
Far off, adviſ'd, ye tim'rous virgins, fly,
Far from the dreadful ſcene avert your eye;
In ſoft repoſe, the horrid ghoſt will ſeem
To haunt your ſlumbers, and revive in dream;
Suffus'd with trickling ſweat, you'll ſtrive in vain,
With circling arms, ſome friendly youth to gain;
Bewail your lonely bed with wild affright,
And dread the lengthen'd horrors of the night.
Such are the forms the crowded proſpect ſhows:
But if too far the long reflection glows,
Round the bright orb a dim confuſion plays,
And a wild maſs of undiſtinguiſh'd rays,
So tinctur'd canvas, rude in ev'ry part,
Shows the firſt traces of the pencil's art;
Scarce can our eyes diſcern the dubious plan,
And gain ſome faint reſemblance of a man.
Now let the ſplendor of returning light
Strike thro' the artificial ſhades of night;
Lo! the ſtrong flame the airy phantoms ſhun,
Fade in the blaze, and die before the ſun.
Thus when the limbs recline in ſoft repoſe
With various forms the wakeful fancy glows;
Men, beaſts, and birds, an unconnected train,
Compoſe the motley viſion of the brain;
Here in long order ſun'ral torches gleam,
There royal triumphs gild the pompous dream.
When lo! the purple bluſh of morning light,
From th' op'ning eye diſpels the ſhades of night;
The brighten'd ſcenes their uſual aſpect wear,
And the falſe dream diſſolves in ſhapeleſs air.

BALLOON ASCENSION.

Extract of a Letter from Venice, dated October 14.

"I SEND you an account of a very ſingular and extraordinary aerial voyage. Count Francis Zambeccari, of Bologna, Dr. Graſſetti, of Rome, and M. Paſqual, of Ancona, had prepared a very large air balloon, which on Friday, the 7th of October, they filled in the city of Bologna. The filling proceeded very ſlowly; it was not full till about midnight, and the above-mentioned Gentlemen propoſed to defer their aſcent till the next day; but the impatience and clamour of the people of Bologna obliged them to aſcend about three quarters after midnight. They, however, reſolved to come down again as ſoon as poſſible. The balloon being ſet at liberty, roſe with prodigious velocity, and ſoon attained ſuch a height, that Count Zambeccari and Doctor Graſſetti, benumbed with cold, which at the firſt produced an inclination to vomit, ſank into a kind of inſenſibility and a deep ſleep.

"M. Paſqual, who alone was awake and in poſſeſſion of his ſenſes, could not aſcertain the height to which they had aſcended by the barometer, becauſe the wax-light they had carried with them in a lantern was gone out. About half

half after two in the morning, the balloon began to deſcend, and M. Paſqual diſtinctly heard the daſhing of the waves of the Adriatic Sea on the Coaſt of Romagna. He then awakened his companions, and endeavoured to procure a light by means of phoſphoric matches, but did not ſucceed: he at length obtained one by uſing tinder in the common manner. Soon after the balloon, with the car that was faſtened to it, fell into the Adriatic Sea, and with ſo much force, that the water daſhed over them above the height of a man. The Aeronauts, drenched with ſea-water, benumbed with cold, and in fear of immediate deſtruction, threw out a bag of ſand, all their inſtruments, and every thing they had with them; after which, the balloon roſe a ſecond time with extreme rapidity. They paſſed through three ranges of clouds one above the other; their clothes were covered with a hoar froſt; and, on account of the rarity of the air in which they were when they had aſcended above the clouds, they could ſcarcely hear each other ſpeak. The moon ſhone on the clouds below them, and appeared of a blood-red colour. Some time after three, the balloon again deſcended, though very ſlowly, and a briſk ſouth-weſt wind drove it over the Adriatic Sea towards the coaſt of Iſtria. The car frequently touched the water, and for five hours the adventurers were in momentary danger of death. At length, on Saturday morning, about eight o'clock, they were taken up, and reſcued from the perilous ſituation in which they were, by the *manzara* (a kind of large bark) of Antony Bazol, about ten Italian miles from the harbour of Veruda, in Iſtria. The balloon being given to the wind, flew over the mountain Oſſero, and probably went into Dalmatia. The Aeronauts came in the ſame ſhip, with their hands and feet entirely benumbed with cold, to Pola, a port in Iſtria, where they remained four days to recover from their fatigues. To-day, about eight in the morning, they arrived in Venice, and gave the above account of their adventures. Their aerial voyage from the coaſt of Romagna to Iſtria, is a diſtance of 20 German miles (about 120 Engliſh). Had it not been for the brave ſeaman Antony Bazol, who very ably ſteered his ſhip to ſave them, they would, no doubt, have been buried in the waves. They were received here with the utmoſt hoſpitality, and do not appear to have any deſire to make another aerial excurſion at midnight."

POVERTY.

THE ſevereſt calamity of life, and that which is attended with the moſt painful conſequences, is the being deſtitute of the means of ſubſiſtence; for as the love of liberty is the moſt vital principle in man, it is conſidered as the moſt ſhameful ſervility to owe the preſervation or protraction of our being to the alms or credit of another. In the preſent paper, therefore, I propoſe to conſider the evils which attend a ſtate of neceſſity; and ſuch reflections will indubitably ſhew the uſefulneſs of prudence in the common concerns of life, and illuſtrate the dreadful effects of a procraſtinated and obſtinate extravagance. One of the moſt cruel circumſtances that attend penury is, that it ladens us with a train of petty obligations, which for ever after we are compelled to repay with no leſs an intereſt than the total reſignation of our opinion into the hands of our creditors: ſince our ſentiments, from the fatal moment of receiving favours, are no longer our own, as our lips muſt move and boſoms beat in the trammels of dependence. Our hard fortune may be ſaid to diſinherit us of the native birthright of a Briton and a man, as it ſtrips us of that unbribed and unbiaſſed ſpirit which is the ſource of greatneſs, and which obliges us to ſubmit our ſhoulders to the ſlavery of a yoke more galling than ever Rome or Tartary, in the utmoſt tyranny of their tortures, inflicted on their captives. To breathe the air in ſubjection to a wretch who makes our miſeries ſubſervient to ſwell the inſolence of his pride, the ſlave of his eye, and the reptile of his command, is more deplorable ſurely than either to drudge at the mine, pant at the forge, or tug at the oar; and to great and generous tempers it is ſo extreme an anguiſh, that they would prefer, without ſcruple, a reſidence at the foot of a burning mountain to the poor conſolation they might enjoy from the indulgences of him who confers them with a

grudging reluctance or a diſtant deſign.

In oppoſition and in defiance of every human and ſcriptural law, a ſtrange barbarity prevails between man and man; a barbarity ſuperlatively monſtrous and unnatural. In thoſe hours of diſaſter, when the mind ſtruggles with an agony too big to be combated or ſubdued, and when the deſolate heart dies in the boſom, even in the hour when the gentleſt treatment and the ſofteſt tenderneſs is required, we fly from our own ſpecies, perhaps from our own relations, while pity, ſympathy, and nature, appeal in vain.

Deaf to every generous incentive and pathetic pleading, we add oppreſſion to oppreſſion, and gaze, like the Indian ſavage, with horrid rapture on the pangs we occaſion; or, frequently goaded on by the demon of power, we are tempted to plunge another dagger in the breaſt that is already fainting under its wounds. The diſtreſs which want feels is not ſo poignant as the indignity it meets from the little and the proud. It is no compliment to the human underſtanding, methinks, that a piece of figured ſilk or ſilver, though the property of the baſe, ſhould command that reſpect which a plain, poor man, ſurtouted in his honeſty only, cannot attain either by his humility or his merit. Every eye turns from poverty as from ſomething obnoxious to its welfare: and indeed we ſeem apprehenſive leſt numbneſs, hunger, and nakedneſs, ſhould blaſt whatever they approached: the imploring hands are alſo avoided, as if they carried in the one a contagious peſtilence, and in the other a bloating leproſy: every poſſible inſult is onerated upon the defenceleſs head; the finger of ſcorn is pointed out, and the ſneer of malice diſtorts the cheek, for no other reaſon than becauſe his rewards are leſs, and his deſerts greater, than ſuch as perſecute him. But the ſoreſt of all the evils attendant upon an unhappy ſituation, is being liable to that cruel and unbenevolent ſort of pity which is generally expreſſed for the misfortune of thoſe who have formerly enjoyed happier times. The ſupercilious air of civil incivility (if I may ſo term it), and the ambiguous condolence with which theſe pityers evince their concern, while they at the ſame time lament their own inability, is regarded by a manly ſpirit as an indignity ſo edged in venom, that it would rather welcome the ſtroke that ſhould at once relieve them from ſuch impudent compaſſion, and ſtop the progreſs of future miſchances: the blow of an executing hand were kindneſs, but the ſervility of pretended charity is an hypocriſy inſinuating as Iſcariot's and ſubtle as Satan's, when, impregnated with poiſon, under the deception of a delicacy, he deceived the mother of mankind. Yet what can be ſo mean as to inſult misfortune? eſpecially as no tranſitions of circumſtance, nor any thing but the proſtitution of our principles, can ſully the dignity of the ſoul. How often do we find all that's brave and commendable lodging in the boſom of the poor—faith, fidelity, and honour! and how often, in the tenement of ſtraw, do we ſee the pure and unadulterated heart contented with its wholeſome humility! The violet of the loweſt vale is as ſweet as the flowers that ſpring on the head of the mountain. An edifice in which art has diſplayed its powers, invention exhauſted her deſigns, and architecture added its laſt poliſhing embelliſhment, can neither give beauty nor ſublimity to the ſoul. Beſides, nothing is ſo mean as to reproach a man for his poverty; one may as well quarrel with him for having a bandy leg, or any other defection of perſon; ſince to reproach him for either, is to direct our rebukes at thoſe very misfortunes which render him more properly an object of our compaſſion.

With the ſtricteſt examination, I have never yet been able to diſcover, that to be unhappy was a crime, if the cauſe proceeds not from depravity. It is poſſible that the ſufferer may be ſacrificed to the public good, or fall a victim to the enjoyments of thoſe who oppreſs him. In the ſyſtem of Fate, and in the plan of Providence, many minuter intricacies aſſiſt the grand and inviſible deſign; and who ſhall dare aſſume the authority to pronounce, that for ſuch an end, and no other, was this man afflicted? Rather let us think, as we tenderly behold calamity, that the end is wiſdom, and the effect ſalutary; and let it be a maxim of duty and principle of conduct to adminiſter all the aſſiſtance and mitigation in our power, and to believe, that though it is the attribute of Heaven to puniſh, it is our intereſt and wiſdom to prepare for our own trial, and to help others through theirs with gentleneſs and generoſity.

There

There is no art more delicate or uſeful than that of uſing money to a moral advantage. Men of genius are too apt to deſpiſe it, and men of buſineſs too much to regard it. Both, however, are equally wrong: it is as ſilly to doat as to diſdain: the golden mean is here the point to be recommended and purſued. Every man ſhould conſider, that ſince a competent fortune is neceſſary to happineſs and eaſe, to charity and benevolence, it is incumbent on him to be politic and prudent. Profuſion often communicates miſery to many; and though the fountain may riſe from a ſingle ſource, the ſtream runs waſting through many channels, till it often involves a whole family in its vortex: and of all diſtreſſes, thoſe which affect our deareſt relatives are ſurely the moſt to be dreaded; for methinks to have it upon one's conſcience, to reflect that our wives or our children are robbed of the common comforts of life through our indiſcretion, is a diſgrace than which nothing can be more diſhoneſt or acute. Induſtry rarely wants, and Content is eaſily ſatisfied. Virtue is as patient as ſhe is notable and frugal; ſo that to live at eaſe is not difficult. Thoſe who have felt the inconveniences of want, and the meanneſſes on which it puts the beſt ſpirits, and thoſe who have ſeen the greedineſs of wealth and the gluttony of affluence, need not, I think, be again forewarned from perſiſting in a deſtructive prodigality; they will rather live upon their own independent beverage of the field, and ſlake their thirſt in the running water, than be indebted to the pride they have experienced for all the delicacies of France and wines of Florence.

It ſeems connected with my preſent ſubject to ſay ſomething in praiſe of a virtue which is the parent of every other, and which is the nobleſt ornament of the human heart; I mean, humanity: a quality of the ſoul I earneſtly recommend to the ſons of Proſperity, as it is the only virtue which can give dignity to diſtinction and value to riches, without which a mountain of money is an uſeleſs maſs of ill-managed ore, which cankers as it lies, till it infects the mind. Humanity, indeed, is the great and ſingular characteriſtic of man; his eyes were given him to ſee misfortune, his heart to feel it, his hands to relieve it, his arms to ſoothe it. He has no power or ſenſe which was not beſtowed to ſupport and ſolace his fellow-creatures: every capacity of his mind is ſocial, and every capacity indicates the neceſſity of ſociety. Benevolence is ſtrictly enjoined by Nature, and is equally the dictate of Religion and the command of Heaven.

That ſome are in eaſier circumſtances than others is not always a teſtimony of ſuperior merit, being frequently the random hit of chance or ſeniority of birth. Riches are very inſufficient, with all their power: they may, indeed, procure the glitter of pomp and the plume of pride, furniſh out a ſhining apparatus, and ſtrike (as wonder is the child of Ignorance) the ſimple gazer with diſmay: they may buy the voice or the perſon of a mercenary creature, but the tenderneſs of love and the fidelity of friendſhip they can never purchaſe, nor are they able to confer either felicity or true honour, but when benevolence diffuſes them in aid of indigence, and circulates them to ſuccour misfortune. There is nothing more ſoothing than praiſe; it is pity, therefore, that mankind would not endeavour to deſerve it more by attaching themſelves leſs to its ſhadow, and attending to the ſubſtance; that is, to deſpiſe the panegyrics of common flattery, and venerate thoſe encomiums only which proceed from the reflection of having merited them by an uniform courſe of virtuous actions; ſince thoſe will infallibly produce a double reward. The ſureſt paſſport to popularity is private goodneſs; for true generoſity is an eſſence which diffuſes its perfume everywhere; and however ſilently or unoſtentatiouſly a benefit be conferred, like the gentle dews which fall at midnight, its effect will in the end be ſeen, and the cauſe adored.

Poverty is indeed an evil; but riches in the poſſeſſion of avarice or malignity is worſe. Much of the diſtreſs of the one and ſuperfluity of the other might be diminiſhed, were benevolence the ruling paſſion, and humanity the leading principle. Life would then be reduced more to a level, and the ſpecies to a more friendly equality. The greateſt incitation to ſocial virtue is, to have in our minds theſe cloſing reflections: to conſider, that all our good, happineſs, pleaſure, and poſſeſſions, however various or extenſive, are bleſſings which we have only upon credit, for which we are to account on an awful pay-day;

that

that the intereſt of the debt can only be diſcharged by aſſiſting our fellow-creatures; that he who ornaments his creation with light and life, has formed, on the ſame impartial principle, reſpecting man, the proſperous and the needy; and reſpecting beaſt, the emmet and the elephant; that he has connected a part with the whole, and that he hath alſo given to every one a deficiency to reduce him to a dependence with the reſt; that he has decreed the ſpecies to participate in one common nature, and link in one common intereſt, ſo that poverty ſhould be as eſſential to the ſupport of wealth as wealth to the comfort of poverty.

Such conſiderations will certainly ſtrike deep into the mind; for they will repreſent human life as it really is, a chain of which every member upon the globe forms an important link; and they will alſo ſhew, and I hope convince ſuch as have hitherto miſtaken glitter for happineſs, and hunger or misfortune for infamy, that thoſe who toil and ſuffer are as ſerviceable to man, and as acceptable to the Lord of Nature, as thoſe who neither labour nor mourn. DIONYSIUS.

A PORTRAIT OF REVOLUTIONARY PARIS,

WITH VARIOUS PARTS OF ENGLAND, FRANCE, AND HOLLAND,

AS OBSERVED IN A LATE TOUR.

BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times. POPE.

(*Continued from Page* 282.)

ABOUT the middle of December, having taken a place in the Diligence for Antwerp, I left Paris by the way of Port St. Denis, with ſenſations little favourable to its magnificence. The Diligences were now chiefly filled with French officers who were deſtined for Louiſiana. We paſſed Senlis, Pont St. Maxence, and other places. Peronne is a ſmall fortified town, ſituated in a moraſs on the river Somme. The ſpires of Cambray, of which Fenelon was once the celebrated archbiſhop, at a diſtance had a pleaſing effect; it is an ancient and handſome city, well defended with fortifications, and has been famous for its fine cambric manufacture. The city of Valenciennes, ſituated in an agreeable valley on the Scheld, has derived its name from the emperor Valentinian, by whom it was built; its ſtreets are wholly irregular, but it has ſtrong fortifications, on which the celebrated Vauban has beſtowed ſome of his art; the damages of the laſt ſiege, by our victorious forces, have been very conſiderable, and make rather a gloomy impreſſion on the mind. We ſlept at Valenciennes. The country which we paſſed in this journey was every where very flat, ſamely, and unintereſting, though perhaps excellent for corn. The road was paved the whole way, and was ſo ſtrait, that, eternally rumbling on a paved avenue of trees, it became very tireſome. The cities and towns in this part were more favourable to the national character, but they had in general a very antique and decayed appearance. The diligences were alſo in a more improved ſtate of utility. The travelling carriages of Gregory, of the rue du Bouloy at Paris, are deſerving of notice here, as they are ſo accommodating to travellers with regard to reſting and ſleeping on the road; but they would not do in ſuch an induſtrious commercial country as ours. The expenſes of travelling in theſe parts are eaſy, and we have very good dinners. The inmates of a diligence are not regarded, but thoſe who travel in ſtyle in their own carriages are ſhamefully impoſed on; an example of this has been given by the author of the *Journal of a Party of Pleaſure*, &c. on the occaſion of an accident which happened to his carriage at Amiens, where even the mayor of the place could afford no redreſs; though many will be apt to imagine that the government has knowingly encouraged the pillage of the Engliſh. I obſerved that ſeveral of the officers who were with us were accuſtomed to faſt for ſome time on a journey, as they were ſatisfied with having only one meal a day. Capt. Cameſcaſſe, an officer of merit,

merit, who was preparing to join his regiment for Louiſiana, proved to be a very agreeable companion to me.—In our way to Mons, at a diſtance on the right was the celebrated field of Jemmappe, where Dumouriez ſo ſucceſsfully commenced the invaſion of Belgium, by forcing the Auſtrian redoubts which were placed on the heights, and obliging them to fly precipitately before him. The boaſt which he had made in the autumn, of fixing his winter-quarters at Bruſſels, not only eſtabliſhed him at that place, but carried him to Liege, and gave him the poſſeſſion of all Flanders. Dumouriez, Pichegru, Bonaparte, and Moreau, appear to me to have been the four moſt conſiderable generals which the French revolution has produced*. But the firſt of theſe, who has ſhown ſuch a pleaſing variety of talents, is now ſpoken lightly of by the military men.—Mons, placed on a mount, has ſome regular fortifications; as we were on the confines of France properly ſo called, our paſſports were here examined.—Bruſſels, the capital of the Auſtrian Netherlands, had every appearance of a large old city; I afterwards much regretted that I had not ſtaid a day to view it. It has been conſiderable for its populouſneſs and wealth, and is partly fortified. The Place, or public ſquare, is ſaid to be the grandeſt of any in Europe. Its palace and park are alſo much talked of.—In the way from Bruſſels to Antwerp we had fine cultivated country.—After a fatiguing journey from Paris of three days and a half, having only had time to ſleep a few hours on the ſecond night, we arrived at Antwerp to dinner, where we joined a *table d'hote* compoſed of ſome of the genteeler inhabitants of the place. It was formerly the moſt commercial city in Europe, being advantageouſly ſituated at the broad opening of the Scheld, and has been once a ſeat of the arts; but it is now decayed, and has a very antique appearance in ſeveral places; the port has nothing remarkable about it. It has a magnificent cathedral and a ſubſtantial town-hall. The people are a mixture of French and Flemiſh, the manners reſembling the former.—The latter part of the country in this journey, from Mons to Antwerp, forms part of that country which is known under the general name of Flanders. I have hardly made any diſtinction of it from the other part of France, becauſe I only ſaw it in paſſing, and I ſcarcely perceived any difference. The ſame imperfect unpoliſhed appearance, the ſame indiſcriminateneſs of rank, was obſervable every where. But the nearer we approached the United Netherlands, the more the languages began to multiply, and we occaſionally found ſome who could talk Engliſh; a conſideration very grateful to a lover of his country, the more particularly ſo after the various cauſes of diſguſt with every thing French which had ariſen, and bringing back to my memory the intereſting lines of Goldſmith which are eaſily adapted here.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, ſlow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wand'ring Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Againſt the houſeleſs ſtranger ſhuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forſaken lies,
A weary waſte expanding to the ſkies:
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to ſee,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee;
Still to my country turns, with ceaſeleſs pain,
And drags, at each remove, a length'ning chain.

GOLDSMITH'S TRAVELLER.

My motive for comprehending a part of Holland in my excurſion was to enable me to form ſome ſort of idea whether all foreign countries were equally inferior to our own, or whether it was really Paris alone that was ſo miſerably loſt to itſelf; for, after the unfavourable impreſſion which it had made upon me, I hardly knew whether it was fair to form a concluſive judgement, without having the compariſon of a third country. The Dutch diligences, though not on ſprings, are more agreeable and light than the French. The roads in this part are chiefly paved

* It is rather remarkable, that all theſe great leading generals ſhould have ſurvived the revolutionary ſlaughter. The arrival of Dumouriez and Pichegru in England, who were both preſent at the late Review of the Volunteers, while Moreau, who has been a pupil of the latter, has uniformly ſhown a guarded conduct, are all circumſtances in favour of the reſtoration of royalty.

in

in the middle, and where they are not ſo, they are ſandy, uneven, muddy, and heavy. In going to Breda, Cameſcaſie and I, for we were ſtill companions, got out and walked, and while I was tranſlating to him ſome of the minutes which I had made on military and political matters, we had ſo inſenſibly beguiled away the time, that we became at laſt very apprehenſive of having miſſed the road of the diligence; our alarm was the greater, as it was uſual to inſpect the baggage of travellers paſſing from France into Holland; but, after a ſtrenuous march back, our fears were happily relieved. In the courſe of our converſation, happening to obſerve to him, as I had before done, my ſurpriſe at the errand-boys in the ſtreets at Antwerp aſking whether they ſhould conduct us *pour voir les jolies femmes*, that this was carrying the matter even farther than at Paris, he related, as a ſtill farther advance, that once, on his arrival at a town in Italy, he was aſked at the hotel, whether he would wiſh to ſee the young girls or the young boys; but he wiſhed to ſee neither. A ſmall log of wood, poſted under the hedge on the ſide of the road, ſerves to mark the boundary of the two countries; a rather inſignificant barrier it will be allowed, though hardly neceſſary to have any where both are equally at the command of one individual. Poor Holland has gained but a ſad pittance from the alliance and protection of its new maſters! The French have every where reverſed that principle which has ſo much ennobled man.

Parcere ſubjectis, et debellare ſuperbos.
VIRGIL.

The country on this road was rich and woody. The diſpoſition of the people, after what I had ſeen of the French, ſeemed really amiable. Breda is a neat, regular, fortified town; it gave me a ſatisfactory idea of the cleanly taſte of the Dutch; I was the more pleaſed with its modern improved appearance, after having been ſo long accuſtomed to withered and antiquated cities. Mons. Cameſcaſſe found his regiment here; the greater part of his fellow-officers were aſſembled at the coffee-houſe, and had a chearful gentlemanly appearance.—It was ſuppoſed that the expedition for Louiſiana, of which General Victor was to have the command, would embark in the courſe of a month. The aſſemblage of this force has ſince been made uſe of by our government as a plea for the renewal of war; but I ſaw none of thoſe boats and hoſtile preparations which have been ſo much talked of; it appears to me that our oſtenſible cauſes for this war are very indifferent ones; but *nil refert*, we have many other reaſons for impelling us to action, we have the power in our own hands, we may not always have it ſo, and with a man who has no regard to his own faith, but would take every advantage, as the unjuſt and unmanly detention of the Engliſh in France has alone ſufficiently manifeſted, we are not obliged to be over ſcrupulous in matters of policy. Many of the officers with whom I converſed were of opinion, that we ſhould ſoon have a war again, and a more vigourous one than the laſt.

Mars gravior ſub pace latet. CLAUDIAN.

But I am rather inclined to think, that the reſtoration of royalty will take place before matters ſhall become ſufficiently mature for ſuch a war.—The greater part of the road to Rotterdam is encompaſſed on all ſides with the large canals for which this country is ſo famous, having every where the aſpect of a floated champain, but ſtill very fertile. The canals and rivers are rather diſagreeable for travellers, who have to aſcend and deſcend the awkward carriages ſo often in paſſing them. In the way we paſſed Dort, a very pleaſant reſidence, the windmills in particular, which are very frequent in theſe parts, having an intereſting effect, and ſeveral pretty modeſt faces moving along. The day was very fine, and all kinds of people ſeemed to be very chearful and good-natured. Holland muſt be a moſt agreeable place to travel or live in, where the villages, towns, and cities are ſo abounding. I am ſtill only deſcribing the impreſſions which I received at the moment, and have only to obſerve that people are not all diſpoſed to take the ſame impreſſions, nor even the ſame people the ſame at different times. A tolerable inſtance of the booriſhneſs of the Dutch was obſerved on our getting out of the boat in paſſing a river, where, although the evening was dark, and the landing very awkward, while ſeveral of the watermen, who were awaiting our arrival, ſtood ſtaringly ſtupidly at us,

not one of them offered us the leaſt aſſiſtance; it was with ſome difficulty that we could have our baggage conveyed to the coach-office; after arriving there, one of the two diligences was polite enough to ſet off without us; a moſt whimſical and anxious ſcene of confuſion took place among thoſe who were left behind; the baggage of ſome of the party having been carried off in the diligence which had ſtarted, while others, from the undue proportion of load which the remaining one would have to carry, were doubtful whether they ſhould have their's conveyed at all; the greater part of the carrying and driving people drunk, and from our language wholly ignorant of what we ſaid to them; and it was not till after much quarrelling, wrangling, and ſplaſhing, whipping of the horſes, and apprehenſions of the paſſengers, from our overloaded flight machine, women on our knees, and band-boxes over our heads, the thick darkneſs of the evening, and the ſottiſh ſtupidity of the driver, in momentary expectation of an overthrow, at the extreme hazard of our perſons, that we at laſt arrived in ruffled condition at Rotterdam. The manners of the Dutch are wholly a contraſt of the French, as they are ſlovenly and inattentive; but I would rather have them ſo, than officious, curious, prying, and impertinent. I obſerved particularly the great characteriſtic of Dutch merchants, that they are always calculating on the value of articles as they happen to come before them; my portmanteau, dreſs, and even my cane, were commercially treated on, and their value, in Holland or in England, aſcertained to a farthing. A droll tobacco merchant was feelingly deſcribing to us the ſituation of the latter country at the time of the invaſion by Pichegru and the French; on which he made, as contraſted with the enemy, ſome unfavourable obſervations on the behaviour of our ſoldiery before their leaving it; that they were wholly diſorderly, taking every thing, and paying for nothing; and that the French emigrants were ſtill more exorbitant, demanding money beſides, and breaking every thing into the bargain.—The favourable opinion which I had formed of the neat uniformity of the towns of Holland, on my view of Breda, was not ſufficiently ſupported at Rotterdam. It is a much larger more irregular city, the ſecond largeſt moſt commercial city in Holland. It is of a triangular form, ſurrounded with a river or canal, interſected by ſeveral canals of the river, and ſo thickly interſperſed with houſes, ſhips, trees, and wooden draw-bridges, as to form a mingled fleet, city, and wood. The Bomb-quay, along the broad river Meuſe, nearly a mile in length, terminating in rope-grounds, has a very reſpectable well-built row of houſes, forming the moſt of the place. St. Lawrence is a great old church. As I always regard a church as the beſt place after a theatre to form an opinion of the reſpectability of a place, I took care to viſit it; I ſaw a tolerable ſhow of people here, a good deal ſuperior to what I had ſeen at Paris, though not at all equal to what we ſee at London. The more or leſs reſpectable ſhow of the people is no bad ſtandard on which we may be able to form an eſtimate of the ſtate of religion in the three countries. The Chriſtian religion ſeems to be loſing ground in the ſame gradual way in our time, as the Heathen mythology did in the cultivated time of the Romans. The Stadt-houſe, or town-hall, is ſtill older and more curious than the church. There are ſeveral decent inns in this town; a tolerable riot was made by a party of us at one of them, on the night of my arrival, for being ſhut out as returning after 12 o'clock. The Exchange is a neat edifice, and was well attended. This is wholly a place of commerce, where all the thoughts of all people are always occupied about matters of profit and loſs; but their commercial affairs are now on the wane, and they have little ſtimulation to trade; they have felt the folly of their aſſociation with the French, and adoption of French revolutionary principles, and they are ſorry for it.

Magna eſt veritas, et prævalebit.

As Rotterdam is ſtill rather a wealthy city than otherwiſe, all articles have a good price. The ſtate of ſociety is reſpectable; there are ſeveral Engliſh families here, and, though the manners of the inferior claſſes are not elegant, they are tolerably civil; when the good qualities exceed the bad, *non ego paucis offendar maculis*, I am not ſcrupulous about

about ſmaller failings. But it is rather a dull town for ſtrangers, though large; all its reſources of ſocial amuſement ariſing from thoſe who are known to each other forming agreeable parties among themſelves. The Muſicos, though of rather a remarkable kind, are only eſtabliſhments for the inferior claſſes; theſe are ſeveral ſmall brothel-houſes ſituated in a private ſtreet, where are kept ſeveral girls; each has a public room below, where the girls are all the evening drinking and dancing the waltz with thoſe, who chooſe to aſſociate with them, and afterwards retire above; while the entrances of theſe houſes are glaringly illuminated. There is not ſuch facility as theſe places afford even at Paris; they are ſanctioned by the government, to which I believe they pay a revenue, the wages of proſtitution, and have bullies to enforce the diſcharge of their demands, however unreaſonable; and, as they are always ready to buy the unhappy victims who are brought to them, are an encouragement for the moſt ſhameful ſeduction. A ſtory was told me by a French officer, with whom I travelled, of a huſband having, on an urgent occaſion, left his wife and houſe in the charge of a friend, who afterwards took an opportunity, after having debauched her, of ſeducing her to one of theſe houſes, and there ſold her; the unfortunate object being once encloſed, the price having been once paid, there are no means of eſcape, and this I was alſo aſſured was ſanctioned by the government; the afflicted huſband, unaware of the treachery of his friend, after a lapſe of time being conducted by chance to the very houſe, and having their found his wife, could only obtain her ranſom by the moſt exorbitant payment which her keeper choſe to impoſe. There are ſeveral private houſes of this kind in different parts of the city. The mills about Rotterdam, for ſawing timber, and other purpoſes, are very large and lofty with a comely aſpect, and are very numerous; they are ſeen to the beſt advantage on leaving the city northwards.—The canals of Holland, on ſo large and extended a ſcale, enable the people to travel at an eaſy expenſe. A barge, or treck-ſcoot, drawn by a horſe, carried me to the Hague, a diſtance only of a few miles; about half way we landed at Delft, through which we walked, a town containing ſeveral genteel families, and joined the barge on the other ſide; the whole was a pleaſant paſſage, paſſing ſeveral windmills, ſmall villas, and bridges, and laſting about three or four hours. There are ſeveral of theſe barges always going and returning, morning and evening; they have a genteeler cabin, and a larger one for all ſorts of people.—The Hague, the ſeat of the court formerly, and of the preſent government now, only titularly a village, has nearly the ſame extent as Rotterdam, and is a more regular well-built place, though not ſo commercial a one. Its environs are very pleaſant. As Lady Mary Wortley Montagu ſays, the Hague is certainly one of the fineſt villages in the world; perhaps it might have been ſaid, beyond all compariſon the fineſt. The intermixture of the fine houſes, ſquares, canals, and bridges, with the umbrageous foliage of the trees, has a very agreeable effect. The ſtyle of building has a great reſemblance to the Engliſh. Its promenades are very delightful; they have ſome reſemblance, on a ſmaller ſcale, to the mall of our Green-park, being adapted for thoſe in carriages, and for thoſe on foot; and what is an advantage over ours, they are both ſeen taking the air there at their pleaſure. There are a few reſpectable carriages of conſiderable Dutch families, and ſome faſhionable ones of the Engliſh who are here; but there is not that reſpectable and faſhionable appearance as in England, though greatly more ſo than at Paris. All things have the ſame more reſpectable ſtate compared with thoſe of France, and the ſame inferior ſtate compared with thoſe of England. It has only been a change of form in this country, not a conſuming revolution; and this may account for what comparative advantage it ſtill has. But it is eaſy to ſee, from the rather ſorrowful air which every thing has, that there have been great changes here. I was preſent at the uſual morning Parade of the Dutch guards; the officers have a ſtyliſh military appearance almoſt approaching the Engliſh; but the common ſoldiery are very indifferent paltry-looking men, and theſe I ſhould ſuppoſe were the flower of the forces; but they ſeem to have good tractable diſpoſitions, and ſuch diſpoſitions may always be made ſomething of. There was a ſmall body of cavalry which was rather ſuperior to thoſe on foot. The whole appearance of every thing in

Holland,

Holland, the houſes, the cuſtoms, and the manners, have a ſtrong reſemblance of the Engliſh; perhaps they are the only people abroad who are ſo aſſimilating. The manners of the inhabitants of the Hague appeared to me, at the only general glance which I had of them, to have more a reſemblance of the French, than thoſe of the people of Rotterdam; perhaps this may ariſe principally from the government, of which this place is the reſidence, being under their influence or controul, and from the aſſociation of ſo many of the French military and others among them. The diſpoſitions of the Dutch are agreeable to the Engliſh, and they are only fooled by the French. But by habits of intercourſe with them, they have contracted ſome of their ideas.

Corrumpunt bonos mores colloquia prava.

The aſpect of the Palace of the late ſtadtholderate, and its environs, is ſuitably reſpectable, and has a ſort of reſemblance to that of St. James's, belonging to our ſovereign; they have neither of them any thing grand; but the former, though not greatly ſuperior, is more on an equality with the dignity of its nation. The whole of it, after the ſad change which has lately taken place in the government, has a faded and rather dull appearance. I ſaw the apartments, which are alſo much faded; the Hall of the Sittings of the preſent government, a plain circular range of ſeats in the middle of a large room; and the elegantly arranged library, where the keeper ſarcaſtically obſerved to me, that the French had had the complaiſance to carry off every thing of value. I was at the Theatre in the evening, called the French theatre, a remarkably ſmall though agreeable houſe; it was very well attended with reſpectable people of all ſorts, and of ſeveral nations; the pit, in which I was, was crowded with merchants and their wives, and with French and Dutch officers, who were very good-humoured, civil, and obliging; in the boxes were ſeated ſeveral Engliſh merchants, ſome of whom I knew, the French embaſſador, an apparently well-bred intelligent man, and his family, and ſeveral other embaſſadors, miniſters, and perſons of diſtinction; the acting was lively and gay; and it was altogether an agreeable ſpectacle, its novelty the more ſo to me, who could not help feeling myſelf much more at my eaſe than I had for ſome time been. There are ſeveral conſiderable hotels here; I was at one of them, to which I was recommended by the French officer, whom I had met in travelling, and who had married the daughter of the landlady. The French military are accuſtomed to conſider Holland, even the Hague, as a dull place; and it certainly has not that pretending indiſcriminate gaiety which characterizes Paris; though I am rather inclined to believe that its opportunities for pleaſure are ſufficiently eaſy. I was much amuſed at a bookſeller's, where I went to get a plan of the village, with ſeeing ſome prints of the moſt famous naval triumphs of the Dutch over the Engliſh; the affair of burning our ſhips at Chatham was more particularly diſplayed in all its exultation. They have, indeed, conteſted hardly with us the ſovereignty of the main; but, after an unparalleled exertion of regular continued fortitude, England has at laſt acquired the ſole command of it. The Hague, being the ſeat of the government, and as ſome fair idea of Amſterdam might be formed from Rotterdam and the Hague, but more particularly as my affairs called for my return, was the extent of my excurſion into Holland; but I have ſince regretted that I did not continue it to Amſterdam, the capital of the provinces, by the way of Leyden, the principal univerſity; and perhaps alſo I might have wiſhed to have reached the Texel.

I was conveyed back by the barge to Rotterdam, and, having provided myſelf with three days' proviſions, departed, by way of variety, and to ſave time, in a large ſailing-boat for Middleburg. The diſtance is not conſiderable, and the time of arriving there varies with the wind, from one to three or four days. We found it a tedious paſſage of three days, moving along between the ſeveral iſlands, being becalmed, and the Dutch lubbers laying to as ſoon as it began to grow dark, and anchoring twelve hours at a time; very bad management as it ſeemed to me. For my part I employed the greater part of the time in reading. We paſſed thro' Dort, of which I have already ſpoken.—After leaving it, a boat brought a paſſenger to us, of a hale reſpectable appearance, who afterwards made himſelf known to me as Thomas Johnſon, the celebrated ſmuggler, who

had lately made ſo extraordinary an eſcape out of the Fleet priſon. He ſeemed to be a plain good natured man, with nothing of the daring adventurer about him. He gave me the particulars of his eſcape, as known to the public *, and alſo of a former one which he had made out of the New gaol in the Borough. He has been pardoned more than once already for ſmuggling offences, on account of the ſervices which on the other hand he has been able to render to the country. He afforded great aſſiſtance in our laſt expedition to Holland, being ſo well acquainted with the coaſt. He has many ſenſible obſervations to make on behalf of the ſmugglers, contending that they are really an advantage to the nation, ſhowing that their characters may ſtill be generally good, but allowing that they would not ſtop at the murder of innocent individuals if they ſhould ſtand in their way. He does not vaunt himſelf on his exploits, but all his thoughts are employed on purpoſes of utility. And he does every thing with ſo much eaſy confidence, ſo plainly, ſo ſimply, ſo coolly, his appearance and behaviour promiſe ſo little, that you are wholly ſurpriſed at him. He has a couſin of the ſame name, John Johnſon, who is almoſt equally famous with himſelf for tranſactions of a ſimilar kind.—There was a curious aſſortment of Dutch fellows in the cabin, with whom Johnſon and I had much ſport; what added to our mirth was, that a little French ſmuggling merchant was talking rather againſt the other Johnſon, whom he had dealt with, without ſuſpecting that his noted couſin was at his elbow, and ready to detect the falſehood of what he was uttering; we acted as interpreters to each other, the others told the little merchant in Dutch what they had to ſay, he told me in French, and I told Johnſon in Engliſh. We paſſed Williamſtadt, at a little diſtance on our left, a little place ſtanding on a plane; ever memorable for the defence which it made againſt the army of Dumouriez, and of which I could not perceive any apparently adequate means. We afterwards paſſed at a greater diſtance on our right Zuydric zee, which had an extenſive appearance. At length, after loſing more time than I had hoped to have ſaved, we were glad to end our dilatory coaſting voyage at Tervere, the firſt port we came to in the iſland of Walcheren, to the capital of which we ought to have been carried.—Tervere is a picturesque ſea-port, ſtanding high, on the north-eaſt coaſt of the iſland of Walcheren, or Middleburg, after the name of its capital. Johnſon and I made for Fluſhing in a diligence the ſame night. In our way we paſſed through Middleburg, the capital of the iſland, and of the whole province of Zealand, which, as far as the darkneſs would allow me to obſerve, had a large and neat appearance. Fluſhing, the well-known port for ſmuggling, ſituate on the ſouth coaſt of the iſland, contains ſome good houſes, is an extenſive place, and has a commodious ſituation; it has a ſurrounding fort, of which the French are in poſſeſſion, mounted with ſeveral guns, the bulwarks chiefly compoſed of bricks, which are not ſo well adapted to ſuſtain the bombarding blows of an enemy. Johnſon has one of the beſt houſes here, and is married. It was eaſy to ſee, that, by keeping all the external ports and places in their poſſeſſion, and acquiring the moſt poſſible extenſive line of coaſt, England was always the object which the French had in view. This was the laſt place which I ſaw in Holland.

The neatneſs and pains of the Dutch about their houſes ariſe in great part from the unwholeſome moiſture of the air, which would produce very pernicious effects in them if they were neglected. To the ſame cauſe may be eaſily aſcribed the exceſſive intoxication of the lower orders. The men have long been remarkable for wearing large looſe breeches; and moſt of the inferior ranks of the women diſtort their legs, by conſtantly having, in cold weather, a pan of warm charcoal under their petticoats, and cloſely embracing it with their feet. The windows of many of the houſes, in the more private towns, have ſmall reflecting gliſſes in black frames at the outſide of them, to ſhow to thoſe who are within the objects paſſing along the ſtreets; they have rather a ſingular appearance. Living is dearer in Holland than in the internal parts of France. The whole face of the country is flat, and is a ſort of continued marſh. The diſpoſitions of the people in general ſeem to be good, and they regard ſolid

* Some aſſert that he really went out at the door, aſſiſted by bribery, and that the extraordinary ſtory was only invented to ſcreen the keeper.

and

qualities more than ſhining ones; hence their natures are rather dull; only matters of wealth can rouſe their torpid paſſions; they ſeem to be even more fond of eaſe than the Engliſh; and do not trouble themſelves about other people's affairs. After what I have ſeen of the three countries, I think the ſtate of ſociety in Holland much preferable to that of France, though greatly inferior to that of England. But the oppreſſion which the Dutch now labour under from the French, muſt render all ſociety unhappy and comfortleſs. Their ſituation at this moment muſt be particularly cruel, to be obliged to fight againſt thoſe whom they would with to aſſociate with, and ours is equally hard, to be obliged to make war upon them. Their commerce has long ſince fallen off, and all their laſt reſources are now called into action. Like lambs to the ſlaughter, ſo are they led; and they have only to ſubmit to their fate with reſignation.

Quo fata trahunt, retrahuntque, ſequamur.

VIRGIL.

(To be continued.)

THE WIG,

AN OCCASIONAL PAPER.

NUMBER I.

The Wig's the thing; the Wig, the Wig;
The wiſdom's in the Wig. DIBDIN.

THE attention of an author can ſcarcely be directed to a ſubject more difficult or perplexing than that of forming an appropriate addreſs for his firſt appearance at the bar of the public tribunal—eager of applauſe, yet diffident of his title to it, he dictates with caution, and ſubmits with deference. The diverſity of opinion, and the verſatility of taſte (for he has at the ſame time to addreſs all claſſes of readers), render his ſituation particularly difficult: as their judgments will be conſiderably influenced by his commencing ſpecimen, he cannot determine which road to take to ſecure to himſelf that eſtimation, which he conſiders moſt eſſential to his fame. In this ſituation I now ſtand; but as I have little to ſay in extenuation of myſelf, or defence of the ſubſequent lucubrations, I ſhall leave their fate to the candour of the world, not doubting but they will receive that ſhare of praiſe or cenſure to which their merits or defects may ultimately entitle them.

Having thus premiſed, I ſhall endeavour to ſatisfy the curioſity of my readers, which will, I doubt not, be excited by the title I have affixed to theſe papers; for I am well aware, that the Wig, though a uſeful and comfortable appendage for the head of age, can ſcarcely be conſidered to have reference to, or connection with eſſays political, moral, or humourous, and cannot but admit the propriety of the ſuggeſtion, were the whimſicalities and deformities of faſhion leſs predominant over the nobler faculty of reaſon. But, however, as it by no means becomes me at this moment to find fault with, or rail at the faſhions of the times, I ſhall only obſerve, that my title is induced by no common incident; and that, had it not been for faſhion, and my peruke, theſe papers had never been brought to the light of the world. As to the propriety of their title I can ſee no objection; for if in former days a Mirror could ſo well reflect the vices and follies of the age, a Rambler, a Spectator, and an Idler "catch the manners living as they roſe," I know not why the Wig, which has already obtained the ſanction and approbation of the world, ſhould be prohibited from communicating ſuch information as may daily occur to its obſervation; and as no occupation can be more commendable than that of combining the *utile et dulce*, it is a laudable ambition which prompts the attempt to obtain a place on the ſhelf of the literati, by rendering the Wig not only a comfortable covering for the extremity of the head, but an agreeable and communicative companion, to furniſh information or give inſtruction to the inſide, by conveying to the mind leſſons deduced from practice or minute inveſtigation, which may afford ſpecimens of wit, humour, or morality, to

enliven

enliven or exalt the heart; or by directing the juvenile adventurer in his purſuit after the grand phantom of life, happineſs. But without expatiating any further upon the propriety or impropriety of it, which I ſhall leave to the determination of the unprejudiced reader, I ſhall proceed to relate the incident which induced it.

Know then, that ſince the happy termination (happy, I ſay, for it was thought ſo at the time) of the late war, by the ratification of peace ſo honourably and amicably ſettled between the Chief Conſul Buonaparte and the Marquis Cornwallis, and previous to the commencement of hoſtilities, I made a ſhort tour of a few days to the city of Paris. The events of my paſſage, my reception there, and the characters I met with, I had intended to have offered to the world in the ſhape of eſſays, to be produced periodically; and had actually ſeated myſelf, two days after my return, in my great arm chair, for the purpoſe, when a difficulty I had not met with before, ſtared me full in the face. This was no other than to find an appropriate title for ſuch obſervations, &c. as I had been enabled to collect. In adjuſting this particular, I found myſelf conſiderably embarraſſed. A crowd of hard names and ſimple terms ruſhed immediately to my aſſiſtance, but not one would anſwer my purpoſe. This was too unmeaning—that meant more than I could verify; one was too pompous, the next too humble, a third preſuming, and a fourth trifling. In ſhort, I ſat a conſiderable time and came to no concluſion; that is to ſay, I did not make a beginning: till at length, my patience being exhauſted, I peeviſhly threw my pen down on the table, and myſelf back into the arm chair, where in a ſhort time I went to ſleep. I had previouſly ordered my *valet de chambre* to attend me at ſix o'clock, as I was that evening to tea and ſup with a lady of diſtinction; and had deſired him to get my beſt peruke in order for the viſit. By the way, I ſhould obſerve that my valet is a Frenchman, who formerly carried arms under the late unfortunate Monarch, and who, during my ſojourn at Dieppe, had, by his entreaties and promiſes of ſteadineſs and aſſiduity, induced me to take him under my protection: indeed, he begged ſo hard, "*pour l'amour de Dieu*," that I found myſelf unable to reſiſt his earneſt ſolicitations: for I am a plain, honeſt, upright man, not yet beyond the boundaries of youth, with ſome conſiderable ſhare of ſenſibility and benevolence; the diſtreſſes of my fellow-creatures plead powerfully to my heart, and I care not ſo much what a man has been, if he promiſes well for the future. It is enough to ſay, he came to England with me, and was extremely anxious to be ſerviceable. I ſpent a few days at Brighton in my way to the metropolis, and obſerving the popular faſhion of wearing perukes, I no ſooner arrived in town than I repaired to the repoſitory of a man famous in the annals of advertiſement, and my pericranium was fitted to a hair at the extenſive *emporium*. My appearance was conſiderably changed, and I ſtrutted forth with no ſmall degree of increaſed pride, though I would not have it inferred from my ſaying increaſed pride, that I am naturally proud. But to return from this digreſſion, I ſlept a conſiderable time, and awoke enraptured at a moſt delightful dream, in which taſte and fancy equally encouraged my deſire to appear in public. I ſeized my pen with eagerneſs, ſnuffed my candle in haſte, hemm'd thrice, and attempted to begin—my enthuſiaſm ſpurred me in vain—I had found no title adequate to my wiſhes—I bit my quill—grew diſcontented, and after waſting half an hour without committing a ſyllable to paper—on looking at my watch I found it was near eight o'clock—I threw down my pen in anger, rung the bell with fury, muttering imprecations on my neglectful Rennié, (for that was my valet's name); no one anſwered. I rung the bell again with redoubled violence. Rennié now made his appearance, and I vented my paſſion by calling him ſcoundrel—neglectful raſcal, ſlave, poltroon, &c. &c. He had been aſleep himſelf, and after rubbing his eyes open, ſtared at me with aſtoniſhment. I bade him bring my wig; "*Oui, Monſieur, mais il eſt en papier*," was the reply. "*Coquin! sacre le papier!* returned I; "*apportez le peruke!*" He brought it. Was ever wig in ſuch a form before? It was papered all over like a lady's toupee previous to her viſiting a maſquerade; not a hair was to be ſeen, except at the roots, and the wig formed in my ſight the exact reſemblance of a glaſs of kiſſes or cardamums in a confectioner's ſhop. I turned it on all ſides,

ſides, I ſtamped, I ſwore. Rennié falling on his knees, in a voice of extreme penitence, begged pardon, promiſed never to do ſo again. I put it on juſt as it was. I looked like a porcupine with quills erect; and had I poſſeſſed the power, could have ſhot them all at the trembling author of my vexation. I drove Rennié out of the room with imprecations; in five minutes he returned with tea, (knowing I was too late to fulfil my engagements,) while I continued running about the room in a paroxiſm of madneſs, with the papered wig ſtill on my head. I ſwallowed my tea in ſuch haſte, that I ſcalded my mouth; and at length, quite wearied with impatience, vexation, and diſappointment, I threw the wig on the fire, and rung the bell. Rennié (who had ſtationed himſelf near the door in readineſs) entered juſt in time to ſave it from the devouring element. Fortunate interpoſition! It lay ſmoaking on the carpet half ſinged away. I went to pick it up—it burnt my fingers—and I kicked it about the room, murmuring. Some of the papers came off—I picked upone, and, upon examining it, I found it contained a fragment of poetry. I examined further, and each paper ſeemed to contain a ſomething apparently ingenious. I then aſked Rennié where he had got the papers with which he had decorated my wig? he anſwered, in a large box, which ſtood in an upper garret where he ſlept. I bade him take them all off my peruke, and aſked if there were more? He ſaid, yes. I had them brought to me; and from the singed decorations of my wig (which, by the bye, was ſo diſfigured that I could not wear it again), the bundle which Rennié brought me, and my own corrections and additions where the originals were mutilated or deſtroyed, I have collected the chief part of the papers which will follow this; which, notwithſtanding the offence they gave me while on the outſide of my wig, have amply repaid my vexation and diſappointment, by furniſhing me with two things moſt eſſential to my intended purpoſe, viz. a title, for which I was very much at a loſs, and a conſiderable quantity of more intereſting matter than I could otherwiſe have produced; and I regret not that my wig has been equally honoured with the head of that lady, who had unluckily ſeized on the valuable remarks of the ſentimental Sterne. Now, reader, could any title be ſo appropriate as

THE WIG?

ETYMOLOGICAL ANECDOTE.

THE late Lord Orford uſed to relate, that a diſpute once aroſe in his preſence in the way of raillery, between the late Earl Temple and the firſt Lord Lyttleton, on the comparative antiquity of their families. Lord Lyttleton contended that the name *Grenville* was originally *Green field*; Lord Temple inſiſted that it was derived from *Grande Ville*. "Well then," ſaid Lord Lyttleton, "if you will have it ſo, my family may boaſt of the higher antiquity, for *little towns* were certainly antecedent to *great cities*; but if you will be content with the more humble derivation, I will give up the point; for *green fields* were certainly more ancient than either.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES.

A Mr. Woodhouſe, of Aſhby-de-la-Zouch, has obtained a patent for a new method of forming a caſt-iron rail, or plate, which may be uſed in making iron rail-ways or trays for working waggons and other carriages on public roads. The novelty of the invention conſiſts in making the plate with a concave ſurface, fixed on firm bearings of ſtone, wood, &c. The patentee propoſes that the ſurface of the common road be made even with the external edges of the plates, to admit the wheels of carriages to get upon or from them with eaſe in any direction. Mr. W. ſuppoſes, that on ſuch a road the mail-coach, with two horſes, would travel a third faſter than it does at preſent with four.

An improved Hydrometer has been invented by a Mr. Speers, of Dublin, by which the ſtrength of ſpirits is meaſured with great preciſion and facility.

PINDAR's NEM. Od. 5.

τάν ποτ' εὐανδρόντε καὶ ναυ-
σὶ κλυτὰν θέσσαντο, πὰρ βω-
μὸν πατρόςθ' Ἑλλανίου
ςάντες πίτναντ' εἰς αἰθερα χεῖρας ἁμᾶ,
Ἐνδαΐδος ἀρίγνωτες υἱοὶ,
καὶ βία Φώκου κρέοντος,

ἐπῳδ. ά.

τοῦ τᾶς θεοῦ, ὃν Ψαμάθεια
τίκτ' ἐπὶ ξηγμῖϊ πόντου.
αἰδέομαι μέγα εἰπεῖν, ἐν δίκᾳ τε
μὴ κεκινδυνευμένον·
πῶς δὴ λίπον εὐκλέα νᾶσον,
καὶ τίς ἄνδρας γ' ἀλκίμους
δαίμων ἀπ' Οἰνώνας ἐλασεν. Σταίσομαι·
οὔ τοι ἅπασα κερδίων
φαίνοισα πρόσωπον ἀλαθείᾳ' ἀτρεκής.
καὶ τὸ σιγᾶν πολλάκις ἐςὶ σοφώ-
τατον ἀνθρώπων νοῆσαι.

That place, with heroes fill'd, for ſhips renown'd,
Which gallant chiefs agreed to found;
Who, round the altar of their ſire and friend
Standing, their hands to heaven extend:
Endeïs' ſons, extoll'd by fame,
And the vaſt force of princely Phocus came,

EPOD. 1.

Son of the goddeſs; for on ocean's ſhore
This hero Pſamathea bore.
Of great events I dread to tell:
Where juſtice dwells not, dangers dwell.
How the lovely iſle they left;
What demon theſe brave men bereft
Of Œnone's friendly land:—Mute ſhall I ſtand.
For not in this our wiſdom lies,
To ſhew truth's face entire, without diſguiſe:
Silence is wiſdom oft, the wiſe among;
For ſenſe lies hid beneath a ſilent tongue,

THE poet has compriſed within the laſt two lines a wiſe maxim. The ſentiment is common; but the poetry is appropriate, and characteriſtic of Pindar. His ſingular elegance and ſententious brevity are here, as uſual, happily combined. The infinitive with the article, τὸ σιγᾶν, is evidently uſed for the ſubſtantive σιγὴ. The ſentence cloſes, if I miſtake not, with a ſimilar form of expreſſion. For, as τὸ σιγᾶν is ſubſtituted for σιγὴ, in like manner νοῆσαι, i. e. τὸ νοῆσαι, is ſubſtituted for νόημα. The article, which is inſerted before σιγᾶν, is not repeated before νοῆσαι. Such a repetition was not wanted. We are told that σοφώτατον agrees with πρᾶγμα underſtood. But it is idle to look abroad for ſuccours, when thoſe we have at home will ſuffice. Infinitives are ſometimes, though not often thus applied by the Latin poets. *Scire* tuum nihil eſt. The phraſe in Latin, as it wants the article, wants that force and preciſion, which only the article can give. It ſhould ſeem then, that the infinitive νοῆσαι, with the article before it, occupies the place of νόημα. Admitting this, the conſtruction is obvious, and the ſenſe clear. Νόηματα σοφωτατα. Ol. 7. Y.

ACCOUNT OF DR. WILLIAM CULLEN.

(*Concluded from Page* 254.)

NOR was it in this way only that he befriended the ſtudents at the univerſity of Edinburgh. Poſſeſſing a benevolence of mind that made him ever think firſt of the wants of others, and recollecting the difficulties that he himſelf had had to ſtruggle with in his younger days, he was at all times ſingularly attentive to their pecuniary concerns. From his general acquaintance among the ſtudents, and the friendly habits he was on with many of them, he found no difficulty in diſcovering thoſe among them who were rather in hampered circumſtances, without being obliged to hurt their delicacy in any degree. To ſuch perſons, when their habits of ſtudy admitted of it, he was peculiarly attentive. They were more frequently invited to his houſe than others; they were treated with more than uſual kindneſs and familiarity; they were conducted to his library, and encouraged by the moſt delicate addreſs to borrow from it freely whatever books he thought they had occaſion for: and as perſons in theſe circumſtances were uſually more ſhy in this reſpect than others, books were ſometimes preſſed upon them as a ſort of conſtraint, by the Doctor inſiſting to have their opinion of ſuch or ſuch paſſages they had not read, and deſiring them to carry the book home for that purpoſe. He, in ſhort, behaved to them rather as if he courted their company, and ſtood in need of their acquaintance than they of his. He thus raiſed them in the opinion of their acquaintance to a much higher degree of eſtimation than they could otherwiſe have obtained; which, to people whoſe minds were depreſſed by penury, and whoſe ſenſe of honour was ſharpened by the conſciouſneſs of an inferiority of a certain kind, was ſingularly engaging. Thus they were inſpired with a ſecret ſenſe of dignity, which elevated their minds, and excited an uncommon ardour of purſuit, inſtead of that melancholy inactivity which is ſo natural in ſuch circumſtances, and which too often leads to deſpair. Nor was he leſs delicate in the manner of ſupplying their wants, than attentive to diſcover them. He often found out ſome polite excuſe for refuſing to take payment for a firſt courſe, and never was at a loſs for one to an after courſe. Before they could have an opportunity of applying for a ticket, he would ſometimes lead the converſation to ſome ſubject that occurred in the courſe of his lectures; and as his lectures were never put in writing by himſelf, he would ſometimes beg the favour to ſee their notes, if he knew they had been taken with attention, under a pretext of aſſiſting his memory. Sometimes he would expreſs a wiſh to have their opinion of a particular part of his courſe, and preſented them with a ticket for that purpoſe; and ſometimes he refuſed to take payment, under the pretext that they had not received his full courſe the preceding year, ſome part of it having been neceſſarily omitted for want of time, which he meant to include in this courſe. By ſuch delicate addreſs, in which he greatly excelled, he took care to forerun their wants. Thus he not only gave them the benefit of his own lectures, but, by refuſing to take their money, he alſo enabled them to attend thoſe of others that were neceſſary to complete their courſe of ſtudies. Theſe were particular devices he adopted to individuals to whom economy was neceſſary; but it was a general rule with him, never to take money from any ſtudent for more than two courſes of the ſame ſet of lectures, permitting him to attend theſe lectures as many years longer as he pleaſed *gratis*.

He introduced another general rule into the Univerſity, that was dictated by the ſame principle of diſintereſted beneficence, that ought not to be here paſſed over in ſilence. Before he came to Edinburgh, it was the cuſtom of medical profeſſors to accept of fees for medical aſſiſtance, when wanted, even from medical ſtudents themſelves, who were perhaps attending the Profeſſor's own lectures at the time. But Cullen never would take fees as a phyſician from any ſtudent at the Univerſity, though he attended them, when called in as a phyſician, with the ſame aſſiduity and care as if they had been perſons of the

the firſt rank, who paid him moſt liberally. This gradually induced others to adopt a ſimilar practice; ſo that it is now become a general rule for medical profeſſors to decline taking any fees when their aſſiſtance is neceſſary to a ſtudent. For this uſeful reform, with many others, the ſtudents of the Univerſity of Edinburgh are ſolely indebted to the liberality of Dr. Cullen.

The firſt lectures which Cullen delivered in Edinburgh were on chemiſtry; and for many years he alſo gave clinical lectures on the caſes which occurred in the Royal Infirmary. In the month of February 1763, Dr. Alſton died, after having begun his uſual courſe of lectures on the materia medica; and the Magiſtrates of Edinburgh, as patrons of that profeſſorſhip in the Univerſity, appointed Dr. Cullen to that chair, requeſting that he would finiſh the courſe of lectures that had been begun for that ſeaſon. This he agreed to do; and though he was under a neceſſity of going on with the courſe in a few days after he was nominated, he did not once think of reading the lectures of his predeceſſor, but reſolved to deliver a new courſe entirely his own. The popularity of Cullen at this time may be gueſſed at by the increaſe of new ſtudents who came to attend his courſe in addition to the eight or ten who had entered to Dr. Alſton. The new ſtudents exceeded one hundred. An imperfect copy of theſe lectures, thus fabricated in haſte, having been publiſhed, the Doctor thought it neceſſary to give a more correct edition of them in the latter part of his life. But his faculties being then much impaired, his friends looked in vain for thoſe ſtriking beauties that characteriſed his literary exertions in the prime of life.

Some years afterwards, on the death of Dr. White, the Magiſtrates once more appointed Dr. Cullen to give lectures on the theory of phyſic in his ſtead. And it was on that occaſion Dr. Cullen thought it expedient to reſign the chemical chair in favour of Dr. Black, his former pupil, whoſe talents in that department of ſcience were then well known, and who filled the chair till his death with great ſatisfaction to the public. Soon after, on the death of Dr. Rutherford, who for many years had given lectures with applauſe on the practice of phyſic, Dr. John Gregory (whoſe name can never be mentioned by any one who had the pleaſure of his acquaintance without the warmeſt tribute of a grateful reſpect) having become a candidate for this place along with Dr. Cullen, a ſort of compromiſe took place between them; by which they agreed each to give lectures alternately on the theory and on the practice of phyſic during their joint lives, the longeſt ſurvivor being allowed to hold either of the claſſes he ſhould incline. In conſequence of this agreement, Dr. Cullen delivered the *firſt* courſe of lectures on the practice of phyſic in winter 1766, and Dr. Gregory ſucceeded him in that branch the following year. Never perhaps did a literary arrangement take place that could have proved more beneficial to the ſtudents than this. Both theſe men poſſeſſed great talents, though of a kind extremely diſſimilar. Both of them had certain failings or defects, which the other was aware of, and counteracted. Each of them knew and reſpected the talents of the other. They co-operated, therefore, in the happieſt manner, to enlarge the underſtanding, and to forward the purſuits of their pupils. Unfortunately this arrangement was ſoon deſtroyed by the unexpected death of Dr. Gregory, who was cut off in the flower of life by a ſudden and unforeſeen event. After this time, Cullen continued to give lectures on the practice of phyſic till a few months before his death, which happened on the 5th of February 1790, in the ſeventy-ſeventh year of his age.

In drawing the character of Dr. Cullen, Dr. Anderſon, to whom we are indebted for this ſketch, obſerves, that in ſcientific purſuits men may be arranged into two grand claſſes, which, though greatly different from each other in their extremes, yet approximate at times ſo near as to be blended indiſcriminately together; thoſe who poſſeſs a talent for detail, and thoſe who are endowed with the faculty of arrangement. The firſt may be ſaid to view objects individually as through a microſcope. The field of viſion is confined; but the objects included within that field, which muſt uſually be conſidered ſingly and apart from all others, are ſeen with a wondrous degree of accuracy and diſtinctneſs. The other takes a ſweeping view of the univerſe at large, conſiders every object he perceives not individually, but as a part of

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one harmonious whole: his mind is therefore not ſo much employed in examining the ſeparate parts of this individual object, as in tracing its relations, connexions, and dependencies, on thoſe around it. Such was the turn of Cullen's mind. The talent for arrangement was that which peculiarly diſtinguiſhed him from the ordinary claſs of mortals; and this talent he poſſeſſed perhaps in a more diſtinguiſhed degree than any other perſon of the age in which he lived. Many perſons exceeded him in the minute knowledge of particular departments, who, knowing this, naturally looked upon him as their inferior; but poſſeſſing not, at the ſame time, that glorious faculty, which, "with an eye wide roaming, glances from the earth to heaven," or the charms which this talent can infuſe into congenial minds, felt diſguſt at the pre-eminence he obtained, and aſtoniſhment at the means by which he obtained it. An Ariſtotle and a Bacon have had their talents in like manner appreciated; and many are the perſons who can neither be exalted to ſublime ideas with Homer, nor raviſhed with the natural touches of a Shakſpeare. Such things are wiſely ordered, that every department in the univerſe may be properly filled by thoſe who have talents exactly ſuited to the taſk aſſigned them by Heaven.

Had Cullen, however, poſſeſſed the talents for arrangement alone, ſmall would have been his title to that high degree of applauſe he has attained. Without a knowledge of *facts*, a talent for arrangement produces nothing but chimeras; without materials to work upon, the ſtructures which an over-heated imagination may rear up are merely "the baſeleſs fabric of a viſion." No man was more ſenſible of the juſtneſs of this remark than Dr. Cullen, and few were at greater pains to avoid it. His whole life, indeed, was employed, almoſt without interruption, in collecting facts. Whether he was reading, or walking, or converſing, theſe were continually falling into his way. With the keen perception of an eagle, he marked them at the firſt glance; and without ſtopping at the time to examine them, they were ſtored up in his memory, to be drawn forth as occaſion required, to be confronted with other facts that had been obtained after the ſame manner, and to have their truth aſcertained, or their falſity proved, by the evidence which ſhould appear when carefully examined at the impartial bar of juſtice. Without a memory retentive in a ſingular degree, this could not have been done; but ſo very extraordinary was Dr. Cullen's memory, that till towards the very decline of life, there was ſcarcely a fact that had ever occurred to him which he could not readily recollect, with all its concomitant circumſtances, whenever he had occaſion to refer to it. It was this faculty which ſo much abridged his labour in ſtudy, and enabled him ſo happily to avail himſelf of the labour of others in all his literary ſpeculations. He often reaped more by the converſation of an hour than another man would have done in whole weeks of laborious ſtudy.

In his prelections, Dr. Cullen never attempted to read. His lectures were delivered *vivâ voce*, without having been previouſly put into writing, or thrown into any particular arrangement. The vigour of his mind was ſuch, that nothing more was neceſſary than a few ſhort notes before him, merely to prevent him from varying from the general order he had been accuſtomed to obſerve. This gave to his diſcourſes an eaſe, a vivacity, a variety, and a force, that are rarely to be met with in academical diſcourſes. His lectures, by conſequence, upon the ſame ſubject were never exactly the ſame. Their general tenor, indeed, was not much varied; but the particular illuſtrations were always new, well ſuited to the circumſtances that attracted the general attention of the day, and were delivered in the particular way that accorded with the caſt of mind the prelector found himſelf in at the time. To theſe circumſtances muſt be aſcribed that energetic artleſs elocution, which rendered his lectures ſo generally captivating to his hearers. Even thoſe who could not follow him in thoſe extenſive views his penetrating mind glanced at, or who were not able to underſtand thoſe apt alluſions to collateral objects which he could only rapidly point at as he went along, could not help being warmed in ſome meaſure by the vivacity of his manner. But to thoſe who could follow him in his rapid career, the ideas he ſuggeſted were ſo numerous, the views he laid open were ſo extenſive, and the objects to be attained were ſo important—that every active faculty of the mind was

rouſed; and ſuch an ardour of enthuſiaſm was excited in the proſecution of ſtudy, as appeared to be perfectly inexplicable to thoſe who were merely unconcerned ſpectators. In conſequence of this unſhackled freedom in the compoſition and delivery of his lectures, every circumſtance was in the niceſt uniſon with the tone of voice and expreſſion of countenance, which the particular caſt of mind he was in at the time inſpired. Was he joyous, all the figures introduced for illuſtration were fitted to excite hilarity and good humour: was he grave, the objects brought under view were of a nature more ſolemn and grand: and was he peeviſh, there was a peculiarity of manner in thought, in word, and in action, which produced a moſt ſtriking and intereſting effect. The languor of a nerveleſs uniformity was never experienced, nor did an abortive attempt to excite emotions that the ſpeaker himſelf could not at the time feel, ever produce thoſe diſcordant ideas which prove diſguſting and unpleaſing.

It would ſeem as if Dr. Cullen had conſidered the proper buſineſs of a preceptor to be that of putting his pupils into a proper train of ſtudy, ſo as to enable them to proſecute thoſe ſtudies at a future period, and to carry them on much farther than the ſhort time allowed for academical prelections would admit. He did not, therefore, ſo much ſtrive to make thoſe who attended his lectures deeply verſed in the particular details of objects, as to give them a general view of the whole ſubject; to ſhew what had been already attained reſpecting it; to point out what remained yet to be diſcovered; and to put them into a train of ſtudy that ſhould enable them, at a future period, to remove thoſe difficulties that had hitherto obſtructed our progreſs; and thus to advance of themſelves to farther and farther degrees of perfection. If theſe were his views, nothing could be more happily adapted to them than the mode he invariably purſued. He firſt drew, with the ſtriking touches of a maſter, a rapid and general outline of the ſubject, by which the whole figure was ſeen at once to ſtart boldly from the canvas, diſtinct in all its parts, and unmixed with any other object. He then began anew to retrace the picture, to touch up the leſſer parts, and to finiſh the whole in as perfect a manner as the ſtate of our knowledge at the time would permit. Where materials were wanting, the picture there continued to remain imperfect. The wants were thus rendered obvious; and the means of ſupplying theſe were pointed out with the moſt careful diſcrimination. The ſtudent, whenever he looked back to the ſubject, perceived the defects; and his hopes being awakened, he felt an irreſiſtible impulſe to explore that hitherto untrodden path which had been pointed out to him, and fill up the chaſm which ſtill remained. Thus were the active faculties of the mind moſt powerfully excited; and inſtead of labouring himſelf to ſupply deficiencies that far exceeded the power of any one man to accompliſh, he ſet thouſands at work to fulfil the taſk, and put them into a train of going on with it, when he himſelf ſhould be gone to that country "from whoſe dread bourne no traveller returns."

It was to theſe talents, and to this mode of applying them, that Dr. Cullen owed his celebrity as a profeſſor; and it was in this manner that he has perhaps done more towards the advancement of ſcience than any other man of his time, though many individuals might perhaps be found who were more deeply verſed in the particular departments he taught than he himſelf was. Chemiſtry, which was before his time a moſt diſguſting purſuit, was by him rendered a ſtudy ſo pleaſing, ſo eaſy, and ſo attractive, that it is now proſecuted by numbers as an agreeable recreation, who but for the lights that were thrown upon it by Cullen and his pupils, would never have thought of engaging in it at all; though perhaps they never heard of Cullen's name, nor have at this time the moſt diſtant idea that they owe any obligations to him; and the ſame may be ſaid of the other branches of ſcience which he taught.

According to a man who knew him well, there are three things which eminently diſtinguiſhed Cullen as a profeſſor. "The energy of his mind, by which he viewed every ſubject with ardour, and combined it immediately with the whole of his knowledge.

"The ſcientific arrangement which he gave to his ſubject, by which there was a *lucidus ordo* to the dulleſt ſcholar. He was the firſt perſon in this country who made chemiſtry ceaſe to be a chaos.

"A wonderful art of intereſting the

ſtudents

ſtudents in every thing which he taught, and of raiſing an emulative enthuſiaſm among them."

We are well aware that this character will by many be deemed an extravagant panegyric; but having no opportunity of judging for ourſelves, we would rather adopt from others an extravagant panegyric than an unmerited cenſure. Dr. Anderſon himſelf admits that Cullen's character was far from perfect; and, in the opinion of moſt other men with whom we have converſed on the ſubject, and who were at the ſame time qualified to form an eſtimate of his mental powers, his imagination was not balanced by his judgment. Hence the common remark in the univerſity of Edinburgh, that Dr. Cullen was more ſucceſsful in demoliſhing the theories of others than in giving ſtability to thoſe which were reared by himſelf.

Dr. Cullen's external appearance, though ſtriking and not unpleaſing, was not elegant. His countenance was expreſſive, and his eye in particular remarkably lively, and at times wonderfully penetrating. In his perſon he was tall and thin, ſtooping very much about the ſhoulders. When he walked, he had a contemplative look, and did not ſeem much to regard the objects around him.

THE

LONDON REVIEW,

AND

LITERARY JOURNAL,

FOR NOVEMBER 1803.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

The Hiſtory of the Reign of George III. to the Termination of the late War. To which is prefixed, A View of the progreſſive Improvement of England, in Proſperity and Strength, to the Acceſſion of His Majeſty. In Six Volumes. By Robert Biſſet, LL.D. Author of the "Life of Burke," &c. &c. 8vo.

WE have on former occaſions borne favourable teſtimony to the literary powers and efforts of Dr. Biſſet, and were among the firſt to paſs on his "Life of Burke" that judgment which the public voice has ſince ſanctioned and confirmed *. From the Author's Preface we learn, that the reception which that performance met with, ſtimulated him to the preſent undertaking; and, on a peruſal and examination of the Hiſtory before us, we feel pleaſure in having done our part towards encouraging the production of ſo uſeful a work.

To an objection frequently made againſt hiſtories of preſent times, our Author alludes in his Preface, contending that it is founded in prejudice, and not juſtified by common experience. Some of the moſt authentic and impartial hiſtories have recorded events which paſſed during the lives of their reſpective authors; and though Dr. B. does not cite examples, yet the hiſtorical reader can be at no loſs for ſuch illuſtrations. Ancient hiſtorians of that kind are numerous; and in modern times Clarendon is one of the moſt prominent; who, though connected with a party, wrote a faithful and unbiaſſed hiſtory; and certainly juſtified a remark in our Author's preface, "that it is no more impracticable for an hiſtorian to deliver the truth reſpecting living characters, than for a witneſs

* See Vol. XXXV. p. 101.

to

to deliver faithful teſtimony according to the beſt of his knowledge." The ſources of his information our Author diſcloſes in the following paſſage of his Preface: "For materials, beſides examining all the periodical and occaſional narratives of the times, I carefully inveſtigated ſtate-papers, and many other written documents, with which I had been liberally furniſhed by private communication. For political, commercial, naval, and military information, I applied to men who were moſt converſant in theſe ſubjects, and fortunately never applied in vain. By converſation with intelligent and experienced gentlemen both in the land and ſea ſervice, I acquired as much knowledge of their reſpective profeſſions as enabled me to comprehend the general tactics and diſcipline, their progreſſive improvements, and actual ſtate; and thus, in every particular action, to trace the cauſe and operation whence the event reſulted. The financial hiſtory and ſituation of the country, I ſtudied in the moſt approved works, and in official documents, for acceſs to which I am indebted to the private friendſhip of a member of the Legiſlature. Where my ſubject required legal inveſtigation, in addition to reading, I had recourſe to eminent Counſellors; and to a Gentleman who is now about to leave a country adorned by his genius and erudition, I am peculiarly indebted for many of the ideas that will be found in the parting view of Lord Mansfield. In ſhort, on every topic that required either narrative or diſcuſſion, I have conſulted the moſt authentic evidence, and the beſt approved judges."

Previous to the commencement of the Hiſtory, we have an Introduction, which traces the progreſſive improvement of England in internal proſperity and ſtrength, as well as in eſtimation and importance among foreign Powers, from the earlieſt times to the beginning of the war 1756. This view ſtrongly exhibits the genius and energy of the Engliſh character in ſucceſſive ſtages of civilization; with the principal circumſtances and cauſes which formed that character, and called it moſt powerfully into action. It appears intended to bear the ſame relation to the hiſtory of the preſent reign, as Dr. Robertſon's introductory volume bears to his Hiſtory of Charles V. The following are the outlines of this Introduction:

The Saxons, though uncouth in their manners, poſſeſſed vigorous underſtandings and undaunted courage, ſupported by great bodily ſtrength, and inſpirited by an ardent love of liberty. Their ſeveral ſyſtems of policy, formed upon the principles of their anceſtors, are conſecrated to immortality by the pen of Tacitus. Uniting kings, chiefs, and commons, were the rude but ſtrong foundations of that conſtitution which their deſcendants, inheriting the force of their character, now enjoy and preſerve. During the Heptarchy the Saxons had little connexion with the Continent. Religion firſt opened a communication with ſouthern Europe; and the Saxons began to underſtand the importance of naval force and of commerce. The invaſion of the Danes impelled Alfred to form a navy. As the founder of Engliſh juriſprudence, and the eſtabliſher of internal ſecurity and tranquillity, Alfred is not more deſervedly celebrated, than as the founder of Engliſh navigation and commerce, and the eſtabliſher of external ſecurity and greatneſs. The Anglo-Saxons were, on the whole, gainers by the conteſt with the northern navigators; ſince from that cauſe reſulted their firſt ideas of the importance of naval power. The Norman Conqueſt introduced a conſiderable change into the conſtitution, laws, and manners of England; but the Saxon ſpirit of liberty continued to be the ground-work, and gradually extended to the Normans. In a few years theſe two races of people coaleſced, and obtained from the prudence of wiſe, or extorted from the fears of weak Princes, the revival, and even the improvement, of the Anglo-Saxon conſtitution *.

Edward I. was the improver of Engliſh juriſprudence, and Edward III. of manufactures and trade. The reign of the latter alſo was the period when England began to have an extenſive influence in the affairs of the Continent, and when a ſpirit of regular and permanent hoſtility firſt broke out between England and France. The attempted conqueſt of France, and the wars of Lancaſter and York, retarded the advancement of national proſperity

* An excellent work on Anglo-Saxon hiſtory was reviewed in our XLIIId Volume, p. 441.

till the time of Henry VII. The progreſs of diſcovery, navigation, commerce, internal induſtry, and proſperity, during the reigns of the Tudors; the manners, character, and ſituation of the people, as affected by the Reformation, with the progreſs of knowledge and civilization; and the growing influence of England among Continental Powers (occupying about forty pages), preſent a luminous picture both of the rulers and people in internal and foreign relations.

Our Author is a great admirer of the combined wiſdom and energy which have at all times rendered Britain ſuperior to either ſingle or confederated enemies, and is conſequently much attached to the memory of Elizabeth. Having mentioned the regular eſtabliſhment of an Engliſh navy, and the defeat of the Spaniſh Armada, he ſays, "From that time England became miſtreſs of the Ocean; her ſailors thenceforward conceived themſelves ſuperior to thoſe of all other nations; and the conception powerfully contributed to the attainment of its reality. Since that time defeat, diſaſter, and diſgrace, have never failed to follow thoſe who have preſumed to brave England on her own element. The ſame reign witneſſed the firſt regular formation of an Engliſh navy, and its ſupremacy over all other naval powers." The policy of Engliſh interference in continental affairs our Author generalizes in a few words: "In the time of Henry VIII. England ſhowed that ſhe could maintain the balance of power. Under Elizabeth, in preſerving that balance, England aſſumed the character which ſhe has, except in the reign of the Stuarts, ever ſince maintained, of ſupporting the rights and independence of Europe againſt the powerful diſturbers of its tranquillity."

To the Stuarts our Author is by no means favourable: he allows them, however, their ſeveral merits, amidſt a great portion of demerit. They all promoted commerce; and the two laſt, commerce and navigation. Juſtifying reſiſtance to the arbitrary uſurpations of Charles I., he ſtrongly reprobates the lengths to which the Puritans proceeded. The following paſſage well marks the cautious diſcrimination of a Britiſh conſtitutional whig: "Lawleſs oppreſſion drove a free, bold, and generous people to defenſive efforts, at firſt lawful and laudable: in their progreſs, their meaſures became aggreſſive, and in their ſucceſs, levelled monarchy with the duſt; and, inſtead of rational and modified liberty, eſtabliſhed a boundleſs licence, terminated by military deſpotiſm."

In the courſe of this account our Author introduces the ſituation, power, purſuits, and intereſts of France: he maintains, and in our opinion demonſtrates, that war with Britain is diametrically oppoſite to the welfare of France; which doctrine he illuſtrates, in the real miſery that accompanied her nominal victories during the wars with William; the more poignant and extenſive miſery that aroſe from her multiplied diſaſters in the Succeſſion War; and the reviving proſperity of the long interval of peace which followed the treaty of Utrecht.

William our Author highly venerates as the deliverer of England and of Europe; and he gives a ſhort but accurate account of the extent and bounds of the changes which were effected by the Revolution. In his view of the commerce of that reign, he impartially ſketches the arguments for and againſt the funding ſyſtem.

Conſidering the ſubject of parties, he particularly notices the diviſions and ſpirit that have deſcended to the preſent time, and conducts the ſame ſeries through the reign of Anne. At the acceſſion of George I. the Whigs were the ruling party, as being conceived by the King to be more favourable to the Houſe of Brunſwick than their adverſaries. Hence aroſe that policy which our Author admits to have been natural, but denies to have been wiſe,—the excluſive employment of Whigs. A combination of Whig families was formed, which during the reign of George I. and the greater part of the following, monopolized the chief offices of ſtate. Our hiſtorian blames this confined principle of adminiſtration; but, with ſeveral exceptions, allows very great merit to the moſt eminent Miniſter of that junto, Sir Robert Walpole; eſpecially as the promoter of Britiſh induſtry, ability, and ſkill, in the beneficial exertions of manufactures and commerce.

The diſcomfiture of rebellion in 1746 cruſhed all the hopes of Jacobitiſm, and was one cauſe which facilitated the adoption of a more liberal and enlarged policy in the choice of Miniſters. Frederic Prince of Wales on this topic diſfered

fered from the opinion of his father, and thought that a King of Britain ſhould chooſe ſervants according to merit, and not from party notions. This opinion he carefully infuſed into his eldeſt ſon. During the miniſtry of Pelham, commerce and proſperity increaſed to an unprecedented pitch: and with the concluſion of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle Dr. Biſſet's Introduction cloſes.

A preliminary Chapter contains the cauſes and outline of hoſtilities, with the internal tranſactions, and ſtate of the country, during the laſt years of the late King; in order that the reader, having before him the outſet of national affairs, foreign and domeſtic, at the acceſſion of his preſent Majeſty, may more eaſily perceive their progreſſion and reſult.

The war between Britain and France which commenced in 1756 aroſe from the unwiſe ambition of the latter power, who ſought to aggrandize herſelf by reducing the Colonies of England. Our Author clearly demonſtrates that the French were the aggreſſors; and traces the origin and progreſs of the diſputes which involved Pruſſia and Auſtria in the war. Under a weak and inefficient miniſtry, Britain was at firſt unſucceſsful; but Mr. Pitt being called to guide her councils, victory and glory ſucceeded to diſaſter and diſgrace. The ſeries of enterprize and ſucceſs in various quarters of the world, and different departments of heroic effort, our Author purſues conciſely, but diſtinctly, to October 1760; and preſents a view of the proceedings and ſtate of our allies and neutral powers, with the general ſituation of affairs, to the ſame period. This account he ſums up in the following paſſage:

"The condition of this country in her various relations had, from July 1757 to October 1760, in three years and a quarter, been raiſed from depreſſion and diſgrace to exaltation and glory. This change, under Divine Providence, had been principally effected by the force of genius, which overbore all private juntos and party diſtinctions, formed the wiſeſt and moſt vigorous plans, ſelected the fitteſt inſtruments of execution, and by the combination of wiſdom, firmneſs, and judicious choice, produced the moſt ſignal and important ſucceſs. On two individuals, though of different ranks, yet who had each riſen to a much higher elevation than that in which he was born, depended the fortune of Europe, and other quarters of the world. In their different ſituations, William Pitt and Frederic of Pruſſia overbore confederacy by intellectual pre-eminence and moral energy."

The hiſtory of the preſent reign opens with the popularity of his Majeſty's firſt act, (eſpecially of his recommendation to Parliament to render the Judges independent), and carries domeſtic events to the diſſolution of Parliament: it thence proceeds to the campaign of 1761; which having finiſhed, it arrives at the negociations for peace, ſtating the views and intereſts of the reſpective parties and their allies. Here, and indeed throughout the hiſtory, we perceive the Author to be an ardent admirer of Britiſh energy, and to approve of firmneſs and vigour in negociation as well as in war. On this principle, he not only juſtifies but praiſes the deciſive counſels of Mr. Pitt on the propoſed interference of Spain in our negociation with France: venerating that celebrated Stateſman beyond any of his cotemporaries, our Author nevertheleſs blames his reſignation at a time when his country ſo much wanted his ſervices: he concludes the account of his adminiſtration, however, with high praiſes; and, after ſketching the general features of his talents and ſoul, he in the following paſſage ſhews the cauſe that rendered every department under his direction proſperous: "Sagacious in the diſcovery of general and official character, he diſcovered the fitteſt inſtruments for the execution of his plans; and, employing none in offices of high political, naval, or military truſt, but thoſe whom he knew to be thoroughly qualified for effecting the purpoſe, he laid a ſure foundation for ſucceſs."

The courſe of the narrative now brings forward another political character of conſiderable note, though in eminence far beneath Mr. Pitt. Towards the Earl of Bute we apprehended from a Scotchman ſome national partiality: our Author, however, has not fallen into this error. On the other hand, he has ſteered equally clear of the violent charges imputed to that Nobleman by the party writings of the times; and very candidly and clearly accounts for the influence which he had acquired. Dr. Biſſet regards the

the Earl of Bute as a man of moderate talents, decent and reſpectable in private life, but in public deportment haughty and repulſive. He denies that any proof has ever been adduced that Lord Bute was the votary of arbitrary notions, but admits that he very unwiſely neglected popularity. His Majeſty, in our hiſtorian's opinion, purpoſed wiſely and patriotically to chooſe his ſervants without reſpect to their party connexions; but Lord Bute was neither by talents nor public eſtimation the fitteſt perſon for carrying ſuch an important deſign into effectual execution.

Proceeding to the military and naval efforts of 1762, and beſtowing ſufficient attention on other operations, Dr. Biſſet exhibits a very favourable ſpecimen of his powers as an hiſtorian of war, in his account of the expedition againſt the Havannah. On the termination of the campaign, we are conducted to the renewed negociation which ended in a peace. He lays before his readers the arguments that were employed for and againſt the conditions; and, though he regards the cenſure as exaggerated conſiderably beyond the truth, he rather diſapproves than approves, after ſo ſucceſsful a war, of ſuch great ceſſions from Britain in the relative ſtate of the parties.

After the reſignation of Lord Bute, we are introduced to his ſucceſſor, Mr. George Grenville, with remarks on the violence of party writings, and the proſecution of Wilkes. The miniſterial proceedings in that caſe Dr. Biſſet cenſures as impolitic; but quotes the authority of Blackſtone to prove that they were not arbitrary. Having purſued this ſubject to the exile of Mr. Wilkes and the queſtion of general warrants, with the flame which theſe diſcuſſions kindled throughout England, he comes to the financial policy of the Miniſtry, including Mr. Grenville's projects reſpecting America. To prepare us for the operation of theſe ſchemes, he gives a ſhort view of the colonies. Thence returning to Europe, after a bird's-eye proſpect of the continental powers, and the beginning ſpirit of liberty in France, he comes back to England; and, in the account of parliamentary proceedings, introduces the plan of the Miniſter for taxing America.

This project our Author conſiders in the view of *expediency* more than of *right*; and for that purpoſe he ſtates the object, principles, and ſyſtem of Britiſh colonization, with the effects which theſe had produced. Our hiſtorian's views of the queſtion in that light, which apply to the diſpute in its various ſtages, are preſented very clearly and ſtrongly in the following paſſage: "The actual benefits that accrued to England from her colonies, conſiſted in the increaſe of people, as the means of ſecurity and productiveneſs were augmented; and in the vaſt and rapidly growing acceſſion to our trade, to ſupply the wants of the multiplying colonies. Commercial benefits were the objects of the plantations; the queſtion, therefore, to be conſidered, ſimply was, How are theſe advantages to be moſt effectually promoted, inſured, and improved? It was a mere queſtion of EXPEDIENCY, requiring no metaphyſical diſquiſitions about abſtract right. Experience ſhewed that our gains had been very conſiderable, and acquired without murmur or diſpute, by the old plan, of profiting from their commerce, and demands for our productions: wiſdom had now to determine, whether an adherence to a ſyſtem of experienced benefit daily increaſing, or the adoption of new ſchemes of doubtful operation and certain oppoſition, was moſt likely to continue and extend that benefit for which colonies were eſtabliſhed."

To this criterion, of *experience*, our Author adheres in his account of the ſtamp-act, repeal, the new impoſts, and the ſucceſſive meaſures, until the breach became irreparable. Purſuing this impartial track himſelf, he preſents a clear and candid account of the reaſonings of the reſpective parties.

Concluding the Grenville adminiſtration, he proceeds to the Rockingham Miniſters, the effects of the Grenville policy in America, and the meaſures which their ſucceſſors adopted for quieting the diſturbances. Theſe he conſiders as the reſult of good intentions, but of a temporizing and indeciſive policy. The great object of the Rockingham Cabinet was, by courting popularity, to compenſate the want of political talents, vigour, and efficiency. At the cloſe of this Miniſtry, the reader is conducted to Britiſh India, where the tranſactions and the ſtate of affairs are brought up to the ſame period. J.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

The Hiſtory of the Wars which aroſe out of the French Revolution. To which is prefixed, a Review of the Cauſes of that Event. By Alexander Stephens, of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple, Eſq. Two Volumes, 4to. 1803.

(*Concluded from Page 296.*)

THE tenth Chapter includes the ſituation of Great Britain at this period; then flies to the Eaſt and Weſt Indies; and, in concluſion, records the exploits (a word of which Mr. S. is particularly fond) of the Engliſh Navy.

We believe that the Author like ourſelves, and, we fear, our readers, has had pretty near enough of this ſubject, for we happily find the books ſhorten as we proceed. The fourth (1800) properly opens with ſome reflections upon the cloſe of the eighteenth century. "Not the leaſt glimpſe of peace (ſays Mr. S.) preſented itſelf to cheer the human mind after ſo long and ſanguinary a conteſt: on the contrary, every thing ſeemed to forebode a prolongation of public calamity and individual misfortune." Yet we ſoon after have a glimpſe at negociation; we have a kind of *ignis fatuus* exhibited in the letter to his Majeſty: we have, alſo, the reply; debates in parliament, in which ſome brilliant rays of ſunſhine illuminate the, before, brilliant talents of Mr. Fox. A cloud, alas! comes over us at the concluſion, which forebodes a renewal of the war; and, conſequently, all our pleaſing proſpects vaniſh.

The ſecond Chapter of this Book announces a new epoch in the hiſtory of France. "Bonaparte had now overturned that *Commonwealth* to which he had ſo often *ſworn* fidelity, and, without the *vain* title, ſucceeded to all the power of the ancient Monarchs. Surrounded by men of talents, who hoped to riſe to eminence under his protection, and ſupported by a ſoldiery devoted to his intereſts, France was taught to lay aſide the popular forms of a Republic, and ſoon began to aſſume the appearance of a military government."

In contemplating the diſturbances in the Weſtern Departments, which the Firſt Conſul termed an "impious war," we were ſtruck with the intrepidity of Louis de Frotte, cold and inanimate as is our Author's deſcription of it. But the time may yet come when, even in that unhappy country, his behaviour before the tribunal of traitors and aſſaſſins, his undaunted courage, his manner of drinking *Vive le Roi!* may become the ſubjects of the hiſtorical pen and pencil, and his actions with his name be recorded with thoſe heroes who, in former ages, have, under the preſſure of the moſt calamitous circumſtances, retained their piety and their loyalty amidſt the pangs of diſſolution.

Affairs of Egypt to the death of Kleber occupy the third Chapter. "The army, after the ignominious flight of Bonaparte, abandoned to its fate, conſidered his conduct as treacherous." We believe all Europe was of the ſame opinion, which, ſince the developement of *ſome tranſactions*, has not only been confirmed, but confirmed with every additional fact that could be produced as calculated to ſtimulate abhorrence and deteſtation.

We have obſerved that the tranſactions, for they are not termed *murders*, at Jaffa, for which it will be ſeen by the preceding note that our Author has heſitated ſomething like an apology, does not, in this work, appear ſo criminal as the "murder" of Kleber, "who was deſtined to fall by the poniard of a fanatic." (Probably if this fanatic had directed his poniard againſt the Sultan, or any other Monarch, he would have been a hero.) Let us aſk, Where was this murder committed? In a country which the French had cruelly, unjuſtly, and wantonly attacked; where they had been guilty of every enormity, of every ſpecies of barbarity, againſt the unoffending natives, that the human imagination, teeming with the moſt horrid ideas, can conceive, and of many of which the hoſtile, the almoſt inſane irruptions of hordes of ſavages into civilized nations will hardly furniſh parallel inſtances! And who had been guilty of inflicting this which the Author, ſpeaking of Bonaparte at Jaffa, terms "terrible vengeance?"—a native, an Egyptian; a man, perhaps, whoſe parents might have been deſtroyed, whoſe wife or ſiſters might have been violated, whoſe cottage might have been burned,

whoſe whole property might have been feloniouſly ſtolen and carried off, by thoſe enemies to the human race, which Kleber had the honour to command; a man, beſides, who had never vowed allegiance to the upſtart General, as he and his followers had probably done to their Monarch. However, if it is any conſolation to the reader (it ſeems to have afforded ſome to the Author), he will find in concluſion, that "the remains of their beloved Chief were buried by the troops with great military pomp, while the miſerable aſſaſſin was condemned to be impaled alive, and his body to be devoured by birds of prey."

Paſſing over the fourth Chapter, containing the ſiege of Genoa, and the fifth, the campaign of 1800 in Germany and Italy, we purſue, in the ſixth, the ſaid campaign in thoſe countries to its concluſion by the treaty of Luneville.

We have before remarked, that Mr. S. is aware of the advantage of contraſt; but as we have waded through the profundity of his pages, we have obſerved, with concern, that, from the nature of his ſubject, abounding in terrific ſcenes, and horrors ſufficient to ſtock a library of modern romances, he has ſeldom been able to throw in any of thoſe light and brilliant touches, or to vary his points of view, from the ſombre to the fantaſtic, in that pleaſing and elegant manner which his genius, had his materials warranted it, would have directed him. In the preſent Chapter he is more happy, and, from a circumſtance that occurred, is able to launch an *hiſtorical prettyneſs*, which we ſhall with pleaſure float into our own ſtream for the *amuſement* of the reader: "Moreau, who had returned to his native country on purpoſe *to entwine the roſes of Hymen with the laurels of Mars* *, inſtantly repaired to his *head*-quarters, and publiſhed an addreſs to his ſoldiers, in which he requeſted them to exhibit the ſame gallantry, and the ſame diſregard to the rigours of the ſeaſon, which they had before diſplayed in the defence of the fort of Kehl and the conqueſt of Holland."

When the poor Curates of Ireland applied to the Archbiſhop to join in a petition for their relief, ſays Swift, "Why, my brethren," returned the Prelate, "ſhould we plague Government with our affairs? I think we are very well as we are."

Moreau, who had been twining *laurels* and roſes till he was in a glow, encircled in the arms of beauty, and furniſhed with every concomitant *comfort*, adviſes his ſhivering ſoldiers to diſregard the rigours of the ſeaſon; a piece of advice ſo appropriate, that even if it had not been wrapped in a ſentence of ſuch peculiar prettyneſs, we ſhould have quoted it as a model of military tactics. We now having wandered from the field of war to the *flower garden*, retrace our ſteps, and reſume our *labours*, lamenting that we are likely to find more *laurels* than *roſes* as we proceed.

The ſeventh Chapter contains the exploits of the Britiſh fleet 1800, at which period the Author very juſtly, though not very correctly, remarks, our naval power was never more conſpicuous. The failure of the two Spaniſh expeditions, and the diſputes with the Northern Powers, are recorded; and the book concludes with this obſervation, that "though the proſpect of public affairs had become gloomy in the extreme, but, as will be ſeen hereafter, the ſcene ſoon changed, the ſtorm was diſſipated, and England, by the vigour of her ancient inſtitutions, her wealth, her valour, and a variety of fortunate incidents, at length acquired her former aſcendancy."

We are now arrived at the fifth Book of this Volume, and the laſt of this work, in the commencement of which we find the art of contraſt which we have ſo much commended properly applied by the Author to the relative ſituation of England and France at the commencement of the year 1801. With reſpect to the former: "A ſcarcity which has ſince been *fully demonſtrated to have ariſen out of the war*, produced miſery and diſcontent among the leſs opulent claſſes of the commu-

* Mars being always repreſented with his uſual attributes, his helmet and ſpear, which he does not quit even when going upon his amours; therefore, from what authority Mr. S. has decorated him with laurels, we are at a loſs to conjecture. However, not wiſhing to deſtroy this ſaid ſprig of laurel and cluſter of roſes, which we conceive either the General or the Author has twined into a beautiful little metaphorical *bouquet*, we ſhall only hint, that the latter ſeems to have given to Mars the attribute of victory.

nity. The preſſure of taxes began to be felt by all; ſome of them were conſidered as peculiarly oppreſſive. In addition to this, the battle of Marengo, by intimidating Auſtria as well as the Courts attached to her intereſts, had left England without a ſingle ally that could be ſerviceable to her, and ſhe was now reduced to the neceſſity of counteracting thoſe convulſive and concentrated efforts which had formerly proved leſs terrible by diviſion.

"France, on the other hand, never appeared ſo formidable as at this moment:" the reaſons for which are then recapitulated. The meeting of the Imperial Parliament, under theſe diſmal and portentous circumſtances; remarks on his Majeſty's ſpeech; and the debates, if they can be termed debates where little is ſtated but what came from the ſide of oppoſition, alſo occupy ſome ſpace: the reſt of the Chapter is devoted to the tranſactions at Hamburg, at Hanover, the battle of Copenhagen, and, in concluſion, the peace with the Northern Powers.

The invaſion of Portugal by the armies of France and Spain; the different treaties in conſequence; ſtate of the French army; the expedition of the Engliſh army to the Eaſt, down to the evacuation of Egypt; which are the ſubjects of the ſecond and third Chapters, are events ſo recent, and conſequently ſo ſtrongly in the memory of every one, that it would be ſuperfluous to dwell upon them.

The fourth begins by noticing the threats of invaſion thrown out by the French; "a menace," ſays the Author, "that was *firſt* recurred to in the reign of Louis the XIVth." How this is the fact, that it was firſt recurred to at this period *, we are at a loſs to conjecture; however, we find it was frequently practiſed in that of his ſucceſſor †.

"But at this period, when Great Britain poſſeſſed an immenſe ſuperiority in reſpect to naval force, and had actually blockaded all the principal ports of the enemy, it is difficult to conceive how a flotilla filled with troops ſufficient to alarm, far leſs to ſubdue, a powerful nation, could paſs even the narrow ſeas, without being intercepted by the numerous ſquadrons which were connected by a chain of cruiſers diſpoſed ſo as to ſurround the coaſts and ſhut up all the harbours belonging to the French and Dutch."

The Author then ſtates, that another obvious reſource "preſented itſelf in the valour and public ſpirit of the people:" and recapitulates the preparations on the part of the French for a deſcent; ſuch as we every day ſee recapitulated in the public prints, which we know are faithfully tranſlated from thoſe brilliant ſpecimens of the art of puffing, the Pariſian papers and Continental Gazettes under Gallic influence, or, rather, Gallic coercion.

Our Author now approaching to the concluſion of his labours, ſeems, like many great men when approaching to the concluſion of their mortal career, anxious to do ſomething which may not only impreſs poſterity with an opinion of the brilliancy, but alſo of the verſatility of his talents. Such an idea once operated upon the minds of Cardinal Ximenes and Edmund Burke; ſuch, to deſcend nearer to the level of the ſubject we are contemplating, was fabled to be the foible of the Archbiſhop of Grenada, who, though the defects of his genius were pointed out by a too faithful monitor, could diſcover no traces of the apoplexy in his eſtimable homilies.

The abilities of Mr. S., which, like a torch, ſeem to blaze at one end of his work though they are *cold* at the other, we have endeavoured to appreciate, and at the ſame time have conſidered him in three points of view, viz. as a hiſtorian, a prophet, and a politician: on the two former we have, as far as

* There is no occaſion to illuſtrate a fact ſo notorious as, that the threats of invaſion had been the theme of Gallic gaſconade in almoſt every war with France from the Conqueſt.

† We can ſtill (though faintly) recollect when theſe threats were once the ſubjects of much pleaſantry, both literary and graphical. In the effuſions of the latter art, we can remember the print-ſhop windows furniſhed with caricatures upon the ſubject, from the Invaſion prints of Hogarth to the Flat-bottomed Boat Auction, the Effects of Alimentary Powder, the Salmon Woman ſailing in a Kit to meet the French Fleet, by which ſome political joke reſpecting that excellent Nobleman the Duke of Newcaſtle, the then Miniſter, was ingeniouſly deſignated, and a hundred others.

we

we have proceeded, freely, though tenderly, diſcuſſed his merits: with reſpect to the latter, we ſhall quote a paſſage which we conceive will give the reader a full and fair ſpecimen of his talents in untwiſting that *knotted* line of literature.

"The former Miniſters had not hitherto realized the expectation that had been formed of them by their ſupporters; for after a war of eight years, notwithſtanding the unexampled confidence and liberality of Parliament, added to the uniform zeal of the army and the unrivalled *exploits* of the navy, they were accuſed by their adverſaries of involving their country in a long, deſtructive, and *unneceſſary* war, and of having notoriouſly governed by corruption, under the name of influence. They were alſo ſeverely cenſured for having reſtricted the liberty of the preſs, diſregarded the rights of the ſubject, and introduced a ſyſtem of *ſecret impriſonment*, at once odious, terrible, and unjuſt. Moderate men, however, while unable to defend their conduct, did not forget that the period at which their exertions were called forth was peculiarly critical and delicate; that they exhibited no common ſhare of induſtry and attention; that they retained the confidence of the more opulent ranks of ſociety to the laſt; and that the cauſe of their retirement would have conferred honour on men more popular with, and more beloved by, the nation. Their ſucceſſors, who would have been unable to remain in office a ſingle day without an unuſual degree of political toleration, did not diſplay an inferior degree of energy; and their ſuppoſed deficiency in reſpect to talent, more eſpecially in ſenatorial eloquence, ſo neceſſary in a mixed government, was imagined to be more than fully compenſated by character and integrity."

We have, for the *benefit* of the political reader, quoted the whole of this cautiouſly worded paragraph, in which we conceive the wiſdom of Walſingham is combined with the wariness of Burleigh; but whether, as in the "Ups and downs," "Ins and Outs," "No ſmoke without fire," &c. of Pamphlet and Quidnunc *, the Author means to praiſe or to blame the late or preſent Adminiſtration? or whether, having fixed the members of each at the oppoſite ends of the official ſeeſaw, he is not of opinion, (an opinion which, like that of the great Burleigh before mentioned, you muſt gather from his *ſilence*, rather than his words,) that a *third* party, of "unrivalled talents," ſtanding in the middle, might be made to trim the balance of power, and by their *inclination* to elevate or depreſs either as they wiſhed them to riſe or ſink in the eſtimation of the people, till, watching ſome proper opportunity, they could, by ſome fortunate *motion*, and ſtill more fortunate *diviſion*, throw them both off, ſcramble for the *vacant places*, and take the *government* of the whole machine to themſelves? or whether he meant ſimply to ſhew us, in this excellent ſpecimen, how ſenſe might ſleep on the margin, while the ſtream of words glided ſmoothly on? we have not as *yet*, with the exertion of all our critical ſagacity, been able to diſcover.

In the fifth Chapter is detailed the tranſactions of the naval campaign of 1801; and the tragedy concludes with a proſpect of peace. The curtain developing the firſt ſcene of this pleaſing *Interlude* is drawn up to the following flouriſh of words: "At the very moment when the four quarters of the globe reſounded with the barbarous howl of war, peace was weaving crowns of olive and myrtle, and chanting Pœans to celebrate the triumphs of a *reign* unſtained with human blood and undiſgraced by crimes."

We are now arrived at the ſixth and laſt Chapter of this Book, and of the work. This begins with a recital of the motives for peace, as they operated upon both nations. We underſtand that "Bonaparte *panted* for that event;" though, without calling our Author's ſagacity in queſtion, circumſtances have ſince ſhewn that he has recovered *breath* ſufficient to enable him to renew hoſtilities. The joy that ſucceeded the ratification of the definitive treaty is next mentioned. Some of its principal articles are *candidly* ſelected, in the recapitulation of which we find, that "the French Princes are left unnoticed, and the unfortunate Houſe of Savoy conſigned to its fate." The conſequent debate in Parliament is ſlightly mentioned, the ſituation in which the different Powers were placed, detailed. Here the conſpicuous and,

* Upholſterer.

to

to us, dangerous ſituation of France, "who firſt," ſays Mr. S., "*perſecuted* into greatneſs, obtained every object that can be coveted by a great people, ſave that for which ſhe originally contended," is deſcanted on, from which we ſhall quote the concluding paſſage.

"Such is the briefepitome of a revolution which commenced under the mild deſpotiſm of a French King, and ended in the acceſſion of an enterpriſing Corſican, who appears deſirous of no other title to empire than fortune and his ſword. No man of *modern*, and ſcarcely one of ancient times, can be *compared* to him whoſe life, ſhort, brilliant, and glorious, reſembles a romance rather than a hiſtory, who has ſubjugated the reſtleſs genius of the nations over which he rules by means of a military government; who holds Conſultas for the regulation of diſtant States, and forms codes for the direction of nations hitherto independant!!!"

Theſe lines finiſh, in this work, the hiſtorical courſe of a man whoſe *exploits*, to adopt his favourite phraſe, ſeems to have taken ſuch ſtrong hold of the Author's imagination, that the ſubject of them might properly ſay,

"After my death, I wiſh no other herald,
No other ſpeaker of my living actions,
Than ſuch a chronicler."

We have, in the laſt line, purpoſely omitted the word *honeſt*, which, in the language of Shakſpeare, means faithful or impartial, becauſe we conceive it would by no means ſuit the tenor of the work to which it would have been applied, or the genius of the Author. In fact, one of the obſervations we have to make upon it is, that there appears to us, in numerous inſtances, many of which we have in the courſe of this inveſtigation noted, a deſire in Mr. S. to elevate our rival kingdom upon the depreſſion of this, we preſume, his native land. The moſt animated lines, the moſt elegant turned paſſages, if that term may be applied to any, are thoſe that are dedicated to the commemoration of the heroic deeds of the French Generals and armies, and framed to be the records of Gallic victories. In favour of France, all the ſanguinary tints and rougher touches appear to be ſoftened, all thoſe ſcenes of blood and horror which the moſt impious, moſt unprincipled, and, in its conſequences to the human race, the moſt terrific revolution which the world ever ſaw; ſcenes of atrocity which, if faithfully detailed, will ſcarcely in another age gain credit; are thrown too much into the back-ground, and too frequently hid behind ſome glaring and tawdry repreſentation, which is calculated to bring to the front of the ſtage the triumphal proceſſions of France. Our eyes, as when we view the entry of Alexander into Babylon, are too frequently turned upon ſome Gallic hero who has full poſſeſſion of the theatre; and conſiderable art is, at times, made uſe of to avert them from the dreadful and tremendous conſequences of his victories.

Thus much may ſerve as a *hint* of our opinion of the *general* principle of the work before us; but there ſeems to be another, ſubordinate indeed, but *politically* concomitant, and therefore, we conceive, equally reprehenſible; which is, to catch an idea from the Author, that whenſoever he ſpeaks of the tranſactions of this kingdom, he is very apt to ſacrifice that candour which can only dignify a ſubject, or render a hiſtory valuable upon the *altar of Party*.

Whether Mr. S. be a Jacobin, Anti-Jacobin, Loyaliſt, Alarmiſt, Whig, or Tory, we know not, but by the pages before us; but this we know, that whatſoever character he has thought fit in this, or may in any future compoſition, think proper to aſſume, he muſt, if he would gain credit with the public, throw a ſtronger daſh of probability into ſome of his aſſertions. Boldly to launch an unſupported complaint, to reprobate the conduct of men in official ſituations upon the vague and unſubſtantial baſis of the rumour of the day, or ſtill more boldly to collect cenſure on the meaſures of adminiſtration from thoſe ample ſources the fallies of the imaginations of their opponents, though the *collector* might know they were as void of foundation as of genius, may ſerve the purpoſes of *election* ſquibs, or do very well as the effuſions of anonymous adventurers, to contribute to the contents of our diurnal papers. But in the grave page of hiſtory, in a work where the Author riſks his name, and conſequently his reputation, we expect, when cenſure is applied to political inſtitutions, it ſhould, at leaſt, reſt upon the baſis of fact. We have before reprobated the conduct of Mr. S. in this particular,

and

and ſhall quote another paragraph, with which we ſhall conclude our extracts, as it ſerves to ſhew that, in this reſpect, the incorrigible diſpoſition of the Author continues to the laſt page of his lucubrations. Speaking of England, he ſays, "No nation ever ſuffered equal privations with greater manfulneſs. The Stockholder beheld his capital diminiſhed *more* than one half; the peaſant ſaw the price of his loaf triple'd almoſt without a murmur; while the opulent chearfully yielded to the fiſcal regulations known by the deteſted names of the triple aſſeſſment and the Income Tax. But *enlightened* men" (the illuminatii) "were ſhocked by the miſeries inflicted by thoſe who reclined their heads on pillows of down, while their fellow-ſubjects were frequently arreſted on ſuſpicion, confined for months without trial, or tried *without crime*. It was conſidered as an intolerable outrage that the puniſhment reſerved for *convicted felons* ſhould be applied to *unconvicted traitors*, and hiſtory has to record, *without a bluſh*, that *ſolitary impriſonment*, for the firſt time ſince the Revolution, was practiſed in one country by the expreſs order, and *torture* permitted in another, by the tacit conſent of Engliſhmen."

Upon this paſſage we ſhall only remark, that if the Author had written it in Paris, and applied it, as he might with much more propriety, to the French ſyſtem of Government, he would have experienced, what thoſe *immaculate* Gentlemen, for whom he ſeems to have *felt more* than he expreſſes, we believe never did experience, namely, *ſolitary confinement*; nay, we fear, that the parallel *lines* of their deſtinies would have been *drawn* ſtill *cloſer together*. We therefore (as he too, for aught we know to the contrary, may be a "youth of conſiderable promiſe,") adviſe him, however hoſtile the *loyalty* of his countrymen may be to his principles, and however he may be ſtruck with the novelty and grandeur of the fabric which the Regicides have erected upon the baſes of treaſon and murder, *to keep on this ſide of the Channel.*

As to the general merit of this work, conſidered as a hiſtory, we have, both in our exordium and in the courſe of our examination, made ſuch obſervations and remarks upon it as ſtruck us in our progreſs. There are parts of it both vigorouſly and elegantly written, while in others the conſtruction of ſentences appears to be careleſs; and ſome, though we freely confeſs that they are not numerous, are evidently incorrect. For its literary errors we are, in conſideration of its length, ready to make every candid allowance; but we muſt repeat a former general obſervation, and apply it to this ſubject, that there ſeems in it, from its want of that artificial connexion which, though perhaps not to be diſcerned, we know pervades the works of our beſt hiſtorians, and, from an endeavour to exhibit too great a variety of objects in the ſame point of view, to be a confuſion, a deficiency of arrangement, ſuch as reigned in the mind of the Author of this couplet:

"Under the tropic is our language ſpoke,
And part of Flanders has receiv'd our yoke."

Well aware of the difficulty of what ſeems at firſt view the eaſieſt part of literature, the arranging and combining hiſtorical materials with elegance, propriety, and perſpicuity, ſo that, when connected and bound together with the *ſilver* thread of eloquence, they form a pleaſing and perfect whole, we ſhould have very little wondered if Mr. S. had not ultimately ſucceeded in a purſuit where even Clarendon failed; we ſhould, had he *endeavoured* to keep clear of prejudice and party, have conſidered his attempt as one at this period peculiarly uſeful and proper; uſeful to refreſh our memories upon ſubjects which, alas! too frequently become the topics of converſation, and proper to convey to poſterity materials drawn from *the mine* which the induſtry of future ages might refine and poliſh; but then we could have wiſhed thoſe materials to conſiſt of *native ores*, unalloyed, or rather unmixed, with *Marcaſite*, of which, though the appearance is more glittering, the effluvia is poiſonous. In this reſpect we confeſs our diſappointment; and ſubmitting to the conſideration of Mr. S. what we have neither capriciouſly nor captiouſly written, we cloſe this laborious critique, which we judged the nature of the work and the circumſtances of the times demanded.

The

The Works of the Right Honourable Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, including her Correſpondence, Poems, and Eſſays. Publiſhed, by Permiſſion, from her genuine Papers. In Five Volumes. 8vo.

(*Concluded from Page* 287.)

WE reſume this article with peculiar ſatisfaction, from an aſſurance that our introductory review has met with general approbation. Indeed, the materials of this entertaining work branch out into ſuch a variety of ſubjects, that they may be truly ſaid to furniſh a mental feaſt, ſuited to the taſte of the young and the aged, the volatile and the ſedate, the literati, and the library lounger. For we have found in it curious criticiſms on the moſt reſpectable authors, lively topographical deſcriptions, intereſting and agreeable anecdotes, ſterling wit, and elegant poetry, which make us regret the neceſſity of cloſing our account of it with the preſent review.

A brief account of the ſurreptitious appearance of the Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, publiſhed in 1763, and of the ſubſequent editions from that time to 1769, as given by the Editor, is too curious to be paſſed over without ſome obſervations which we are enabled to annex from another quarter.—"In the latter period of Lady Mary's life, ſhe employed her leiſure in collecting the copies of the letters ſhe had written during Mr. Wortley's embaſſy, and had tranſcribed them herſelf, in two ſmall volumes in *quarto*. They were without doubt ſometimes ſhewn to her literary friends. Upon her return to England for the laſt time, in 1761, ſhe gave theſe books to a Mr. Sowden, a Clergyman at Rotterdam, and wrote the ſubjoined memorandum on the cover of one of them: "Theſe two volumes are given to the Rev. Benjamin Sowden, Miniſter at Rotterdam, to be diſpoſed of as he thinks proper. This is the will and deſign of M. Wortley Montagu. December 11, 1761." A *fac ſimile* of this memorandum will be found at p. 26. "After her death, the late Earl of Bute commiſſioned a Gentleman to procure them, and to offer Mr. Sowden a conſiderable remuneration, which he accepted. Much to the ſurpriſe of that Nobleman and Lady Bute, the manuſcripts were ſcarcely ſafe in England, when *three* volumes of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letters" (in ſmall octavo) "were publiſhed by Becket and de Hondt, in the Strand; and it has ſince appeared that Mr. Cleland was the Editor.—The ſame Gentleman who had negociated before was again diſpatched to Holland, and could gain no farther intelligence from Mr. Sowden, than that a ſhort time before he parted with the MSS., two Engliſh Gentlemen called on him to ſee the letters, and obtained their requeſt. They had previouſly contrived that Mr. Sowden ſhould be called away during their perufal, and he found on his return that they had diſappeared with the books. Their reſidence was unknown to him; but on the next day they brought back the precious depoſit, with many apologies. It may be fairly preſumed, that the intervening night was conſumed in copying theſe letters by ſeveral amanuenſes. Another copy of them, but not in her own handwriting, Lady Mary had given to Mr. Moleſworth, which is now in the poſſeſſion of the Marquis of Bute. Both in the original MS. and the laſt-mentioned tranſcript, the preface printed by Becket is inſerted, purporting to have been written in 1728 by a Lady of quality, and ſigned M. A. It is given in the new edition of her Works, as having been at leaſt approved of by her Ladyſhip."

In a note we are alſo informed, that "Mr. Cleland invented two volumes, in addition to two others which he had tranſlated from the French of Pope *Ganganelli's* letters, on finding that the two firſt met with ſucceſs. And, as the MSS. of the fourth volume of Lady Mary's letters, publiſhed by Becket in 1767, are not extant, a conjecture is allowable, that the firſt-mentioned was not his firſt attempt at this ſpecies of imitation." So far as regards *Ganganelli's* letters, the Editor's information is correct; but we have to add, from a ſource unqueſtionably authentic, the following anecdote:

"When the *three firſt volumes* of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's truly genuine *Letters* were publiſhed, her manner of writing was, one evening, highly applauded in a company of five friends, and

and men of letters, one of whom pronounced it *inimitable*; another of the company affirmed, that no *manner* was inimitable, and laid a wager that he would so copy her Ladyſhip's *manner*, that the deception ſhould paſs unnoticed by the public, and even by the critics. This wager produced the *Fourth Volume*, publiſhed under her Ladyſhip's name; the whole of which, excepting the two laſt pieces, was the compoſition of this imitator. *We* were among the croud of connoiſſeurs who were deceived by this literary *impoſture*, which is now become *innocent* by the voluntary declaration of the Author." Who that imitator was has not been aſcertained; but there are grounds to believe, that it was a much more reſpectable character in the ranks of literature than Mr. Cleland. In the new edition, publiſhed recently by Phillips, the letters are not numbered; but on comparing them with Becket's edition of 1769, it appears, that the genuine letters written during Mr. Wortley's embaſſy at Conſtantinople terminate with Letter LII. in that edition. We ſhall not, therefore, take any farther notice of them, but revert to the remainder of the memoirs, and to the Letters in Vol. I. written to friends *prior* to her accompanying her huſband on the embaſſy.

"Mr. Wortley received letters of recall, under the Privy Seal, October 28th, 1717, which are counterſigned by his friend Mr. Addiſon, then Secretary of State: a private letter to him on that occaſion, with a *fac-ſimile* of the original, in the hand-writing of Addiſon, is introduced at p. 34. A ſhort time after their return to England, Lady Mary was ſolicited by Mr. Pope to fix her ſummer reſidence at Twickenham. The negociation with Sir Godfrey Kneller for his houſe, Mr. Pope's letters to Lady Mary on that occaſion, and on her ſitting to Sir Godfrey for her picture (by Pope's deſire), with a *fac ſimile* of the original, in Pope's hand-writing, form another part of the memoirs; and an engraved Portrait from this picture adorns the Frontiſpiece of the Volume. Two letters from Sarah, Ducheſs of Marlborough, the wife of the renowned Duke of Marlborough, with a *fac-ſimile* of one of the originals; a letter from Dr. Young, ſoliciting Lady Mary to give her opinion of the copy of his tragedy of the BROTHERS, with a *fac-ſimile* of the original, are curious pieces; and the latter is one of many proofs, "that her influence in the literary world attracted to her many of the beſt authors of that day, who ſolicited not only her patronage, but her critical opinion of the works they were about to offer to the public." Two letters from Henry Fielding, with a *fac-ſimile* of one, cloſe the evidence of her literary connexions. Her reſidence at Twickenham ſeveral years, and a narrative of the cauſes of her avowed quarrel with Pope, fill up the pages reſpecting that epoch in Lady Mary's life, when, for many years, ſhe divided her time between the world of faſhion and of literature.

At length, "in the year 1739, her health declined, and ſhe took the reſolution of paſſing the remainder of her days on the Continent." On the death of Mr. Wortley, however, in the year 1761, ſhe yielded to the ſolicitations of her daughter, the late Counteſs of Bute, and returned to England in the month of October of that year. "But her health had ſuffered much, and a gradual decline terminated in her death, the 21ſt of Auguſt 1762, in the ſeventy-third year of her age." Of this laſt ſad ſcene of one of the loveliеſt women, ſo far as bodily accompliſhments and rare endowments of mind could excite love and admiration, the Editor has not given that correct account which might have been expected. She died not of a gradual decline, but of a cancer in her breaſt *. "In the cathedral at Litchfield a cœnotaph is erected to her memory"—the inſcription is given at length; the monument was erected in the year 1789, by a Lady, in gratitude for Lady Mary's introduction of inoculation for the ſmall-pox into England from Turkey, the benefit of which the Lady had experienced in her own perſon.

The correſpondence of Lady Mary with her friend Mrs. Wortley, and with Edward Wortley Montagu before her marriage with him, occupies moſt of the remaining pages of the Volume. When we conſider the youth of the

writer,

* Some particular circumſtances attending her death and private burial appeared in the public prints of the day.

writer, the diſplay of uncommon talents, for eaſe, elegance, and ſolid reaſoning—for delicacy of ſentiment and of conduct on the moſt trying occaſion that can occur in the life of a young Lady of high birth, or indeed of any young female, who has received a liberal education—*that of courtſhip*—it renders theſe letters, in our humble opinion, *ineſtimable*; and, both with reſpect to inſtruction and entertainment, they cannot be too highly applauded, or too ſtrongly recommended.

We deſire no better confirmation of the character we give theſe juvenile letters, than a candid peruſal of the letters to Mrs. Wortley, dated Auguſt 21 and September 5, 1709, when Lady Mary Pierrepont was only *nineteen* years of age; and the letter to Dr. Burnet, Biſhop of Saliſbury, with her *tranſlation* of *Epictetus*, dated July 20, 1710, in the *twentieth* year of her age.—The courtſhip laſted two years; and we defy the niceſt literary critic to produce more brilliant ſpecimens of propriety, and of a noble ſpirit of independence and diſintereſtedneſs, than is to be found in her letters to Mr. Wortley during this critical period. The negociation was more than once on the point of being broke off, from the indeciſion of Mr. Wortley, partly on account of the Lady's ſmall fortune, and in no ſmall degree from his apprehenſion, that the charms of her perſon, and her mental accompliſhments, would render her ſo much the ſubject of general admiration, that ſhe would not continue to view him in the ſame favourable light as before marriage, but would grow tired of him.

The whole correſpondence is uncommonly curious; exhibiting, in ſtrong colours, the verſatility and warineſs of a man of the world, and the ingenuous, liberal, and candid behaviour of an innocent, undeſigning maiden, of noble birth, come young into the hurry of the world. We could not reſiſt the inclination to lay before our readers one ſample of theſe her excellent letters, in this highly entertaining work:

"*To Edward Wortley Montagu, Eſq.*

"I intended to make no anſwer to your letter; it was ſomething very ungrateful, and I reſolved to give over all thoughts of you. I could eaſily have performed that reſolve ſome time ago, but then you took pains to pleaſe me; now you have brought me to eſteem you, you make uſe of that eſteem to give me uneaſineſs; and I have the diſpleaſure of ſeeing I eſteem a man that diſlikes me. Farewell, then; ſince you will have it ſo, I renounce all the ideas I have ſo long flattered myſelf with, and will entertain my fancy no longer with the imaginary pleaſure of pleaſing you. How much wiſer are all thoſe women I deſpiſed than myſelf? In placing their happineſs in trifles, they have placed it in what is attainable. I fondly thought fine clothes and gilt coaches, balls, operas, and public adoration, rather the fatigues of life; and that true happineſs was juſtly defined by Mr. Dryden (pardon the romantic air of repeating verſes), when he ſays,

"Whom Heaven would bleſs, it does from pomp remove,
And makes their wealth in privacy and love."

Theſe notions had corrupted my judgment as much as that of Mrs. Biddy Tipkins. According to this ſcheme, I propoſed to paſs my life with you. I yet do you the juſtice to believe, if any man could have been contented with this manner of living, it would have been you. Your indifference to me does not hinder me from thinking you capable of tenderneſs and the happineſs of friendſhip: but I find it is not in me you'll ever have them: you think me all that is deteſtable; you accuſe me of want of ſincerity and generoſity. To convince you of your miſtake, I'll ſhew you the laſt extremes of both.

"While I fooliſhly fancied you loved me (which I confeſs I had never any great reaſon for, more than that I wiſhed it), there is no condition of life I could not have been happy in with you, ſo very much I liked you—I might ſay loved, ſince it is the laſt thing I'll ever ſay to you. This is telling you ſincerely my great weakneſs; and now I will oblige you with a new proof of generoſity—I'll never ſee you more.—I ſhall avoid all public places; and this is the laſt letter I ſhall ſend. If you write, be not diſpleaſed if I ſend it back unopened. I ſhall force my inclinations to oblige your's; and remember that you have told me I could not oblige you more than by refuſing you. Had I intended ever to ſee you again, I durſt not have ſent this letter. Adieu."

N.B. Ano-

N.B. Another letter from him, however, was received and opened, in which the Gentleman declares—" he would die to be ſecure of her heart but for a moment;" and the future correſpondence terminated happily. The letters of Lady Mary from 1739 to 1761, during her ſecond reſidence abroad, contained in part of Vol. III. and in Vol. IV. and V., fall next under our obſervation: they are entirely new to the public, having never before been printed. The firſt that attracted our notice is a letter to Mr. Wortley, dated at Venice, June 1, 1740: it contains a deſcription of a magnificent regatta, Vol. III. p. 206. Thoſe perſons who remember a faint imitation of this race of boats on the Thames, about twenty years ſince, will be highly pleaſed with comparing the Venetian with the Engliſh regatta. To others, the deſcription of the principal gondola of a noble Venetian Lady, extracted from this letter, will convey a ſufficient idea of the whole ſuperb ſpectacle.—" The Signora Piſani Mocinego's veſſel repreſented the Chariot of the Night, drawn by Sea-Horſes, and ſhewing the riſing of the moon, accompanied with ſtars, the ſtatues on each ſide repreſenting the hours to the number of twenty-four: it was rowed by gondoliers in rich liveries, which were changed three times, all of equal richneſs, and the decorations changed alſo to the dawn of Aurora, and the mid-day Sun; the ſtatues being new dreſſed every time, the firſt in green, the ſecond time red, and the laſt blue, all equally laced with ſilver, there being three races. Several of theſe veſſels coſt one thouſand pounds ſterling; and there were enough of them to look like a little fleet."

If all *the beauties* of this work were ſelected, they would form a ſeparate volume under that hackneyed title; but as we do not wiſh to encourage ſuch mutilations, we take this occaſion to aſſure general readers, that they can ſcarcely turn over a page in the three laſt volumes which will not afford them new ſources of amuſement. Sometimes, in a ſtrain of lively humour and ſatirical remark, ſhe delineates the manners and cuſtoms of the Italians, with whom ſhe reſided many years: at others, ſhe aſſumes the character of the ſedate moraliſt; and occaſionally ſhe hazards the boldeſt literary criticiſms on the writings of—the celebrated Richardſon, the author of Pamela, Clariſſa, and Sir Charles Grandiſon—and of the ſtill more celebrated Dean Swift, whoſe admired Gulliver's Travels and other works ſhe ſeverely cenſures.

A few brief ſpecimens of her happy genius, which eaſily applied itſelf to various taſks, we take the liberty to preſent to our readers, as a *finale* to this ample review.

From the village of *Louvere*, near Breſcia, where ſhe purchaſed a houſe, and reſided ſeveral years, ſhe writes to Mr. Wortley—" The method of treating the phyſician here, I think ſhould be the ſame every where: they make it his intereſt that the whole pariſh ſhould be in good health, giving him a ſtated penſion, which is collected by a tax on every houſe, on condition that he neither demands any fees, nor ever refuſes to viſit either rich or poor. This laſt article would be very hard, if we had as many vapouriſh ladies as in England; but thoſe imaginary ills are entirely unknown among us; and the eager purſuit after every new piece of quackery that is introduced. I cannot help thinking there is a fund of credulity in mankind, that muſt be employed ſomewhere, and the money formerly given to the monks for the health of the ſoul, is now thrown to the doctors for the health of the body, and generally with as little proſpect of ſucceſs."

To the Counteſs of Bute, from *Breſcia*, Jan. 5, 1747-8.

——" I had a viſit in the holidays of thirty horſe of ladies and gentlemen. They came with the kind intent of ſtaying at leaſt a fortnight with me, though I had never ſeen any of them before, but they were all neighbours within ten miles round. I could not avoid entertaining them at ſupper, and by good luck had a large quantity of game in the houſe. I ſent for the fiddles, and they were ſo obliging to dance all night, and even dine with me the next day, though none of them had been in bed; and were much diſappointed I did not aſk them to ſtay, it being the faſhion to go in troops to one another's houſes, hunting and dancing together a month in each."

To the ſame—*Venice*, Jan. 20, 1758,

——" Your account of the changes in miniſterial affairs do not ſurpriſe me; but nothing could be more aſtoniſhing than their all coming in toge-

ther. It puts me in mind of a friend of mine, who had a large family of favourite animals; and not knowing how to convey them to his country-houſe, in ſeparate equipages, he ordered a Dutch maſtiff, a cat and her kittens, a monkey, and a parrot, all to be packed up together in one large hamper, and ſent by a waggon. One may eaſily gueſs how this ſet of company made their journey; and I have never been able to think of this compound miniſtry without the idea of barking, ſcratching, and ſcreaming. 'Tis too ridiculous a one, I own, for the gravity of their characters, and ſtill more for the ſituation the kingdom is in; for, as much as one may encourage the love of laughter, 'tis impoſſible to be indifferent to the welfare of one's native country."

M.

Gleanings in England; Deſcriptive of the Countenance, Mind, and Character of the Country. With new Views of Peace and War. By Mr. Pratt. Volume the Third, and Laſt. 8vo. 1803.

(*Concluded from Page* 292.)

We return, with unfatigued attention, to the truly intereſting pages of this admired writer's cloſing volume.

In Letter the VIIIth, the defence of the poetical character from the vulgar and proverbial ſtigma of the poverty of poets, is finely, is energetically deſcribed.

"The POVERTY OF THE POET (ſays Mr. Pratt) ſtands as his univerſal characteriſtic. He is in all countries, when perſonally mentioned, generally ſaid to be the inhabitant of a garret, when courting his Muſe, and the miſerable lacquey of ſome great man, when courting his patron; that he frequently dines in a cellar, and ſleeps upon a bulk; and, finally, that a filthy body, emaciated by hunger and bent by unprofitable ſtudies, is bundled up by rags, which half conceal and half betray his nakedneſs.

"This ſqualid picture has for ſo many ages been drawn, that the idea which it impreſſes is amongſt thoſe univerſally received. And who have been the painters on this occaſion, but the poets themſelves!—The dramatic writers have condeſcended to ſtigmatize their own art, and to caricature their own perſons; and all this, for the miſerable gratification of raiſing a laugh againſt themſelves. How ſeldom is a poet brought forth upon the Engliſh, French, German, or Dutch Theatres, with the dignity that belongs to his character, or the decency that is appropriate to his education!

"But how unworthy, how unnatural is this! And indeed how unneceſſary! Thoſe who are in the practice of accumulating wealth, or who ſucceed to fortune without any merit of their own; thoſe who know nothing of poverty, or of genius, but by their names, require not any incentives to ſwell the gilded vapour of their own vanity, or to leſſen in their opinion the claims and merits of others. They are ſufficiently prediſpoſed to form an undue eſtimate of the one, and leſſen the weight of others. Nor can I ſee any juſt reaſon why a man of genius ſhould not as frequently be repreſented on the ſtage, as we very often ſee him in the world—engaging, intereſting, and amiable, as a man of buſineſs or of rank. At any rate, there can be no poſſible advantage in repreſenting the character before the public as a kind of nuiſance. Methinks the *real* poets might, were it only for the ſake of novelty, now and then unite, in their imaginary Dramatis Perſonæ, what no man at all converſant in the characters on the ſtage of life can think incompatible—a poet and a gentleman."

In the ſame Letter, the Author makes judicious diſtinctions between the Poet-aſter and the Poet; offers farther remarks on the character of modern Dramatiſts; and boldly ſtands forward to advocate and to elevate the poetical character.

Letter IX. affords a very affecting example of noble and generous inſtincts in the character of the dog: the canine race, indeed, ſeem to find peculiar favour, at all times, in the eyes of our benevolent Author, who takes every occaſion of bringing forward the endearing and uſeful qualities of that valuable animal. The ſtory of the dog immediately before us, and the

events connected with it, though told with ſimplicity, are wrought up to a degree of ſenſibility almoſt too ſtrong to be borne, though not to be *credited*: we believe it to be ſtrictly true.

Letter X. contains conſequent reflections and arguments on the foregoing narrative. Mr. P. refutes the fallacious reaſoning of modern politicians on the ſubject of barbarous ſports in the people of England—Shews the importance of an enlarged idea of the benevolence of the Deity and of his mercy—Inhuman refinements in ſome of our cuſtoms as to the luxuries of the table—Contemptible apologies for it—The danger of rendering ſights of cruelty, and even the neceſſary ſhedding the blood of animals, familiar to the eyes of children—Its effects alſo upon parents and the higher ranks of ſociety—and even upon the female mind—The Gleaner deſcants on the ſubject of what may be called the COMPASSIONATE part of education—Addreſſes mothers concerning theſe humane rudiments of inſtruction—The ſentiments of an amiable female writer on the ſame ſubject—The Gleaner's remarks on the *powers* of children—Their early diſcriminations, eſtimate of conduct, of knowledge, of character—Their acuteneſs, policy, imitations, and influence of example to happineſs or miſery, honour or diſgrace.

Similar ſubjects are continued, and with equal ſpirit and great variety of obſervation and argument, in ſubſequent Letters, till we come to page 315, where, at Letter XIII, the Gleaner takes a retroſpective view of his ground, and of what he has gathered in his progreſs; marking, with his uſual accuracy, the contraſt of purſuits and pleaſures in town and country, till bidding the latter adieu! he enters the metropolis. "London invites"—exclaims the Author—"the imperial ſeat of what is moſt good and moſt bad, moſt fair and moſt foul, perhaps, in the univerſe; becauſe, like the language which is ſpoken in it, it is a compound of every other town and country; and what the ſublimely-ſorrowing Dr. Young has ſaid in his famous apoſtrophe on that greateſt of all compounds, MAN himſelf, may, with the change only of a ſingle word, be applied to the metropolis of Britain! How rich! how poor! how abject! how auguſt! how complicate! how wonderful is LONDON!"—A conſiderable portion of the volume, as, indeed, might well be expected, is devoted to a ſketch of this Britiſh metropolis; and though deſcriptions of that immenſe city have been given by ſo many writers, that the general and particular objects are as familiar as one's garter, "according to Shakſpeare's phraſe," yet our Author has thrown over the minutiæ, as well as the greater objects, ſo engaging an air of originality, that we ſeem to be reading of well-known perſons and things for the firſt time; and the whole ſcenery is aſſiſted and ſet off by a vivacity which gives ſpirit to every object, and animates every incident.

The Gleanings in London continue to the end of the 18th Letter, including, amongſt an unceaſing variety of other topics, a perſonification of *Comfort*, whom our Author characterizes as a Houſehold Deity of England. He gives illuſtrations of her univerſal influence and conſtant reſidence amongſt us—Her guardianſhip of our dwellings, ſhops, warehouſes, parlours, kitchens, chambers. He remarks on the prejudices of nations—and on the antipathy of the common people of England to the French—Obſervations on the common people of the metropolis touching this ſubject—The conduct of the Engliſh to the French emigrants—Their behaviour in return—Comments upon the duties of hoſpitality and gratitude. He examines alſo the ſpirit of trade—The contraſt of the ſtreets and of the people—Takes a view of—Faſhionable traders—of faſhionable purchaſers—a ſhopping morning, and various ſhopping parties——This is a moſt humourous part of the work——A comparative view of dreſs of the Engliſh ladies in the laſt age and in the preſent—The Gleaner leadeth his friend to trembling ground, and with due caution aideth him to eſpie the nakedneſs of the land—His remarks on that excurſion—He addreſſes his Majeſty's Miniſters touching a new tax—which he calls the petticoat act—and Shape tax. All this is touched with great pleaſantry, yet couches ſome ſevere, though poliſhed, ſatire.

But it is impoſſible to follow the Writer through all the windings and turnings he makes in London, conſiſtently with our preſcribed limits. His picture of the Fleet priſon and market, inſide and out—His man

of

of Cheapſide, and his baſket-boy —A captive woman and her ſucking babe—With workings of the heart in a priſon—A view of the interior of an Engliſh gaol—The caſe of debtors —A commentary on the laws for debt and the caſe of creditors conſidered—and the adventure of the baſket-boy and his friend in the grated room—merit the attention of the humane reader.

Of Letter XIX. we gave an analyſis in our former Review. The Anniverſary Meeting of the Charity Children of the Metropolis, in Letter XXII., is certainly one of the moſt ſplendid parts of the Volume. It exhibits the Cathedral Church of St. Paul's "in a glorious point of view: a ſublime diſplay of the youth, innocence, and riſing hopes of the country, led from their nurſeries by the hand of Benevolence to the Temple of Religion—Their proceſſion towards the Cathedral—Their entrance into it—Their arrangements—The whole juvenile aſſociation ſeated in their places of eminence.—The compariſon betwixt the notes of the organ and the human voice—With the ſounds of the trumpet and the drum—Reflections on the diverſity of different ſketches of human creatures now preſerving the grace of order and the glow of health: and now mangled or cut in pieces by the bullet, the ſhell, or the ſword—and the compariſon of an aſſemblage of ten thouſand of the children of England aſſociated to bleſs their benefactors, and to praiſe their God, with an army of our youth preſſing onward to battle, or their ſhattered remnants returning from the field, crowned with victory, are all delineated in a maſterly manner.

On the whole, therefore, we profeſs ourſelves to be of that order of critics whom the Gleaner has deſcribed as "willing to receive and ardent to report what he has done." And we conclude with a full aſſurance that the readers of this Volume, moſt of whom, we preſume, are well acquainted with the two former, will find that his work is ſo highly finiſhed, that it cannot fail to give him full credit with the public for the future productions of his fertile genius, which he has promiſed to exhibit in the courſe of next year for their information and entertainment. See the advertiſement annexed to the finale of the Gleanings.

M.

The Suicide: with other Poems. By the Rev. Charles Wickſted Ethelſton, M. A. Rector of Worthenbury. 8vo.

FROM a ſtudious and cultivated mind theſe Poems have evidently originated; and they poſſeſs much ſterling merit.

The two principal articles, in point of length and importance, are entitled "SUICIDE," and "HOWARD." The volume commences with the former of theſe, which is conſtructed upon ſound principles of religion and morality, and affords, in energetic language, an admirable antidote againſt the poiſon contained in that alluring and deluding volume of German ſentiment and ſophiſtry, called "The Sorrows of Werter." The veil artfully thrown over Werter's character is torn aſide, and the crime of ſelf-ſlaughter diſplayed in its native deformity. Mr. Ethelſton ſeems properly aware, that a feeling mind is too apt to forget or extenuate the heinous nature of the offence, in a generous ſympathy for the ſufferer; and, like a good paſtor, he powerfully guards the avenues to the heart againſt ſo fatal an error.

His deſcriptions in general are ſketched with a maſterly hand: the following lines, though (for want of room to give the context) detached and inſulated, will afford a very fair ſpecimen of the whole Poem:

"Too oft, by penſive CONTEMPLATION led
To dreary waſtes and ſolitary wilds,
Or pendant rocks which echo'd to your groans,
Or to the vaſt receſſes of the deep,
Whoſe op'ning waves the wiſh'd aſylum ſhew'd,
You wander'd, and bewail'd your fancy'd griefs.
There, where the foaming ſurge and furious tide
Laſh with impetuous rage the craggy cliffs;
Where lies in ſcatter'd fragments many a wreck,
And the unburied floating corpſe is ſeen,
You fann'd with the rude blaſt the guilty flame,
And anſwer'd to the billows with your cries.

"Sometimes

" Sometimes you haunted, in the dead of night,
The dark ſepulchral ivy-mantled fane;
Dark as was chaos, ere the word of God,
"Let there be light!" was heard athwart the gloom. [lamps
There, 'mid the loathſome peſtilential
And noiſome vapours from the yawning vault,
You ſaw ideal griſly ſpectres flit
Thro' the long aiſles, and fancy'd ſheeted ghoſts, [death,
And muſ'd of ſculls, and golgothas, and
And ſtarted when you heard the ſcreech-owl ſhrill, [tombs:
Like the demoniac Legion 'mong the
Or ſought yon ruin'd pile, whoſe rugged caves
Seem made for deſolation and for blood;
Where the hir'd bravo lurks and whets his ſteel
Of vengeance for a hated rival's breaſt:
The inſtrument of jealouſy and rage,
He perpetrates for hire the crime of Cain:
On his dark viſage ſee the belliſh ſcowl;
His eye looks rapine, ſacrilege, and ſpoil.
His poniard would a prieſt aſſaſſinate
During the ſolemn ſervice for the dead;
Nay, he would ſteal the chalice from a church,
And revel in the conſecrated wine;
A veſtal virgin he wou'd violate,
And mock the ſhrieks of ruin'd innocence:
Him might a crafty Jeſuit ſafely truſt
For the premeditated murder of a king.
The bloody reign of Robeſpierre ne'er knew
So cool and bold a miniſter of death."

* * * * * *

" In youth, he pluck'd his aged father's beard, [his frown:
Laugh'd at his ſilver locks, and mock'd
To ſhew his early ſpirit, he conſign'd
The Bible of his mother to the flames;
The goſpel's ſacred leaves, in cool contempt, [death.
He ramm'd into the hollow tube of
The cold and cautious leſſons of the ſchools,
The tedious proceſs of the claſſic page,
The taſteleſs forms of dry morality,
His noble ſoul, capacious, unconfin'd,
Could never brook, but in deriſion held.
Whate'er was looſe in precept, or deſtroy'd
The ſeeds of riſing virtue, was to him
A welcome treaſure, and with rapture ſeiz'd.
A father's hoard and cultivated lands,
The honeſt gain of many an anxious hour,
Were given to luxury and wanton vice.
Full many a mortgage deed and India bond,
Exchequer bill, and *terra firma* ſcroll,
Innumerable parchments ſign'd and ſeal'd, [friends,
And duly witneſs'd by the old man's
Were to the money-lending crew tranſfer'd, [per cents.
Your premium-mongers and your cent.
And legacies from uncles, maiden aunts,
And reſidues from couſins not a few,
And ſales of tapling oaks, which twice ten years
Had hardly ſeen upon the verdant turf,
And poplars green twelve inches in the ſpan,
And twigs of elm, and aſh, and ſycamore,
All fall to ſtop a gap and ward arreſt:
All, all, ſad prodigal! with eagle wing
And rapid flight ſoon from their owner haſte
To hangers-on, to ſycophants, and cheats;
To pettifoggers, bailiffs, pimps, and bawds."

We ſhall add to the above our Author's picture of DESPAIR:

" In this drear pile, the manſion of Deſpair,
Where the aſſaſſin hides his guilty head,
And ſeeks to ſhun his conſcience and his God, [arts
Here did the hell-born fiend's inſidious
Prevail, and lure thee, Werter, to the deed:
Deſpair; terrific fiend with flaming eye,
And clotted hair, and viſage hideous;
Than whom Tartarean ſhades have none more foul;
No, not Alecto nor Tyſiphone,
Thoſe ſiſter Furies fam'd of old in ſong.
Daughter of Sin, ſhe drives her ſcythed car
By night and day thro' the devoted ſons
Of premature deſtruction. Down they fall [blade,
In mangled heaps beneath the crimſon'd
And growl a bitter curſe, and bite the duſt, [reſts,
Mown like a proſtrate ſheaf. She never
But whets again her blade with ruthleſs ſpite. [ing loud,
Yok'd to her car are blood-hounds bark-
With forked fangs, and noſtrils ſtain'd with gore;
Not Pluto's janitor is half ſo fierce,
Nor with his hundred mouths rais'd ſuch a yell [light.
When dragg'd in chains by Hercules to
See pil'd around her, in confuſed heaps,
Daggers, ſtilettos, poniards, barbed darts,

And

And ev'ry dreadful inſtrument of death,
Which the long-branded ſons of Cain can uſe,
To ſhed a brother's blood or ſpill their own.
Cloſe by her ſide ſits ſquat a wrinkled hag,
And on her lap a deleterious cup
Of wormwood, and a thouſand fetid drugs,
To ſour and vitiate the heart of man:
Suſpicion is her hated name; well known,
To many a wretch the bane of human bliſs.
See at her heels, in draggling tatter'd veſts
Beſmear'd with ſlime, which no rude blaſt can heave,
Are moping Spleen, and Calumny, and Rage,
And pining Envy, Rancour, and Remorſe:
What an aſtounding cry they raiſe! The wolf
Howls not more fierce in vaſt Siberia's waſtes;
Nor did the army, from the Caffre cliffs,
Of famiſh'd prowling beaſts make ſuch a din
Round the affrighted traveller encamp'd.
The deſarts echo forth the deaf'ning ſound,
And ſcreams reverberate from rock to rock.
The very brute creation is appall'd;
The tiger, leopard, panther of the waſte,
All flee for ſhelter to their dens and caves.
Such is thy frightful retinue, DESPAIR!"

Mr. E.'s references, direct and indirect, to the claſſic Authors, are frequent and happy: the Paradiſe Loſt, however, (that immortal honour to the Britiſh Muſe,) appears to have been moſt frequently in his mind.

The concluſion of this Poem is calculated to leave a deep impreſſion on the reader.

We are next introduced to "HOWARD" the Philanthropiſt; a ſubject which affords great ſcope for reflection, and is treated in a ſtyle of genuine pathos. The fate of the unfortunate young Emperor Ivan III. of Ruſſia, occupies nearly a third part of this poem, which is written in rhyme: the concluding reflections we have pleaſure in tranſcribing:

"Ye Great! who give to riot's crew your days,
Bury'd in Pleaſure's faſcinating maze;
Plung'd deep in ſcenes where gaiety is found,
Where mirth and wine's convivial joys abound;
Where undulating beauty leads the ball,
And ſports along the decorated hall;
Seduction's wiles and ſly Intrigue prevail,
And maſk'd Deception tells her artful tale;
Where bale Adult'ry, with her ſerpent ſmiles,
Into her net the yielding fair beguiles;
Inſtructs her to deſert a huſband's arms,
And madly riot in unhallow'd charms;
Condemns her to the bluſh of ceaſeleſs ſhame,
And gives to Infamy her tainted name;
Where half-rob'd ſyrens, with a leering eye,
And ſong of ſoul-diſſolving melody,
And whiſper ſweet as honey-ſcented breeze,
And the voluptuous couch of downy eaſe;
And kiſs, that refuſes ev'ry wild deſire,
That kindles in the ſoul tumultuous fire;
With all the wanton Cupid's luring charms,
Tempt you to feaſt "on Love's delicious harms:"
Oh! fly from tortur'd Appetite's exceſs,
And view with me the manſion of Diſtreſs!
"View with a tranſient glance (I aſk no more)
Yon grated priſon. See, the maſſy door,
Op'ning with jarring hinges, ſhews the cell,
The darkſome cavern where the wretched dwell;
Where yon poor haggard convict lies forlorn,
His mind with guilt oppreſs'd, his body worn
With galling manacles and pond'rous chains,
With ſtiff'ning cramps and agonizing pains.
No ray of light, no ſun, no moon appears,
No "*human face divine*" his boſom cheers.
Stretch'd like a lifeleſs corſe on the cold ground,
He wildly throws his ghaſtly eyes around,
Attempts a pray'r—His trembling lips deny
Their feeble aid, he only breathes a ſigh.
Already death ſeems hov'ring in the gloom,
As if prepar'd t' anticipate his doom.
And is there for this wretch no pity near?
Cannot he claim Compaſſion's lenient tear?
Does ſhe his ſuff'rings in his crime forget,
And coldly leave him to his hopeleſs fate?
Ah! no:—She hears his groans, ſhe feels his grief,
She bids a HOWARD fly to his relief:
He comes, the balm of comfort in his hand,
With "*healing in his wings*," at her command.
"From falſe, intoxicating bliſs he hies,
From Circe's charms and Bacchus' bowl he flies,

And

And ſeeks the cheerleſs dungeon of deſpair,
Where ſhrieks and diſmal yells invade the ear;
Where Famine, Miſ'ry, racking Torture reign,
And pale Diſeaſe with her malignant train;
Where the ſtern tyrant's mandate points the ſteel,
And ſickneſs blaſts the hand that ſtrives to heal:
Unheard-of goodneſs! Charity divine!
Which knows no bound, no circumſcribing line;
But in each drear receſs defies the death
Wafted from foul Contagion's noiſome breath.
See yon grim ſpectre ſtalking ſad and ſlow,
Pain, with diſtorted viſage, Grief and Woe;
See Guilt, with look averted, haſte along
Th' infected ground, and mingle in the throng.
Behold that ſqualid figure, meagre, wan,
Stretch her polluted hand o'er wretched man;
See how ſhe rears a deleterious bowl;
Her eyes with unrelenting fury roll;
Her drink of ſecret deadly herbs is made,
Of hellebore, and all the venom of the ſhade;
The Upas by her putrid breath is fann'd,
She growls a curſe and deſolates the land.
O'er the world's lengthen'd plain her courſe ſhe bends,
To the remoteſt verge her blaſt extends;
Her baleful touch lurks in the crowded tail,
Which bears to diſtant climes th' envenom'd gale.
See, Philadelphia feels her poiſon'd breath,
Her ſons inhale the peſtilential death.
The frequent hearſe now rumbles o'er the ground
To the capp'd knell, a heart-appalling ſound;
With ſilent ſtep the mourners move along,
Soon, ſoon to join the cold ſepulchral throng.
The fond embraces of a father doom
Filial affection to a yawning tomb;
In a laſt kiſs the poiſon is convey'd
Which ſends a blooming daughter to the ſhade.
The ſubtle and contaminated breeze
Swells the deep Golgotha, like Gideon's fleece:
Scarce was the dread deſtroying angel's hand
A more conſuming peſt upon the land.
Such are thy plagues, DISEASE, a bitter foe
To man, the bane of happineſs below;
Palſies and apoplexies form thy train,
And own ſubjection to thy tyrant reign;
Contagious fevers follow at thy heels,
Thy mantle pining atrophy conceals;
Inflated hydropſy, a frightful bulk,
Drags after thee his ſwoln and wat'ry hulk;
Another of thy peſts wou'd curſe the land,
Had not the healing JENNER ſeiz'd his name,
Long had man trembled at his hateful name,
Till Moſes wav'd his rod, and Jenner came.
Oh! direful fiend, with garments roll'd in blood,
Firſt dy'd in deep Avernus' duſky flood,
Thy palm is poiſon'd; thy malignant art
Taught the wild Indian where to dip his dart;
Nay, lent to Sacrilege her pois'nous aid,
And gave the monk a draft thy hands had made;
Thy miniſters the dire ingredients bring
Which plunge in ſcenes untry'd a Britiſh King *;
See how he quaffs the ſacrilegious wine
Which hurls him from an altar to a ſhrine;
Convuls'd and trembling he obeys her call,
Whilſt ruthleſs Superſtition mocks his fall;
The altar groans, the conſecrated flame
Burns pale to ſee his rack'd and tortur'd frame.
The prieſt's dark viſage ſinks into his breaſt,
Hid in a folding ſacerdotal veſt.
" How my ſoul ſhudders at the horrid crew!
And ſhrinks appall'd from the infernal view,
Yet do thy footſteps, HOWARD, undiſmay'd
Purſue theſe guilty terrors in the ſhade;
And, as the ancient meſſenger of God
Wav'd o'er th' infected hoſt the ſacred rod,
Expell'd the diſmal clouds of low'ring night,
And put the armies of Diſeaſe to flight;
So does a HOWARD, herald of his love,
Shew man on earth the wonders from above.
" Let not my Muſe forget a grateful land,
Which firſt a tribute to thy mem'ry
Which from thy modeſt worth, which ſeeks not outward glare,
Nor the vain incenſe of the world to ſhare,
But with an inward ſecret pleaſure glows,
Which from the ſource of conſcious goodneſs flows,

* King John, ſaid to have been poiſoned by a monk.

Forbade

Forbade her hand to aggrandize thy fame,
A deed which adds freſh luſtre to thy name.
Why idly plan the monumental buſt,
To ſnatch thy merit from th' oblivious duſt? [day,
The hand of Time would, each revolving
Wear its engraven characters away;
The ſculptur'd panegyric ſoon is gone,
And leaves a blank obliterated ſtone:
But thy immortal worth ſhall reach the ſkies,
Superior to the wreck of time ſhall riſe,
Beyond a Northcote's utmoſt ſkill ſhall live, [give;
And all that his moſt labour'd touch can
And though a guardian ſpirit has conveyed [ſhade,
Thy ſoul, untainted, from life's dreary
To thoſe bright manſions, thoſe ethereal plains,
Where white-rob'd Charity with Juſtice reigns;
Still ſhall the poet's tributary lyre
Inſtruct ſucceeding ages to admire,
With rapt'rous ſtring reſume thy hallow'd fame,
And to ſublimer notes attune thy name."

After having made free with ſuch copious extracts, we muſt confine ourſelves to a bare mention of the remaining poems.

"The Old Man and his ruined Daughter:" a very pathetic piece.

"On leaving Maria:" Anacreontic.

"The Kiſs." To Maria: Anacreontic. Theſe are at once ſpirited and chaſte. We cannot always ſay quite ſo much with reſpect to modern imitations of the Teian Bard.

"Monody." This appears to have been written on the death of the Author's wife; and does equal honour to his mind and her memory.

"Elegy, written under a deep Impreſſion of Melancholy." A reſumption or continuation of the train of thoughts that gave occaſion to the Monody.

We come laſtly to "A Pindaric Ode to the Genius of Britain," in eighteen energetic War Verſes; ſuch as of old Tyrtæus ſung; and we wiſh that their effects on our countrymen in the preſent conteſt with a "vaunting impious Renegade" may be equally great and good. J.

Hiſtory of the Union of the Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland; with an introductory Survey of Hibernian Affairs, traced from the Times of Celtic Coloniſation. By Charles Coote, LL.D. 8vo.

THE importance of the Union of Great Britain and Ireland affords a ſubject, the value of which is every day more and more felt and acknowledged. It is, therefore, a tranſaction of ſufficient moment to demand the pains of the hiſtorian to commemorate the circumſtances attending it, and to point out its probable benefits; and accordingly it has obtained the attention of the preſent Author, who, however, cannot be ſaid to have treated the ſubject with the copiouſneſs and minuteneſs which ſo intereſting an event demanded. A future hiſtorian who may wiſh to exercise his faculties on this momentous acceſſion of power to both countries by the Union, will not be deterred by the ground being pre-occupied by the preſent Author.

The Teſt of Union and Loyalty on the long threatened French Invaſion. Written and ſpoken by W. F. Sullivan, A. B. 8vo.

This Author, who exhibits an academical addition to his name, ſtyles himſelf alſo, "late of the Theatres Royal, Windſor, Weymouth, &c. &c. &c.;" and his performance ſeems to have made part of the entertainment at the Theatres to which he belongs. It is a laudable tribute of loyalty and patriotic zeal, and, if accompanied with humour in the delivery, muſt have added conſiderably to an evening's amuſement.

Elements of Oppoſition. 8vo.

Swift's ironical Directions to Servants, and Edwards's Canons of Criticiſm, ſeem to be the performances which the preſent Author has had in his mind in the compoſition of the work before us. It contains many palpable hits at the errors of Oppoſition, and ſome ſhrewd obſervations on their mode of attack. At a time like the preſent, we think both the ins and the outs might be better employed in attacking the enemy than annoying each other, and therefore have peruſed the preſent work, notwithſtanding its wit and ſagacity, with but little ſatisfaction.

Aſiatic

Asiatic Researches; or, Transactions of the Society instituted in Bengal, for inquiring into the History and Antiquities, the Arts, Sciences, and Literature of Asia. Volume the Seventh. Printed verbatim from the Calcutta Edition. 8vo.

A new and ample field of literature has been opened by the laudable and learned exertions of the Asiatic Society, which, we believe, originated with that excellent man and enlightened scholar Sir William Jones. With the progress of the publication, its importance evidently increases; and we with difficulty withstand the temptation of making extracts from the work. The articles, however, which would be most generally interesting, are much too long for our limits.

The different subjects of this volume are illustrated by upwards of 20 Engravings.

A Cup of Sweets that can never Cloy: or, Delightful Tales for Good Children. By a Lady. 12mo.

We must take leave to object to a part of the title of this really entertaining and useful Volume. The tales are said to be designed for *Good* Children; but, from the nature of most of them, their chief use must be, to reform the whimsical, fretful, and ill-disposed.—We will compound the matter, however, with the fair Author; and say, that they may be read by good children to bad ones, who may profit by them. The incidents are striking, though familiar; and the remarks are strictly moral and practically instructive.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

OCTOBER 22.

A Mr. Lee (a name said to be contracted from *Levi*, as *Braham* from *Abraham*) made his first appearance on the boards of Drury-lane Theatre, as *Carlos*, in the *Duenna*. His voice is of extraordinary compass, and not wanting in melody; but much practice and study will be requisite to enable him properly to manage it.—His gait and demeanour also were among the worst that have ever been witnessed on the stage. Mr. L. has performed the part a second time; but we recommend him to submit himself to the tuition of a dancing and music-master, if he wishes to render the vocal powers with which Nature has liberally endowed him acceptable to the public.

31. As suitable to the times, Shirley's tragedy of *Edward the Black Prince* was revived at Drury-lane (the Prince of Wales by Mr. *Pope*; Arnold, Mr. *Raymond*; Ribemont, Mr. *Barrymore*; and Mariana, Mrs. *Young*.) Several passages allusive to our contests with France were rapturously applauded. Previous to the Play was spoken, by Mr. Raymond, the following

NATIONAL ADDRESS.

[Written by Sir James Bland Burgess.]

To charm, instruct, and dignify the age, [the stage;
Was long th' acknowledg'd province of
When the free Muse, by fashion undebas'd, [trac'd;
Thro' Nature's range her great examples
Rescu'd desert from all-subduing time,
Stamp'd worth with glory, with dishonour crime;
And, unseduc'd from virtue's sacred laws,
Disdain'd by ribaldry to seek applause.
Such were the themes which once true genius fir'd, [inspir'd;
Which Britain's sons, with patriot zeal,
When, as their fathers' valour was rehears'd,
O'er ev'ry soul congenial ardour burst;
And, while they crown'd the Bard with just applause, [cause.
They grew enthusiasts in their country's
Such are the themes which now attention claim, [ward's fame;
The field of Poictiers, and young Ed-
When England's harass'd, but determin'd host, [boast,
Uncheck'd by toils, unaw'd by Gallia's
The shock of countless multitudes withstood; [blood,
When, as each sword was dy'd in hostile
England's triumphant genius soar'd on high,
And led her daring bands to victory.
Since, ere the recent wounds of war are heal'd,
Gallia's stern tyrant dares us to the field;
Let this proud record ev'ry feeling nerve,
And teach us new distinctions to deserve.

While Creſſy, Poictiers, Agincourt, proclaim [ſhame,
Our ancient proweſs, and our foeman's
Acre, Lincelles, and Egypt's bloody plain,
Prove, in their ſons their virtues bloom again.
When, fairly pitted in the tented field,
To Gallic force did Britiſh valour yield?
When, if our gallant tars they dar'd to face, [grace?
Did conqueſt's meed their puny efforts
And ſhall we now, tho' on their adverſe coaſt [hoſt,
Drawn out in arms appears their ſavage
Inflam'd by vengeance, av'rice, hate, and luſt—
Shall we our own reſources dread to truſt?
No! while our hands the patriot ſword can rear,
While ev'ry Briton is a Volunteer,
We'll circle round our altars and our throne, [own.
And prove our fathers' virtues are our
Like them, our hearts with honeſt zeal expand, [land;
We love, and can defend, our native
Like their's, our Monarch is his people's friend,
He too has ſons our Iſland to defend;
And whether on the coaſts of faithleſs France, [vance;
To check a deſpot's rage our hoſts ad-
Or, our own laws and liberties to ſave,
On England's ſhores his mad attack we brave;
Let us our great forefathers' worth recall,
Reſolv'd to triumph, or like men to fall.

NOV. 1. A new Opera, called, "THE WIFE OF TWO HUSBANDS," was preſented at Drury-lane Theatre. The following are the *Dramatis Perſonæ*:

Count Belſior	Mr. H. JOHNSTON.
Maurice (Baron Werner)	Mr. WROUGHTON.
Theodore	Miſs DE CAMP.
Montenero	Mr. KELLY.
Armagh	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Carronade	Mr. BANNISTER, jun.
Fritz	Mr. CAULFIELD.
The Counteſs Belſior	Mrs. POWELL.
Eugenia	Mrs. MOUNTAIN.
Ninetta	Mrs. BLAND.
Roſalie	Miſs TYRER.
Banditti, Peaſants, &c.	

The ſcene is in Sicily.

The daughter of Baron Werner, a young lady of fifteen, had been entrapped into a marriage with Iſidore Fritz, a youth of profligate habits and deſperate fortune, by whom ſhe had a ſon called Theodore. Her father, Baron Werner, incenſed at her imprudence, quits her indignantly. Fritz, having ſoon diſſipated the portion of his wife, contrives, by forged letters, to delude her into a belief of his death, with the diabolical expectation of her marrying a ſecond huſband, from whom he may be enabled to extort money. This ſucceeds: believing herſelf releaſed from the tyranny of Fritz, ſhe is united to the Count Belfior, and retires with him to his eſtate in *Sicily*; carrying with her at the ſame time, her father, whom ſhe had diſcovered as the blind peaſant Maurice, and whom, without being acknowledged as his daughter, ſhe places in a cottage near her own reſidence. Fritz, in the proſecution of his deſign, comes to the Caſtle, diſcloſes himſelf to his ſon Theodore, is ſeen by the Counteſs (who faints at the ſight of him), and demands reparation from the Count: but, being recognized by Serjeant Armagh as a deſerter from the Auſtrian ſervice, is hurried away as a priſoner to the weſtern tower, whence he is releaſed by a party of banditti, with whom he had connected himſelf. He is afterwards retaken, and doomed to death; but, moved by the interceſſion of Theodore, the Count conſents to mitigate his ſentence into baniſhment; and for that purpoſe orders Carronade, an Engliſh tailor in his ſervice, to bring him in the night into the foreſt near the Caſtle, in order that he may depart unnoticed. The treacherous villain, unmoved by this generoſity, places behind a tree his accomplice Walter, with inſtructions to ſtab the ſecond man who ſhall paſs it. This ſcheme is overheard by Carronade, who contrives, while Fritz is preceding the Count, to walk before him. Thus Fritz, being the ſecond, receives in his heart the dagger of his companion; and Baron Werner, informed of his death, pardons his repentant daughter, who, being no longer the "*Wife* of Two Huſbands," devotes the remainder of her days to her father, Theodore, and the Count.

This Drama is a tranſlation (with alterations) from one bearing a ſimilar title in French, which has had a conſiderable run at Paris; and the verſion, we underſtand, is by Mr. Cobb. Its ſerious parts are highly intereſting, and lay a very powerful hold upon the paſſions. The Counteſs excites much ſympathy. From an offence, venial at ſo early an age, ſhe is brought into circumſtances the moſt embarraſſing and horrible—diſowned by

by her aged father; in danger of being conſidered by the Count as an artful diſſembler; about to be expoſed to the world as a woman of infamous reputation; and on the point of falling again into the hands of the wretch who had firſt ſeduced her from her home, and had been the cauſe of all her ſubſequent miſfortunes. Such virtue, we conclude, cannot meet with ſuch a fate; but no way appears in which ſhe can be relieved from her difficulties and reſtored to tranquillity. Suſpenſe is kept alive till the denouement arrives, which is quite credible, at the ſame time that it is unexpected. By the order of Providence, vice works its own puniſhment, and Fritz falls by the poniard which he had prepared againſt the boſom of another.

Of the ſcenery it is ſcarcely poſſible to ſpeak too highly; it exhibited all the richneſs and grandeur of Sicilian landſcape, with flames and ſmoke iſſuing from the crater of Mount Ætna. The dreſſes are appropriate and magnificent. The muſic is pleaſing, though ſomewhat deficient in popular melodies: the overture, in particular, is admirable.

Of the performance we muſt ſpeak in ſtrong terms of commendation. Mrs. Powell, as the "Wife," ſeized the analogous traits of Mrs. Haller and Iſabella, and made them her own. Miſs De Camp too attracted a great ſhare of attention. She repreſented the Counteſs's ſon, a fine ſprightly youth of about fifteen. This is a part very like *Julio*, in *Deaf and Dumb*. Banniſter, the Johnſtones, Wroughton, and Caulfield, alſo exerted their powers with very good effect.

The piece was given out again without a diſſenting voice, and has been ſeveral times repeated.

2. At Covent Garden, the After-piece of *Arthur and Emmeline* [from Dryden's King Arthur] was revived with great pomp and ſplendour; Arthur, Mr. *C Kemble*; and Emmeline, Mrs. *H. Siddons*. With Purcell's muſic, charming ſcenery, and the natural and affecting performance of the heroine the piece could not fail of producing abundant applauſe. The characters, however, were well ſupported throughout.

5. A new Farce, entitled, "RAISING THE WIND," was performed at Covent Garden, for the firſt time: the principal characters of which were repreſented as follow;

Diddler	Mr. LEWIS.
Plainway	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Fainwou'd	Mr. SIMMONS.
Sam (a Yorkſhire Waiter)	Mr. EMERY.
Miſs Durable (an Old Maid)	Mrs. DAVENPORT.
Peggy (Plainway's Daughter)	Mrs. BEVERLEY.

Diddler, a needy adventurer, captivates Peggy Plainway at Bath, under the romantic name of Mortimer; but ſhe having ſuddenly quitted the place, and her letters, on account of the feigned name, never having reached him, their connexion is ſuſpended. The ſcene lies in a country town. On the opening of the Piece, Diddler is vainly endeavouring to get a breakfaſt at an inn, where nobody will truſt him. He finds that a rich old fellow has lately come to live in the neighbourhood, with a pretty daughter, to whom he reſolves to make love; but, unacquainted with her name, he writes a letter, addreſſed—"To the beautiful maid at the foot of the hill." This letter is delivered by miſtake to Miſs Durable, an amorous old maid, by Sam, a clowniſh waiter, to whom Diddler, being near-ſighted, points her out at a window as the young lady. Finding it favourably received, he enters the houſe as Sam comes out, and determines to throw himſelf at her feet. The ſudden arrival of Fainwou'd, a young cockney, whom he had breakfaſted with at the Inn, and borrowed money of, obliges him to hide himſelf, when he overhears that he is in the houſe of Old Plainway, and finds that Fainwou'd (a ſtranger to the family), by an arrangement with his father, is come to marry Peggy. He then introduces himſelf to Fainwou'd as Plainway's Nephew, and, pretending not to know who he is, tells him a ſtory of Plainway's having altered his mind, and promiſed his daughter to another. Fainwou'd quits the houſe in a rage, and dropping his letter of introduction, Diddler makes uſe of it, and paſſes for him. Much whimſical dilemma then follows between him and the ladies. The ſecond arrival of Fainwou'd, to demand ſatisfaction of Plainway, clears up the myſtery; and Diddler juſt receiving intelligence of the death of an uncle, who had left him a fortune, he reſolves to mend his way of life, and is united to Peggy.

Such is the ſtory of the piece, which is well calculated, from its many comic ſituations, and the playfulneſs of its ſatire,

ſatire, to produce a hearty laugh at the expenſe of ſuch adventurers as exiſt by their ingenuity and addreſs. Upon Diddler, a young man abſolutely reduced to the want of money and clothes, depends the chief intereſt of the piece; this character is performed by Mr. Lewis with a vivacity and humour that convulſe the audience with laughter; and the farce, ſupported by his verſatility, promiſes to prove highly attractive, not only for the preſent. but for future ſeaſons. Emery's Sam is, like all his Yorkſhiremen, a finiſhed performance.

This entertainment is underſtood to be the firſt dramatic production of a Mr. Kemney; and has been ſeveral times repeated with unuſual applauſe.

12. At Covent Garden Theatre was preſented a new Comedy, called, "THE THREE PER CENTS.," written by Mr. Reynolds. The characters were as follow:

Sandy M'Tack	Mr. COOKE.
Jerry M'Tack	Mr. FAWCETT.
Sir Peter Proffer	Mr. MUNDEN.
Colonel Dorimant	Mr. C. KEMBLE.
Major Seymour	Mr. MURRAY.
Pallet	Mr. SIMMONS.
Witling	Mr. FARLEY.
Mrs. Splendour	Miſs MARRIOT.
Roſalie	Mrs. H. SIDDONS.
Lady Delamere	Mrs. GIBBS.

The ſcene is laid in London; and the following is an outline of the Fable:—Before the commencement of the Play, the aunt of Dorimant dies, leaving a will behind her, in which there is the following ſingular clauſe:—"So convinced am I of the bleſſings of matrimony, and its moral advantages, to young people in particular, that I give and bequeath all my Three per Cent. Conſols to my nephew Edward Dorimant, provided he marries within one twelvemonth from the day of my deceaſe (ſhe died Nov. 13, 1802.); but if in that period he neglects to take a wife, I then give my ſaid Three per Cents. to my other nephew, John Witling."

Witling, anxious to prevent Dorimant's marriage, and thereby ſecure the property, enters into a confederacy with Sir Peter Proffer, the Guardian of Roſalie, (a Swiſs Emigrant, who is betrothed to Dorimant, and is to marry him on his arival from Paris).—Dorimant is detained there by illneſs; and Roſalie, impoſed on and menaced by her Guardian, is at length perſuaded to write to Dorimant on his arrival, that in conſequence of his neglect and falſehood, ſhe has yielded to Sir Peter's intreaties, and married Witling.

In the mean time, the year allowed by the will is expiring,—only three days remain; and Lady Delamere, the ſiſter and benefactreſs of Dorimant, being reduced to ruin by the love of gaming, he has no other mode of ſaving her, than by marrying directly. The wife he ſelects is Mrs. Splendour; and Roſalie and Dorimant are apparently for ever parted; when they are extricated from their difficulties by the arrival of the Scotch Blackſmith from Gretna Green, who proves that Witling is not the huſband of Roſalie, and that Mrs. Splendour is the forſaken wife of Sir Peter Proffer; thus diſſolving one marriage, and eſtabliſhing another—And in the end, ſecuring to Dorimant the *Three per Cents.* by bringing about an union between him and Roſalie.

This Comedy had much of the whim and ſatire of Mr. Reynolds's former productions; but the ſcenes and characters were deficient in coheſion and conſiſtency.—As it was withdrawn after the firſt night, in conſequence of the diſapprobation expreſſed by ſeveral voices, we ſhall only add, that in our opinion the piece might have been eaſily amended; that the oppoſition to it appeared to be in many inſtances wanton and unprovoked; and that Mr. Reynolds was perhaps too haſty in wholly withdrawing it.

The Play was followed by the Muſical Entertainment of *Paul and Virginia*, to introduce a Mrs. CRESSWELL (from the Dublin Theatre) in the character of Virginia. This Lady has an intereſting countenance, and a pleaſing voice; and will be found very uſeful both as an actreſs and a ſinger.

On the ſame evening was produced, at Drury-lane Theatre, a Farce, called, "SCAPIN IN MASQUERADE:" being a *tranſlation*, with ſome ſlight variations, from a *French piece*, in three acts, entitled "*Criſpin Duegne*," written by the elder Segur for the late Empreſs of Ruſſia, before whom it was performed ſeveral times with applauſe. There appears, however, to be ſome difference between the taſtes of Peterſburg and London; and this production, which ſo much pleaſed in the former capital, had no charms for a Britiſh audience.

It was a frivolous plot of an old amorous guardian being tricked of his ward by the valet of her younger lover; but the

the manners and humour were trite and obſolete, and the piece was deſervedly hiſſed off the ſtage.

The circumſtance has been remarked as rather ſingular, that at each Theatre a new piece ſhould have been condemned on the ſame evening.

16. A Mr. BYRNE made his debût at Covent Garden, as *Cheerly*, in *Lock and Key* (a part hitherto aſſigned to Incledon).—We found, however, little likelihood in him to *eclipſe* his predeceſſor, and have not heard of him ſince.

19. At Drury-lane, a new Comedy, entitled, "HEARTS OF OAK," was brought out, for the firſt time. It is from the pen of Mr. ALLINGHAM, author of the popular and ſucceſsful Comedy called *The Marriage Promiſe*, and the Farce of *Fortune's Frolic*. The following are the *Dramatis Perſonæ*, and a ſketch of the plot:—

Ardent	Mr. DOWTON.
Dorland	Mr. POPE.
Tobias Ten per Cent.	Mr. BANNISTER, jun.
Edward	Mr. DE CAMP.
Philip	Mr. HOLLAND.
Joe	Mr. COLLINS.
Brian O'Bradly	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Gerald	Mr. COOKE.
Eliza	Mrs. POWELL.
Laura	Mrs. H. JOHNSTON.
Fanny	Mrs. HARLOWE.
Mrs. Amelia O'Bradly	Mrs. SPARKS.

Dorland had lived happily with his wife Eliza, till he was ſuddenly ſtruck with the paſſion of jealouſy. He obſerved her in the arms of another man; and, without ſtopping to make any inquiries, ſet out for the Eaſt Indies, a voluntary exile from his country. He placed his infant daughter under the protection of his friend Mr. Ardent, who brings her up as his own child. Eliza finds an aſylum in the cottage of Brien O'Bradly, a kind-hearted Iriſhman. Seventeen years are taken to have paſſed away before the action begins. Laura was now in the bloom of beauty. Her lover is Philip, an accompliſhed youth, who had been taken into the family to teach her to draw. We have another young lady, Miſs Fanny, the real daughter of Mr. Ardent. She had been educated in a very different ſtile from her ſuppoſed ſiſter. Inſtead of living in ſplendour, and being attended by the firſt maſters, ſhe is boarded with her uncle, an illiterate farmer. In this ſeclusion ſhe had ſeen Edward, Philip's brother, and had conceived an attachment for him. Theſe two young men are the ſons of a broker who had gained a great reputation in Duke's place, for his dexterity in making *bargains*. On the morning of the day ſo eventful to all thoſe perſonages, there was nothing to indicate that it would not paſs away like thoſe that had preceded it, leaving ſome of them in miſery and the reſt in ſuſpence. But by means of a miniature picture, Eliza becomes acquainted with Mr. Ardent, and afterwards diſcovers her daughter. O'Bradly being reduced to great poverty, ſhe finds it neceſſary to part with this precious trinket to purchaſe the family ſome proviſions. It comes ſomehow into the hands of Mr. Ardent. He finds the face to be a likeneſs of Dorland, and is thrown into the greateſt amazement. From O'Bradly, who runs in ſearch of it, he learns to whom it had belonged. He has an interview with Eliza, and ſhe confeſſes that ſhe is the wife of his friend. Being convinced of her innocence, he does not heſitate to make Laura and her known to each other. In the mean time Dorland has returned to England, and it ſo happens that he reaches Ardent's houſe this very forenoon. He aſſumes the diſguiſe of a Turk. He teſtifies the warmeſt affection for his daughter, but ſpurns the idea of being reconciled to his wife. At laſt Ardent contrives a meeting between them. She is aſked to give an account of the myſterious manner in which her huſband had deſerted her. She relates, that her brother, being then on that Coaſt, came from his ſhip to viſit her, and that Dorland ſeeing them together had fled and had never more been heard of. Dorland is ſtruck with remorſe, diſcovers himſelf, and ſues for pardon. While they are ſtill kneeling and weeping, Edward and Fanny come in from church where they had been united by the parſon; and that there may be no diſcontent on ſo joyous an occaſion, Philip is made happy with Laura.

Such is the groundwork of the plot. The ſerious parts of the drama excite much intereſt, and are, in ſome of the ſcenes, well managed; but the comic parts are of an inferior deſcription. Any man but Johnſtone would have ſunk under the weight of his part; he is deſcribed as a benevolent Iriſhman; but his blunders are too obvious and artificial, and his ſtories inſufferably tedious. The ſtory of Dorland too, who flies from his country

and friends in conſequence of one ſuſpicious glance, borders on the improbable. The character of Ten per Cent. has much coarſe wit, with very little that is comic. He is a great purchaſer of bargains, from houſes and jewels, to gridirons, ſaucepans, and ſides of bacon. All that is humorous in the character, however, conſiſts in the frequent repetition of the expreſſion, "*It's a bargain—a bargain.*"

The ſlenderneſs of the plot, the deficiency of incident, and the want of novelty in the characters, are not atoned for by vigorous dialogue, brilliant repartees, happy remarks, or ſtrong humour. The audience is never ſurpriſed by any ſparkling ſally, or any felicitous alluſion. There is a rapidity or abruptneſs in the denouement, which arrives before the feelings of the audience have been properly prepared and excited; and the introduction of the daughter, after the reconciliation of the parents, is awkward and embarraſſing.

We are thus free in our remarks, becauſe Mr. Allingham has formerly given ſtrong proofs of dramatic talent, and ſhould not therefore riſk his fame on a haſty production.

All that could be done for the piece by the actors was amply done. Banniſter made more of the character of Ten per Cent. than any other actor could have done. Dowton was admirable in Ardent; and even O'Bradly was intereſting in the hands of Johnſtone. Pope's character is not vigorouſly drawn, but was well acted. Mrs. Powell was intereſting in Eliza; and Mrs. H. Johnſton and Mrs. Harlowe did as much as they could for Laura and Fanny.

A Prologue was ſpoken by Mr. De Camp; and the Epilogue, which was ſtrenuouſly delivered by Mrs. Anſell, contained ſeveral patriotic alluſions to the ſituation of the country, eager to contend with, and triumph over, the perfidy of her ſanguinary and rapacious enemy.

There was a conſiderable ſtruggle when the piece was announced by Mr. Banniſter for repetition; but at length "the *Ayes* had it," by a decided majority.

Why the Comedy was called "*Hearts of Oak*" appears difficult to ſay. As a popular title it might be expected to have its uſe; but its applicability to any part of the piece we did not diſcover.

POETRY.

THE RETURN TO SCHOOL.

AURORA's golden beams appear,
And gaily light the chamber round,
But not as they were wont to cheer
Three youths, juſt woke from ſleep profound,
To all the horrors of the day
That bears them far from home away.

Too punctual Sarah baniſh'd ſleep,
And all its ſoft compoſing train,
Soon as the day began to peep,
And farther hope of reſt is vain:
The chaiſe arriv'd, the horſes wait,
And ſchool-boys muſt ſubmit to fate.

Slowly and ſilently they dreſs;
No gay remark the lip eſcapes;
Nor is it difficult to gueſs
How fancy, in a thouſand ſhapes,
Home's gladſome ſcenes preſents to view,
And ſickens at the near adieu.

Around the breakfaſt table ſee
A mournful groupe at length appear:
One ſiſter pours the fragrant tea,
While all ſcarce hide the ſtarting tear:
But tea, nor butter'd toaſt, inſpire
Hunger's ſharp pang, or raiſe deſire.

Nor let faſtidious minds condemn
The ſorrows of that trying hour;
Tho' 'tis fair Science beckons them
Back to her academic bower,
Nature's warm feelings ever ſpeak
Louder than Latin or than Greek.

Swift fly the moments, 'till, at length,
The laſt, the parting one, appears;
Now, parents, ſummon all your ſtrength,
And veil in ſmiles the pang that tears:
And thus on weaker minds beſtow
An eaſe yourſelves can ſcarcely know.

The haſty kiſs, th' affected ſmile,
The firmneſs, feign'd where leaſt 'tis felt:
(The ſervants gather'd round the while,
Whoſe colder boſoms ſeem to melt:)
All theſe th' attentive Muſe has ſeen
Complete the intereſting ſcene.

Nor bluſh, ye darling youths, to own
The ſoft emotions of the heart,
Ere yet the world, familiar grown,
Its cold indifference impart:
The pang that wounds at each adieu
Moſt flattering is to us and you.

G. C.

SONNET,

SONNET,

Suppoſed to be written from a Girl to her Seducer, who was going abroad.

BY ROBERT JONES.

LEAVE me not here, the melancholy hours
Of thy ſojourn to tell; if thou muſt go,
May I thy fortune—both thy joy and woe
Participate—let the big tear, that pours
Adown this cheek, with melting eloquence,
Subdue thy ſoul.—Oh! pity my weakneſs,
For I do love thee ſo, that if diſtreſs
Were with her direſt ills to rack each ſenſe,
Yet, cheer'd by thee, I ſhould be bleſt.
Thou waſt always wont by tendereſt names
To call me—aye, waſt wont to ſay,
Of pureſt love dwelt in thy breaſt—that bliſs
Was only to be found in her—now that poor ſlave,
Who, from thy cold neglect, is haſtening to the grave.

Lodge, near Bala, Merioneth-ſhire, October 1803.

SONG.

TUNE—*Oh! ſay, bonny laſs, will you lie in a Barrack?*

OH! ſay, pretty maid, a young Tar will you marry,
Whoſe heart, tho' abroad, will ſecure you with you tarry?
Tho' duty ſhould call me in ſorrow to leave thee,
My love ſhould remain, for I'd ſcorn to deceive thee.

Nor think that my abſence would damp my affection,
Thy beauty and virtue ſhould be my protection;
Secure in thy favour, my heart would adore thee,
'Till ſafe to my true-love kind Heaven might reſtore me.

Should the gales of proſperity blow full upon me,
And bleſs my endeavours with ſucceſs while from thee;
No falſe ſmiles of fortune again ſhould allure me,
But, moor'd in thy boſom, I'd ſhelter ſecurely.

Then ſay, faireſt damſel, why ſhould you thus tarry,
Since 'tis the fond wiſh of all women to marry?

Your beauty's not laſting, your charms are faſt fading;
While love then entreats you, remain not a maiden.

May 1803. B. N.

ANACREONTIC.

TO THE BUTTERFLY.

FLUTT'RING inſect! child of Spring,
Spread thy painted ſilken wing,
Spread it wide, and gaily play
In Aurora's cheering ray.
Let me trace thy brilliant hues,
Beauteous reds, and ſoft'ning blues,
Green of emerald ſparkling bright,
Next a diamond to the ſight.
Let me ſee thy little eye
Revel ev'ry flow'ret nigh:
Where yon wanton zephyr blows,
Mark the bluſhes of the roſe,
See, ſhe courts thee—Come, ſhe cries,
And ſip the ſweet ambroſial prize.
Haſte, then, to her banquet haſte,
Pleaſe thine eye, and greet thy taſte.
Ponder o'er her lovely charms,
Claſp her fondly in thy arms.
Chaſte her kiſſes—bliſs be thine,
Die in ecſtaſy divine.
For ſhort's the pleaſure in thy power,
Th' art but the pageant of an hour.

J—— B——N.

Liverpool, Oct. 6, 1803.

SONNET,

Suppoſed to be written by Mary, Queen of Scots, at the Moment of Departure from France.

YE vine-crown'd hills! and panſey-robed plain!
Thou cryſtal ſtream, and eglantined bow'r,
Where once I ſat, to wreathe each blooming flow'r,
And oft have ſung my ſoft infantine ſtrain,
Naught of your tranſports now to me remain;
For, ah! we part—this, this the deſtin'd hour,
That I muſt quit my much beloved ſhore,
And huſh with pride Grief's ſpirit-wounding pain.
Yes, yes! yon bark, which rides the foaming tide,
Now bids me leave each friend and kindred dear,
Alas! but waits this trembling frame to bear
O'er the drear waſte of waters, blue and wide.
O! come then, France, receive my parting tear,
For midſt thy groves my thoughts will e'er abide.

J—— B——N.

Liverpool, Nov. 4, 1803.

SONNET

SONNET TO MR. BOWLES.

ON READING HIS TWO VOLUMES OF SONNETS AND OTHER POEMS.

BY T. SHORT SMITH.

BARD of the penſive ſong, whoſe ſweet-ſtrung lyre [tones;
Each melting ſoftneſs joins to richeſt
Struck from the chords of true poetic fire,
Thy ſovereign melody each boſom owns.

Clothing with inſpir'd mantle every thought, [Pity's wail,
To Grief's ſad ear thou pour'ſt ſoft
Like yonder bird, with tendereſt muſic fraught, [the nightingale.
Chauntreſs of Spring's green woods,

To ſome lone wretch, who droops 'neath miſery's wing, [ſtatic flow,
O Bowles! 'tis thine, whoſe notes ec-
A ſoothing requiem to his ſoul to ſing,
Planting Hope's roſe-bud on the thorn of woe:

Whilſt to his heart thou giv'ſt, without alloy, [joy.
Olive-crown'd peace, and lily-boſom'd

Little St. Thomas Apoſtles.

ON SEEING A YOUNG LADY DRESSED IN THE EXTREME OF FASHION.

BY A LADY.

IF thou canſt boaſt no other friend
To ſay, that, by thy dreſs,
Thou delicacy doſt offend,
And modeſty diſtreſs;

Then I'll no longer ſcruple to reveal,
What you muſt know is right,
That you'd be pretty and genteel,
But make yourſelf a fright.

I can be faſhionably gay,
And not excite diſguſt;
Yet, ſhould I learn of you the way,
I fear, like you, I muſt.

No longer in extremes, my fair,
Let your fine form be clad,
Or, ſure, your friends will all declare
You muſt be blind or mad.

At my advice pray do not ſcoff,
Nor let me write in vain;
Put cloathing on, throw wadding off,
And be yourſelf again.

M. M.

JOURNAL OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE SECOND SESSION OF THE SECOND PARLIAMENT OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

TUESDAY, NOV. 22.

HIS Majeſty having proceeded from St. James's in the uſual ſtate, entered the Houſe of Lords about three o'clock. Being ſeated on the Throne, and the Commons in attendance below the bar, he delivered the following moſt gracious Speech:—

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"Since I laſt met you in Parliament it has been my chief object to carry into effect thoſe meaſures which your wiſdom had adopted for the defence of the United Kingdom, and for the vigorous proſecution of the war. In theſe preparations I have been ſeconded by the voluntary exertions of all ranks of my people, in a manner that has, if poſſible, ſtrengthened their claims to my confidence and affection: they have proved that the menaces of the enemy have only ſerved to rouſe their native and hereditary ſpirit; and that all other conſiderations are loſt in a general diſpoſition to make thoſe efforts and ſacrifices which the honour and ſafety of the Kingdom demand at this important and critical conjuncture.

"Though my attention has principally been directed to the great object of internal ſecurity, no opportunity has been loſt of making an impreſſion on the foreign poſſeſſions of the enemy: the iſlands of St. Lucia, of Tobago, of St. Pierre, and Miquelon, and the ſettlements of Demerara and Eſſequibo, have ſurrendered to the Britiſh arms. In the conduct of the operations, by which thoſe valuable acquiſitions have been made, the utmoſt promptitude and zeal have been diſplayed by the officers employed on thoſe ſervices, and by my forces acting under their command, by ſea and land.

"In Ireland, the leaders, and ſeveral inferior agents, in the late traitorous and atrocious conſpiracy, have been brought to juſtice; and the public tranquillity has experienced no further interruption. I indulge the hope, that ſuch of my deluded ſubjects as have ſwerved from their allegiance, are now convinced of their error; and that, having compared the advantages they

they derive from the protection of a free Conſtitution, with the condition of thoſe countries which are under the dominion of the French Government, they will cordially and zealouſly concur in reſiſting any attempt which may be made againſt the ſecurity and independence of my United Kingdom.

" *Gentlemen of the Houſe of Commons,*

" I have a perfect reliance on your public ſpirit for making ſuch proviſion as may be neceſſary for the ſervice of the year. The progreſſive improvement of the revenue cannot fail to encourage you to perſevere in the ſyſtem which has been adopted, of defraying the expenſes of the war, with as little addition as poſſible to the public debt and to the permanent burthen of the ſtate.

" I lament the heavy preſſure which, under the preſent circumſtances, muſt unavoidably be experienced by My People; but I am perſuaded that they will meet it with the good ſenſe and fortitude which ſo eminently diſtinguiſh their character, under a conviction of the indiſpenſable importance of upholding the dignity, and of providing effectually for the ſafety of the Empire.

" *My Lords and Gentlemen,*

" I have concluded a convention with the King of Sweden, for the purpoſe of adjuſting all the differences which have ariſen on the ſubject of the Eleventh Article of the Treaty of 1661. I have directed that a copy of this convention ſhould be laid before you; and you will, I truſt, be of opinion that the arrangement, whilſt it upholds our maritime rights, is founded on thoſe principles of reciprocal advantage which are beſt calculated to maintain and improve the good underſtanding which happily ſubſiſts between the two countries.

" In the proſecution of the conteſt in which we are engaged, it ſhall be, as it has ever been, my firſt object to execute, as becomes me, the great truſt committed to my charge. Embarked with my brave and loyal people in one common cauſe, it is my fixed determination, if the occaſion ſhould ariſe, to ſhare their exertions and their dangers in the defence of our conſtitution, our religion, our laws, and independence. To the activity and valour of my fleets and armies, to the zeal and unconquerable ſpirit of my faithful ſubjects, I confide the honour of my crown, and all thoſe valuable intereſts which are involved in the iſſue of this momentous conteſt.

" Animated by theſe ſentiments, and humbly imploring the bleſſing of Divine Providence, I look forward with a firm conviction, that if, contrary to all juſt expectation, the enemy ſhould elude the vigilance of my numerous fleets and cruizers, and attempt to execute their preſumptuous threat of invading our coaſts, the conſequence will be to them diſcomfiture, confuſion, and diſgrace; and that ours will not only be the glory of ſurmounting preſent difficulties, and repelling immediate danger, but the ſolid and permanent advantage of fixing the ſafety and independence of the kingdom on the baſis of acknowledged ſtrength, the reſult of its own tried energy and reſources."

His Majeſty having then retired,

Lord Hawkeſbury was introduced with the accuſtomed formalities, and took the oaths and his ſeat. His Lordſhip's ſupporters were Lord Auckland and Lord Hobart.—Immediately after this proceeding, the Houſe was adjourned during pleaſure.

At half paſt four, the Lord Chancellor returned his ſeat on the Woolſack, and his Majeſty's ſpeech being firſt read by his Lordſhip, and then by the clerk at the table,

The Marquis of Sligo ſaid, conſidering the preſent ſtate of the country, and the unanimity which prevailed among all claſſes of men, upon the principal ſubjects alluded to in his Majeſty's ſpeech, he could not anticipate any difference of opinion as to the language in which their Lordſhips ſhould addreſs his Majeſty in reply to it. He would therefore only briefly touch upon its leading topics. The firſt conſideration which preſented itſelf, was the admirable ſyſtem which had been concerted for the internal defence of the kingdom. In this reſpect, the country exhibited a ſpectacle truly novel—that of a whole nation armed, not from the impulſe of a revolutionary furor—not from any falſe principle of military glory, ſtimulating them to aggreſſion againſt unoffending neighbouring ſtates—not from the fouler motives of rapacity and plunder—but armed for the ſole purpoſe of repelling unprovoked hoſtility, and in defence of its " conſtitution, religion, laws, and independence." But while the attention of his Majeſty's Government had been thus directed, in the firſt inſtance, to the means of providing for our internal ſafety, the various important conqueſts enumerated in his Majeſty's ſpeech, proved that their attention

had been, at an earlier period than could be paralleled in any former war, directed to meaſures of offenſive warfare. Thoſe conqueſts were doubly valuable to this country, inaſmuch as they not only made an important increaſe to our commercial reſources; but at the ſame time deprived the enemy of all hope of poſſeſſing any permanent naval force while they remained in our poſſeſſion. While this important object was achieved, at the very commencement of this war care had been taken to block up the ſhattered relicks of their navy, which had eſcaped deſtruction in the late war. One of their principal ports was vigilantly blockaded by a Noble Lord, whoſe valour had been deſervedly rewarded with a ſeat in that Houſe; and another by an Admiral whoſe ſkill and gallantry had frequently conducted Britiſh ſeamen to victory. With reſpect to the ſituation of Ireland, he could ſpeak of it from perſonal and local experience, having been reſident there for ſome time before and after the breaking out of the late conſpiracy; and his unqualified praiſe was juſtly due to the Government of that part of the United Kingdom, not only for their vigilance in detecting that conſpiracy, but for that fortitude and ſound diſcretion which led them, in puniſhing the conſpirators, to temper judgment with mercy, and to preſerve the tranquillity of the country, by reſorting only to the ordinary operation of the law. The terms of the Convention with Sweden were ſuch as called for his decided approbation. From all that he had read or ſeen, he conceived, that thoſe Treaties were moſt likely to be permanent which were reciprocally advantageous to the Contracting Parties. Of this deſcription was the Convention with Sweden. While it provided for every thing eſſential to the maintenance of our naval greatneſs, it ſhewed a juſt reſpect to the rights of an independent nation. The determination expreſſed by his Majeſty, of participating in the common exertions and dangers of his people, ſhould the enemy land upon our ſhores, muſt warm every Britiſh heart, and nerve every Britiſh arm. It was a reſolution truly worthy of a Britiſh Sovereign. Its effects would not be confined to the preſent day, but be felt long after. Should it pleaſe the Almighty to remove his preſent gracious Majeſty to the regions of bliſs, its example would animate and influence the conduct of his Royal Succeſſors. His Lordſhip concluded with moving an Addreſs of Thanks, which was, as uſual, an echo of the Speech.

The Earl of Limeric roſe to ſecond the Addreſs juſt moved. He ſaid, whatever partialities might prevail for one ſet of Miniſters in preference to another, he conceived there could be but one opinion as to the meaſures alluded to in his Majeſty's Speech. The Miniſters had prudently given their firſt attention to the means of internal defence: and now they could, with perfect ſafety, enter upon meaſures of external attack. Britain could now boaſt of having 500,000 men in arms. The arming of ſo immenſe a body, in ſo ſhort a ſpace of time, was a work of great difficulty, and was of itſelf a ſufficient proof of the zeal and activity of his Majeſty's Miniſters. Thus prepared, we were not only enabled to deſpiſe, with a well founded confidence, the graſconading threats of the enemy; but he truſted it would ſpeedily appear that we had the means of making the Deſpot of France tremble on his uſurped throne. The taliſman of his influence would then be diſſolved; and the nations which had ſo long groaned under his deſpotic dominion would once more taſte the bleſſings of independence. With reſpect to Ireland, he highly approved of the meaſures which had been purſued for the ſuppreſſion of rebellion in that country. His Lordſhip paſſed ſome well merited compliments on the ardour and effective diſcipline of the Iriſh Volunteers; but at the ſame time took occaſion to regret that the ſyſtem which he ſuggeſted in the courſe of the laſt ſeſſion, of making the ſervices of the militia general for every part of the United Kingdom, had not been adopted. The convention with Sweden would certainly meet with the approbation of Parliament and the Country. By it a queſtion of ſufficient importance to diſtract our attention, and, in ſome meaſure, to paralyze our efforts, in the two laſt wars in which we were engaged, was for ever put to reſt. High as the enthuſiaſm of all claſſes of the people was, in the defence of every thing that was dear to them, he could not but anticipate that it would be wound up to a ſtill higher pitch by the generous reſolution which his Majeſty had expreſſed, of ſharing in all their exertions, and in all their dangers. The whole nation would ruſh, as one man, to his ſtandard in the hour of danger, and hazard every thing to protect a Sovereign who had thus proclaimed his intention of making a common cauſe with them.

The

The motion for the Addreſs was then put, and carried *nem. dis.*

On the motion of Lord Hawkeſbury, Lord Walſingham was appointed Chairman of the public and private Committees for the preſent Seſſion.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

TUESDAY, NOV. 22.

A few minutes after three o'clock, Mr. Quarme, the Deputy Uſher of the Black Rod, appeared within the bar, and, by his Majeſty's command, ordered the immediate attendance of the Houſe, in the Houſe of Peers. The Speaker, attended by the Members, went up accordingly.

The Speaker having returned, the Houſe proceeded, according to Parliamentary etiquette, to its own buſineſs, previous to taking his Majeſty's Speech into conſideration.

The clerk preſented to the Speaker a Bill for preventing Clandeſtine Outlawries, which was read a firſt and ſecond time.

The Speaker then ſtated, that the Houſe had attended his Majeſty in the Houſe of Peers, when his Majeſty had been pleaſed to deliver a moſt gracious Speech to both Houſes of Parliament. In order to prevent miſtakes, he had procured a copy of the Speech, which, with leave of the Houſe, he ſhould read. (Here the Speaker read the Speech, for which ſee our report in the proceedings in the Houſe of Lords.)

Mr. Cropley Aſhley roſe to move the Addreſs. He obſerved, that if the perſevering induſtry and attention of the people, in order to acquire a thorough knowledge of military diſcipline, to enable them to defeat the attacks of the enemy, could inſpire confidence in our ſucceſs, he was certain that the Houſe might rely moſt completely on that ardour and enthuſiaſm, which he well knew pervaded all ranks in the country. With regard to the finances of the Empire, he was happy to obſerve, that ſuch was their ſtate of proſperity, that the delay and procraſtination of the enemy in making his attack, could not poſſibly injure them. The delay was tedious; but he was thoroughly ſenſible that our revenue and finances were fully adequate to reſiſt any attempt to injure the country in that way. The next feature which occurred to him was, the excellent ſtate of internal defence which the nation had to boaſt; it already had attained ſuch a ſtability and conſiſtency, that Government might ſafely detach the regular troops on expeditions againſt the foreign poſſeſſions of France. Indeed this idea ſeemed already to have been in ſome meaſure acted on; as in the ſhort ſpace of four months we had got into our poſſeſſion various ſettlements of the enemy in the Weſt Indies, which, in former wars, had taken years to reduce.—It certainly would afford matter of infinite ſatisfaction to the Houſe, and the country at large, to underſtand that his Majeſty had concluded a treaty with the King of Sweden, which ſecured the maritime rights of Great Britain on a firm and permanent baſis. The aſpect of affairs in Ireland was highly ſatisfactory; that country exhibited tranquillity in conſequence of the wiſe and effective meaſures adopted by the Houſe, and entruſted, in their execution, to the Government of that country. His Majeſty, in his Speech, had expreſſed a hope, that many of his deluded ſubjects who might have deviated from their allegiance would be now convinced of their error, and, comparing the advantages they derive from the protection of a free conſtitution, with the condition of thoſe countries under the dominion of France, that they would cordially and zealouſly concur in reſiſting any attempt againſt the ſecurity and independence of the United Kingdom. Such was his Majeſty's juſt expectation; and if a man, after having made the contraſt ſo forcibly recommended, ſhould feel lukewarm in the cauſe, let him be told, that his Sovereign had informed Parliament of his Royal determination perſonally to ſhare in the exertions and dangers of his people. *(Hear! Hear!)* The preſent conteſt was not produced by any ſpirit of aggrandizement or encroachment on the part of his Majeſty; it had not been excited by a deſire of conqueſt; but it had been undertaken for the preſervation of the rights, the honour, and the independence of his ſubjects. The Hon. Gentleman concluded by moving an Addreſs to his Majeſty, which, as is always cuſtomary, was an echo to the ſpeech.

Mr. Burland, in ſeconding the motion, ſtated, that he felt himſelf under conſiderable apprehenſion, not in addreſſing the Houſe, but in contemplating the preſent momentous criſis. It

was

was a criſis when Great Britain was proudly lifting her head, before the world, above thoſe clouds of anarchy and confuſion which threatened her with inevitable ruin and deſtruction. At ſuch a criſis, when it was poſſible the enemy might be landing on our ſhores, he was ſure there never was leſs occaſion to call for unanimity in the vote of any night, than the preſent. He felt convinced, the Houſe would be unanimous; and this conviction was founded on the events of the laſt Seſſion, when, however much Gentlemen might differ on ſpeculative or theoretical points, yet, when the King and the country were in danger, they had been always of one mind. Were he to ſeek for arguments in favour of unanimity, he ſhould only have occaſion to advert to thoſe principles which had ſo long deluged Europe with blood. The Houſe ought not to divide on the preſent queſtion; they ought not, by any example of diſſention, to paralyze the efforts of a brave and gallant people. There was, however, one circumſtance to which he could not help alluding, although it did not bear upon, or was intimately connected with, the preſent ſubject. There was a language held by many, ſo pernicious and deſtructive in its tendency, that he made it a point to combat and decry it on all occaſions. It was, that Bonaparte was not ſo fooliſh as to attempt invaſion, but that he would play a ſurer game, by exhauſting the reſources of this country. This was a moſt dangerous and erroneous idea. He would wiſh all who cheriſhed ſuch a chimerical notion, only to contemplate and reflect on the character of the Firſt Conſul. He would aſk them, if that man ever promiſed or gave a pledge of the kind which he did not perform? He invaded Egypt at a moment when he was at war with the whole world. Thoſe who entertain the opinion, that he would not attempt invaſion, had only to conſider theſe facts, in order to ſatisfy their own minds regarding the abſurdity of ſuch a courſe not being adopted by Bonaparte. He ruined the unfortunate Swiſs and the Dutch at a period of peace; and he certainly would endeavour to do the ſame by Great Britain, unleſs her people, as one man, went forth to oppoſe and prevent him. He truſted, that ſhould ſuch an occaſion ever preſent itſelf, Bonaparte would be thrown back, like the arch fiend, into Pandæmonium, where he was received with a hiſs from his hoſt; a hiſs of univerſal execration and ſcorn. Mr. Burland proceeded to ſtate, that no man viewed with more jealouſy than himſelf, any increaſe of the military eſtabliſhment of the country: but there was a ſtrong and irreſiſtible neceſſity for the preſent great augmentation of our military force, ſo long as the preſent military deſpotiſm pervaded France. He ſincerely rejoiced in the hands to which arms had been entruſted. He wiſhed, and was proud to ſee, men arrayed as ſoldiers, who had property and every thing dear to them at ſtake. There was, he obſerved, a wonderful contraſt between the French and Engliſh armies. In France he ſaw the miſerable conſcripts dragged to fight the battles of their tyrant; while in Great Britain nothing met the eye but Volunteers; men who, from the nobleſt ardour and moſt patriotic principles, had offered themſelves as defenders of the Conſtitution and this happy Iſland. There was another point on this ſubject infinitely gratifying, as it exhibited the truly paternal affection of our Sovereign; and that was, his Majeſty's declaration this day, of his determination perſonally to ſhare in the dangers and exertions of his people, in defence of their laws, religion, and every thing worth enjoyment on earth. The Hon. Gentleman then paſſed a very high panegyric on the vigilance and activity of the navy. He particularly mentioned the gallant Admiral (Cornwallis), who had ſo long kept up the blockade off Breſt. With regard to Ireland, he ſaid, he conſidered every thing in that country as perfectly tranquil; and it was matter of high ſatisfaction to reflect, that ſome individuals who had paid with their lives, for their offences, had declared they were not ſo degraded as to wiſh for a French alliance. He next congratulated the Houſe on the capture of the French and Dutch ſettlements in the Weſt-Indies and South-America, and concluded by giving his hearty aſſent to the Addreſs.

The queſtion was then put, when

Mr. Fox roſe. He ſaid that it was by no means his intention to enter into any general ſubject, or to oppoſe the Addreſs which had been moved; but he felt it impoſſible not to ſay a few words on two points. The firſt certainly was not alluded to in his Majeſty's Speech, or in the Addreſs, but it was neceſſary that ſome explanation ſhould be given upon it. After the war broke out, and during the laſt Seſſion, he had received

poſitive

poſitive aſſurances from a Noble Secretary of State, now no longer in that Houſe, (Lord Hawkeſbury,) that the mediation of the Emperor of Ruſſia, between this country and France, if offered, would be accepted; and that it would be ſolicited, if not offered; and alſo that his Majeſty's Miniſters were ready to ſtate their reaſons to that Power for the preſent conteſt. He had every reaſon to ſuppoſe that the words of the Noble Secretary were ſincere; and he could not refrain from expreſſing his regret, that his Majeſty's Speech had been ſilent on ſo very intereſting and important a ſubject. The next point was relative to Ireland. It had been ſtated that the rebellion in that country had been cruſhed. He knew it was the wiſh of the Houſe to act fairly to inſurgents and rebels, but the Addreſs implied that there was a wiſh to introduce a French alliance; now the Hon. Seconder of the Addreſs had diſclaimed any ſuch idea, by ſtating that the rebels themſelves denied it. He therefore contended, whatever circumſtances of atrocity or cruelty attended the rebellion, that it was unjuſt to ſtigmatize it by ſuch a deſign. He knew that the preſent was not the time for diſcuſſing the general ſubject of Ireland; but the Houſe had received aſſurances of tranquillity being reſtored. He wiſhed to call theſe aſſurances by another name.—*Hope* would in his opinion have been a more correct phraſe. Tranquillity could not be expected in Ireland, until an entire new ſyſtem was acted on. He wiſhed to warn the Houſe againſt truſting to the general ſentiments of Gentlemen from that part of the empire on the ſubject; and he would ſubmit, whether leaving Ireland in its preſent ſtate, would not be Parliament's ſhutting its eyes in a moſt culpable manner.

Mr. Addington obſerved, that he was happy to find the Hon. Gentleman did not mean to oppoſe the Addreſs, or to move any amendment to the original motion. The Hon. Gentleman, in putting the queſtion relative to the mediation of Ruſſia, had accurately ſtated the words of his Noble Friend, that the mediation of that power would be accepted, if offered; and that, if offered, no punctilio ſhould deter Miniſters from availing themſelves of it. He had no heſitation in ſaying, that the mediation of Ruſſia had been offered, and ſome diſcuſſions took place, but it did not hold out any proſpect of an adjuſtment between this country and France. The Hon. Gentleman expreſſed his regret that no notice had been taken of this event in his Majeſty's ſpeech. He could aſſure him that there was no wiſh on his part to conceal what paſſed; but there were *temporary* circumſtances, and he truſted they were *merely temporary*, which at preſent precluded him from giving any communication on the ſubject. Even had the ſpeech adverted to the point, the information it would have afforded could have been at beſt but imperfect. With regard to the Hon. Gentleman's remarks relative to Ireland, he denied that the words in the Addreſs bore the conſtruction he wiſhed to put upon them. He admitted the declaration of the perſons convicted, that they wanted no French alliance; but had ſuch a declaration been made by all who were connected in the conſpiracy, it would have been utterly deſtitute of truth. Had the rebellion ſucceeded, and Ireland been ſeparated from this country, would it not have been under the dominion of France? It was highly proper that the people of Ireland ſhould fully know the danger they would have been expoſed to, had ſuch an event taken place. With reſpect to diſcuſſing the general ſubject of Ireland, he wiſhed to ſubmit to the Hon. Gentleman whether or not that could be done in the way he ſeemed to wiſh, in the preſent ſituation of the United Empire, without aggravating thoſe very feelings which the Hon. Gentleman ſeemed ſo much to deprecate?

Sir F. Burdett did not riſe to diſturb the unanimity of the Houſe, but to ſtate a grievance ariſing out of the Volunteer ſyſtem, loudly calling for the interpoſition of Parliament: he held in his hand an Addreſs from the Volunteer Corps of the pariſhes of St. Giles and St. George, calling on the inhabitants of thoſe pariſhes for a ſubſcription in aid of theſe corps, and threatening to publiſh the names of thoſe individuals who might refuſe to ſubſcribe. He ſaid this was a ſerious evil, and Miniſters, when they had recourſe to a force of that deſcription, ought to have provided for every charge, as the Volunteers coſt the country infinitely more than the ſame force, if procured in a different way. He concluded by ſaying, that he did not mean to make any motion, but hoped the Houſe would not loſe ſight of the ſubject.

No notice was taken of the Hon. Baronet's Speech.

The queſtion was then put and carried, *nem. con.*, and a Committee was ordered to frame an Addreſs to his Majeſty accordingly.

INTELLIGENCE FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

ADMIRALTY OFFICE, OCT. 1.

Copy of a Letter from the Right Hon. Lord Keith, K. B. Admiral of the Blue, &c. to Sir Evan Nepean, Bart. dated on board his Majeſty's Ship Monarch, off Broadſtairs, Sept. 30.

SIR,

I ENCLOSE, for their Lordſhips' information, a copy of a letter from Captain Honyman, of his Majeſty's ſhip the Leda, to Rear-Admiral Montagu, reporting the attempts which he had made, with his Majeſty's ſhips and veſſels under his orders, to obſtruct the progreſs of the enemy's gun-boats from the eaſtward towards the port of Boulogne: and have the honour to be, &c.

KEITH.

His Majeſty's Ship Leda, off Boulogne, Sept. 29.

SIR,

In anſwer to your's of this date, I have the honour to acquaint you, that the enemy's gun veſſels, being twenty-ſix in number, were yeſterday diſcovered coming out of Calais ſoon after I had diſpatched Lieut. Cameron to you; I immediately gave chaſe with the ſquadron under my command; but although every exertion was uſed on our part, they anchored cloſe in with the Pier at Boulogne, after a ſevere cannonade of about three hours, which was returned from them, as well as their numerous batteries on ſhore. It was my intention to have bombarded them in that ſituation, and had made the ſignal for that purpoſe; but the wind blowing ſtrong off ſhore, and a lee tide, prevented the bombs from taking their ſtations accordingly. At day-light this morning another ſquadron of the enemy's gun-boats (25 in number) were diſcovered coming from the eaſtward; I immediately proceeded to attack them; and, after a ſevere cannonade for nearly three hours, they anchored in the ſituation with the veſſels laſt night, with the loſs of two of them, they having been driven on ſhore, and bilged upon the rocks. There are at preſent fifty-five gun veſſels at an anchor outſide the Pier of Boulogne. I am happy to add, that I have not received reports of any material injury being done to any of the ſquadron under my command; a ſhell fell on board the Leda, which burſt in her hold, doing little injury to the ſhip, and without hurting a man.

I have the honour to be, &c.

ROB. HONYMAN.

To Rear-Admiral Montagu, &c.

[This Gazette contains likewiſe a Letter from Lord Nelſon, dated, Victory, off Toulon, Aug. 10, 1803, giving an account of the capture of the French national brig of war, l'Alcion, of 16 guns and 96 men, a remarkably fine veſſel, returning from Alexandria, where ſhe had been on a particular miſſion, by his Majeſty's ſhip Narciſſus, Captain Donnelly.]

ADMIRALTY OFFICE, OCT. 4.

Copy of a Letter from Lieutenant Leaver, of his Majeſty's Gun-brig the Jackall, to Rear-Admiral Montagu, tranſmitted to Sir Evan Nepean, by Lord Keith, from on board the Monarch, off Broad Stairs, on the 2d Inſtant.

His Majeſty's Gun-brig, Jackall, off Oſtend, Sept. 29, 1803.

SIR,

I have the honour to acquaint you, that this afternoon I gave chaſe to a veſſel running along ſhore between Nieuport and Dunkirk, but it falling nearly calm, I diſpatched Mr. Simpſon, Maſter, ſix ſeamen, and four marines, to board her, which duty they performed in a very ſpirited manner, under a heavy fire from three field-pieces brought on the beach, and a ſmall battery of two guns, within half-piſtol ſhot, the enemy being aground when boarded. She proves to be an armed ſloop, of four two-pounders, belonging to Dunkirk; I believe taken up for the conveyance of troops. Her crew eſcaped on ſhore, to the number of ten or twelve. A light breeze ſpringing up, with the aſſiſtance of my ſweeps, I was enabled to arrive time enough with the brig to cover the boat and prize coming off. Although the ſloop kept a continual fire on the boat, I am happy to ſay, there was not any perſon hurt. She ran on ſhore betwixt the Calms and the Main. The maſterly manner in which Mr. Purdy, Pilot, conducted the brig in that navigation, does him great credit.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) C. P. LEAVER, Lieutenant and Commander.

Rear-Admiral Montagu.

TUESDAY, OCT. 11.

This Gazette contains Letters, with incloſures according to the routine of Naval Communications, to the Lords of the Admiralty; the total of which, and without

without repetition, is as follows:—Captain Griffiths, of the Conſtance frigate, moored in the Elbe, on Sept. 21, captured the Caroline French privateer, of eight guns and thirty-five men; another, which had ſtruck her colours to him, but of which he was unable to take poſſeſſion, on account of the unfavourable ſtate of the weather, eſcaped into the river Elbe.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, OCT. 20.

A diſpatch from Admiral Gambier, dated St. John's, Newfoundland, Aug. 20, contains an extract of a letter from Captain Malbon, of the Aurora, announcing the particulars of the capture of St. Pierre, on the 30th of June. A hundred ſtand of arms were found on the iſland; and if the inhabitants had not been ſurpriſed by the capture of their Governor, it is ſuppoſed they would have made a ſtrong reſiſtance.

This Gazette alſo contains a Letter from Sir J. Colpoys, announcing the arrival, at Plymouth, of l'Aventure French privateer, of 20 guns and 150 men, captured by the Acaſta.—Two merchant-ſhips from Jamaica, taken by this privateer, were recaptured by the Acaſta.—Likewiſe a Letter from Captain Wolfe, of l'Aigle, announcing the capture, off Vigo, of l'Alert brig privateer, of 14 guns and 84 men, ſixty-five days from Bourdeaux. She was much damaged by the ſhot of l'Aigle.

TUESDAY, NOV. 1.

[The Gazette of this day contains a letter from Captain Brenton, of the Merlin, dated off Dunkirk, Oct. 28, giving an account of the driving on ſhore and deſtruction of les Sept Freres, French privateer, of 2 guns and 30 men. The boats of the Merlin were commanded by Lieut. H. C. Thompſon, who loſt an arm in the late war.—On our ſide, not a man was hurt.—The conduct of Lieutenant Thompſon (ſays Admiral Montagu), and the people ſerving under him, merits approbation; and Lieutenant De Starck, of the Millbrook, appears to have exemplified the zeal and energy which invariably attaches to his character.]

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

A DEFENSIVE alliance is ſaid to be in negociation between Ruſſia, Denmark, and Sweden, and that Pruſſia will be invited to accede to it. It is by no means a ſecret, that the Cabinet of Ruſſia is indiſpoſed towards France, and much inclined to favour the cauſe of England.

General Mortier has ſent two of his Adjutants to Schwerin, to demand of the Duke of Mecklenburgh, that he would ſend the Hanoverian Miniſters out of his territories, and reſtore the effects belonging to the King of England, which had been ſecured in that country. The Duke of Mecklenburgh, however, has not complied with the demands, and has ſent off expreſſes on the ſubject to Peterſburgh and Berlin. The Ruſſian Miniſter at the latter Court appears to have intereſted himſelf in the buſineſs, who not only delivered an official note reſpecting the claim on the Duke of Mecklenburgh, but has ſent a ſpecial meſſenger to his Court to notify the tranſaction.—The greateſt part of our King's fine ſtud of horſes were ſaved through the means of the above Duke of Mecklenburgh Schwerin.

Among other preparations for invaſion, a Decree has been iſſued in France, for forming a Corps of Guides, of 117 men, to ſerve in the Army of England, and act as interpreters. They are to be perſons capable of ſpeaking and writing Engliſh, and acquainted with the topography of the country.

The preparations going forward in Breſt harbour are ſpoken of as in a ſtate of unuſual buſtle. The Britiſh fleet off that port are conſtantly on the alert, ſhould the enemy attempt coming out. Some ſhips have been diſpatched to the Mediterranean to join Lord Nelſon; from a conjecture, that Bonaparte has it in contemplation to ſend another expedition to Egypt.

The alarm, or rather embarraſſment, which the proſpect of a war with Spain had excited, has, in a great meaſure, ſubſided.

When the order of Miniſters reſpecting the clearing out of veſſels for the ports of Spain and Portugal, was firſt tranſmitted to the Cuſtom Houſe, it gave

gave riſe to an explanation on the part of the Spaniſh Miniſter. The ſtatement of Lord Hawkeſbury proving ſatisfactory to the Spaniſh Miniſter, by his deſire the following letter was publiſhed:—

From Miguel de Larrea, Eſq. Spaniſh Conſul General in London, to —— ——, Spaniſh Vice Conſul in ——.

October 22, 1803.

To clear up any doubts touching accounts which have been circulated within theſe few days, in the public papers of this capital, of an embargo being laid on Spaniſh and Portugueſe ſhips, I now inform you, that his Excellency the Spaniſh Miniſter having paſſed a Note to the Court of London reſpecting this particular, his Excellency Lord Hawkeſbury anſwered him, dated yeſterday, that no ſuch embargo had been ordered; and that the order which had been given was, that no Engliſh ſhip ſhould depart, without convoy, for the ports of Spain and Portugal, on account of the many Engliſh prizes that the French privateers had made on thoſe coaſts—All which you will make known publicly, to contradict the very great falſehoods of the public papers.

WEST INDIES.

A Jamaica mail, brought by the Duke of Kent packet, in fifty-ſix days, brings intelligence, that our ſquadron ſtill blockaded Cape François, in St. Domingo, where there were three frigates, and ſixty merchant ſhips with their cargoes; likewiſe 2500 troops, with as many militia, then in the Cape Town. The actual loſs of the French ſince the arrival of their armament was 23,500 men, by the climate and the war with the Brigands.

An Engliſh frigate had run on ſhore off the Cape; and finding it impoſſible to get her off, ſhe was burnt by our fleet, under the command of Captain Loring.

The Snake ſloop of war, Captain Roberts, on the 2d of Auguſt captured twelve veſſels which were coming out of Jeremie, and carried them into Jamaica. They were bound for Cape Francois. Several other captures have alſo been made.

A letter from St. Vincent's, dated Sept. 4, ſays, "The fleet from Britain arrived a few days ago at Barbadoes, and the fleet from Cork arrived here on the 2d, under convoy of la Pique frigate. The Captain of a flag of truce, lately arrived from Martinique, ſtates, that from the ſtrict blockade of the iſland no veſſel can get in or out; that the greateſt ſcarcity of proviſions prevails; and that the town of St. Pierre appears like a wilderneſs. Four weeks ago, there were 1200 regular troops in garriſon, the remainder of near as many thouſands, which the flux is daily ſweeping off. The Commander of theſe troops is dead, on whom they principally depended for any defence the iſland could make. Their militia is encamped, but expecting each moment to be attacked. Guadaloupe is undergoing the ſame ſtrict blockade."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

OCTOBER 19.

THE Rebel General, Ruſſel, was tried at Carrickfergus, and, after a trial which laſted from ten in the morning till half paſt eight in the evening, convicted of High Treaſon, and executed on Friday following.

22. The Earl of Moira is appointed Commander in Chief of all his Majeſty's forces in Scotland.

26 & 28. All the Volunteer Corps of London and Weſtminſter were reviewed by the King in Hyde Park.

GENERAL ORDERS.

Horſe Guards, October 29, 1803.

His Royal Highneſs the Commander in Chief has received the King's command, to convey to the ſeveral Volunteer and Aſſociated Corps which were reviewed in Hyde Park on the 26th and 28th inſt. his Majeſty's higheſt approbation of their appearance, which has equalled his Majeſty's utmoſt expectation.

His Majeſty perceives, with heartfelt ſatisfaction, that the ſpirit of loyalty and patriotiſm on which the ſyſtem of the armed Volunteers throughout the kingdom was originally founded, has riſen with the exigencies of the times, and at this moment forms ſuch a bulwark to the Conſtitution and Liberties of the Country, as will enable us, under the protection of Providence, to

bid defiance to the unprovoked malice of our enemies, and to hurl back, with becoming indignation, the threats which they have preſumed to vent againſt our independence, and even our exiſtence as a nation.

His Majeſty has obſerved, with peculiar pleaſure, that, amongſt the unprecedented exertions which the preſent circumſtances of the country have called forth, thoſe of the capital of his United Kingdom have been eminently conſpicuous; the appearance of its numerous and well-regulated Volunteer Corps, which were reviewed on the 26th and 28th inſt. indicates a degree of attention and emulation, both in officers and men, which can proceed only from a deep ſenſe of the important objects for which they have enrolled themſelves, a juſt eſtimation of the bleſſings we have ſo long enjoyed, and a firm and manly determination to defend them like Britons, and tranſmit them unimpaired to our poſterity.

The Commander in Chief has the higheſt ſatisfaction in diſcharging his duty, by communicating theſe his Majeſty's moſt gracious ſentiments, and requeſts that the Commanding Officers will have recourſe to the readieſt means of making the ſame known to their reſpective corps.

FREDERICK, Commander in Chief.

Here follows a General Return of the Volunteer Corps reviewed by his Majeſty on the 26th and 28th of October 1803. The total number of effectives *in the field* were as follow:—

On Wedneſday, the 26th Oct. -	12,401
On Friday, the 28th Oct. - -	14,676
Grand Total	27,077

HARRY CALVERT, Adj. Gen.

30. Captain Goodall, of the Catherine and Mary privateer, in which he took ſome valuable prizes, but at laſt was taken by the Caroline French privateer on the 25th of July laſt, arrived in town this day. He made his eſcape from France into Germany, and was thirty days on his journey from Paris to England. [*Authentic Particulars will appear in our Magazine next month.*]

NOV. 4. Daniel Iſaac Eaton, formerly a bookſeller in Newgate-ſtreet, convicted about three years ſince of publiſhing a ſeditious libel, and who was outlawed in conſequence of not appearing to receive judgment, was this day apprehended by Rivett, one of the Bow-ſtreet officers, and lodged in the cuſtody of the Sheriff of London.

5. As one of the armed veſſels lying in the river, at Harwich, was celebrating the anniverſary of the diſcovery of the Gunpowder Plot, ſhe diſcharged one of her guns, loaded with grape ſhot, at the camp of the Third Royal Lancaſhire militia, on the oppoſite ſide of the river, near Landguard Fort. The balls marked the ground in ſeveral places within the lines of the encampment, and both officers and men had a moſt miraculous eſcape. One of the balls paſſed between two of the officers who were walking on the parade, and another of them flew up the officers' ſtreet, grazing the ground in ſeveral places; others took different directions through the encampment, where there were nearly eleven hundred men, but, providentially, without hurting any of them. Eight of the balls were ſoon afterwards picked up, ſome at the diſtance of half a mile beyond the camp, and each of them weighed upwards of a pound; of courſe, the ſhot was fired entirely through miſtake; but, as accidents often occur from firing on days of rejoicing, we think that too much attention cannot be paid, both by officers and men at ſea, that no balls are in the guns previous to their firing them on ſuch occaſions.

10. A grand entertainment was given to his Excellency Elfi Bey, and a number of other diſtinguiſhed viſitors, by his Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales.—The converſation turning upon the very excellent equeſtrian powers of the Mamelukes and the Turks, the Prince, in his uſual ſtile of affability, ſaid, "I have now in my ſtud an Egyptian horſe, ſo wild and ungovernable, that he will diſmount the beſt horſeman in the whole Bey's retinue." The Bey replied in Italian to the Prince —"I ſhall gratify your Royal Highneſs's curioſity to-morrow." An appointment conſequently took place next day at two o'clock, in the Prince of Wales's Riding Houſe, Pall-Mall; when the Bey, in company with Colonel Moore, his interpreter, and Mahomet Aga, his principal Officer, a young man of apparent great agility, entered the riding-houſe, where the Prince and his Royal Brothers waited, attended by ſeveral Noblemen, to witneſs the management of the horſe, which never before could be ridden by any body. One of the Mameluke's

ſaddles being fixed by the grooms, the animal was led out of the ſtable into the riding-houſe, in ſo rampant and unmanageable a ſtate, that the gentlemen preſent concluded no one would ever attempt to mount him. There never was a greater model of beauty. He is ſpotted like a leopard, and his eyes were ſo fiery and enraged, as to indicate the greateſt danger to any one who dared to mount him. Being led round the boundary, Mahomet Aga made a ſpring, ſeized him by the reins, and in an inſtant vaulted on the back of the animal, which, finding itſelf incumbered by a burden that it never before felt, and goaded by the tightneſs of the Egyptian ſaddle, gave looſe to his paſſion, and, in the height of ferocity, plunged, but in vain, in every direction. The Mameluke kept his ſeat during this proud diſtraction of the horſe, for more than twenty minutes, to the utter aſtoniſhment of the Prince and every beholder; and the apparently ungovernable animal was at laſt reduced to ſo tame and accommodating a ſtate, as to yield to the controul of the very able rider who had thus ſubdued him. The Prince expreſſed himſelf highly gratified; greatly complimented the officer for his equeſtrian ſkill; and, after retiring to Carlton Houſe, ordered ſome refreſhment, when Elfi Bey and his retinue departed, not a little proud of the diſplay of their eaſy victory.

12. The boat of the Hecate bomb upſet in a gale, off Reculver, near Margate; by which Lieut. Parſons, his Surgeon, Maſter, and four Sailors, were all unfortunately drowned.

13. A moſt beautiful vivid meteor deſcended in London this evening about eight o'clock. It took a ſouth-weſt direction, and the whole atmoſphere, for the inſtant, appeared illumined with a vivid flame of blue light.

This meteor was obſerved at Ipſwich, Canterbury, Bath, Exeter, Oxford, Cambridge, &c. &c. In the country parts it was attended with a noiſe like thunder.

Capt. Jervis, nephew to Earl St. Vincent, and Commander of the Magnificent, of 74 guns, is appointed Treaſurer of Greenwich Hoſpital, in the room of the late Admiral Payne.

14. A letter from Lord Hobart to the Lord Mayor, announced the ſurrender of the colonies of Demarara and Eſſequibo, on the 19th September laſt, to his Majeſty's forces under the command of General Grinfield and Commodore Hood.

14. Mr. Dewy, of the 8th Regiment of Loyal London Volunteers, who received the contents of a muſket, at a ſham-fight, near Hornſey, on Wedneſday, the 2d inſtant, languiſhed until half paſt eleven o'clock this night, when he expired, after experiencing the moſt excruciating pain. It has not yet tranſpired who the perſon was that inflicted the fatal wound. Coroner's Verdict, Accidental Death.

15. The Lord Mayor proceeded in ſtate from the Manſion Houſe to hold a Court of Aldermen. It being the firſt Court in the new Mayoralty, his Lordſhip, on taking the Chair, as is uſual, addreſſed the Court in a neat ſpeech on the occaſion. The Court voted their unanimous thanks to Charles Price, Eſq. late Lord Mayor, for his general good conduct during his Mayoralty.

17. The Court of Common Council voted their unanimous thanks to the late Lord Mayor; which were ordered to be fairly written on vellum, richly emblazoned, framed and glazed, and preſented to him by the Town Clerk, in the name of the Court.—The ſalary to the Recorder of London, hitherto 600*l.*, was fixed by the Court at 1000*l.* per annum.

20. General Baird, who commanded the Storming Party at Seringapatam, and who had afterwards the honour of leading the Britiſh forces from the Eaſt acroſs the Red Sea, through the Deſerts of Arabia into Egypt, where they were again victorious, is arrived in town from the Eaſt Indies. On his paſſage from India he was taken by a French privateer, but was fortunately recaptured by the Sirius frigate, at the entrance of the harbour of Corunna. Sir Edward Pellew ordered the Mary to ſail with the General for England.

Timber.—Conſidering the growth of Timber as extremely profitable to individuals, and alſo a great national object, a correſpondent wiſhes that, as well as effectually carrying into execution the plan for reducing the National debt, our Legiſlature would compel and encourage the planting of Oaks in all proper ſituations.—An anonymous writer on planting ſays, from good authority, that a 74 gun ſhip

ſwallows

ſwallows up nearly, or full, 3000 loads of oak timber. A load of timber is 50 cubical feet, a ton 40 feet; conſequently, a 74-gun ſhip takes 2000 large timber trees; namely, trees of nearly two tons each. Muſt we not feel a concern for the probable ſituation of this country at ſome future period?

*** In our XXth Volume, p. 35, we gave Mr. Forſyth's Specification of the Ingredients forming his Compoſition for curing Diſeaſes and Injuries in Trees; with his Directions for preparing the Trees, and laying on the Compoſition.

In a Poſtſcript to the Third Edition of his "Treatiſe on the Culture and Management of Fruit-Trees *," juſt publiſhed, Mr. Forſyth has the following paragraphs:

"I avail myſelf of this opportunity, to add a diſcovery which I have recently made; and which, as being calculated to ſave time and labour, may deſerve attention.

"Inſtead of *paring away the bark*, as had heretofore been the practice, and covering the ſtem with the *Compoſition*, I now merely *ſcrape off the looſe bark*, and apply a mixture of *cow-dung and urine only* (made to the conſiſtence of a thick paint), with a painter's bruſh: covering the ſtem carefully over. This ſoftens the old ſcabrous bark, which peels off during the following winter and ſpring, and is ſucceeded by a fine ſmooth new bark.

"W. FORSYTH."

This Poſtſcript alſo contains the following letter on the ſubject of the Compoſition:

"*To Mr. Forſyth, Royal Gardens, Kenſington.*

"SIR,

"As you had the goodneſs lately to give us an opportunity of examining ſeveral trees in Kenſington Gardens, in the various ſtages of renovation, or filling-up with new wood; and as reports have been circulated, tending to diſcredit the efficacy of your proceſs;—we feel it an act of juſtice, not only to you, but to the Country, which is deeply intereſted in your diſcoveries, thus publicly to declare, that the ſtatements you have publiſhed on the ſubject contain nothing more than the truth.

JOHN COAKLEY LETTSOM, M.D. F.R.S. &c.
WILLIAM WOODVILLE, M.D. †
JAMES SIMS, M.D. ‡
WILLIAM NORRIS. §
JOSEPH HART MYERS, M.D. ‖
ASTLEY COOPER. ¶
EDWARD COLEMAN. **
H. N. WILLIS, F.R.S. &c."

"*London, Nov.* 17, 1803.

PROMOTIONS.

THE Rev. Henry John Todd, rector of Allhallows, Lombard-ſtreet, appointed by the Archbiſhop of Canterbury keeper of the manuſcripts at Lambeth, *vice* Topham, deceaſed.

MARRIAGES.

WILLIAM TATTON EGERTON, eſq. M. P. to Miſs Charlotte Clara Payler, of Hedon, near Canterbury.

George Auſt, eſq. of Cheſſea, to the Hon. Mrs. Murray.

R. E. Duncombe Shafto, eſq. to Miſs Eden, daughter of Sir John Eden, bart.

John Williams, eſq. M. P. for Windſor, to Miſs Elizabeth Currie, third daughter of Dr. Currie.

* The firſt edition of which we reviewed Vol. XLI. p. 194.

† Phyſician to the Small-Pox and Inoculating Hoſpitals, and Author of a work on Medical Botany.

‡ Preſident of the Medical Society of London.

§ Surgeon to the Charter-houſe, &c.

‖ Phyſician to the General Diſpenſary, Aldersgate-ſtreet.

¶ Surgeon of Guy's Hoſpital.

** Profeſſor of the Veterinary College.

The

The Rev. Thos. Whalley, rector of Eaton, Northamptonſhire, to Miſs Catherine Maria Packe, of Preſtmould, Leiceſterſhire.

William Curtis, eſq. of Lombard-ſtreet, banker, to Miſs Lear, of Layton-ſtone.

The Rev. G. Thackery, one of the maſters of Eton School, to Miſs Carbonnell.

Lord Viſcount Mahon to the Hon. Miſs Catherina Lucy Smith, daughter to Lord Carhampton.

At Berlin, Francis James Jackſon, eſq. his Majeſty's plenipotentiary to that court, to Mad. De Dorville.

John Bacon Sawrey Morritt, eſq. of Rokeby Park, Yorkſhire, to Miſs Stanley, of Pall-mall.

Mr. Longman, of Cheapſide, to Miſs Thompſon, daughter of Mr. Thompſon, of Kenſington.

MONTHLY OBITUARY.

OCTOBER 14.

AT Mirfield, near Leeds, Joſeph Oly, in the 19th or 20th year of his age, a native of the Iſland of Otaheite.

19. John Hale, eſq. of Little Hadham, Herts.

At Springkell, Michael Stewart Maxwell, eſq. colonel of the late Dumfriesſhire fencible cavalry.

20. Henry Spence Hogarth, eſq. of Ford-place, near Stratford, Eſſex.

At Buxton, in his 74th year, Benjamin Ferrand, of St. Ives, near Bingley, many years major of the 1ſt Weſt York militia.

22. In Charter-houſe-ſquare, in her 83d year, Mrs. Suſannah Fry, widow of Joſeph Fry, M. D. late of Great Marlow, Bucks.

24. Mr. Daſhwood, eldeſt ſon of Sir Henry Watkin Daſhwood, of Kirklington Park, Oxfordſhire.

Hope Wilkes, eſq. of Lofts, in the county of Eſſex.

Lately, at Queenborough Hill, Surrey, T. B. H. Sewell, eſq. juſtice of peace for that county.

Lately, the Rev. John Richards, of Longbredy, Dorſetſhire.

26. H. Rowed, eſq. of Croydon.

Mr. Dyſon, of the King's Head Inn, Old Change.

27. William Briſtow, eſq. of Bath.

At the Plantation, Yorkſhire, Mrs. Hale, wife of General John Hale.

In the 86th year of his age, at his ſeat, Trentham Hall, Staffordſhire, the Moſt Noble Granville Leveſon Gower, Marquis of Stafford, Earl Gower, Viſcount Trentham, Baron Gower, K. G. His Lordſhip is ſucceeded by Earl Gower, his eldeſt ſon, who was married in the year 1785, to the Counteſs of Sutherland, now Marchioneſs of Stafford. The late Marquis was firſt married in 1744, to Elizabeth, the daughter of Nicholas Fazackerly, eſq. His ſecond marriage was in March 28th, 1748, to Louiſa Egerton, daughter of Scrope, Duke of Bridgewater. His Lordſhip was allied to many of the principal families in Great Britain. He formerly held ſome high ſituations of honour and truſt in His Majeſty's ſervice; in private life he was univerſally eſteemed for his virtues, and his loſs is very generally regretted.

30. Sir Lionel Darrell, a director of the Eaſt India Company.

At Bath, Major-General Ellis.

At Richmond, Yorkſhire, Henry Cowling, eſq.

31. Sir Walter Blount, bart. aged 35.

At Linlithgow, James Andrew, eſq. late provoſt of that burgh.

NOV. 1. At Weſt Monkton, the Rev. George Croſſman, LL. D. rector of Weſt Monkton, and of Blagdon, in the county of Somerſet, prebendary of Wells, and juſtice of peace for Somerſetſhire.

2. At Watford, Herts, Mr. Samuel Deacon, attorney-at-law.

At Nettlebed, in Oxfordſhire, aged 74, Mr. Timothy Phillips, father-in-law of Mr. Aſperne, bookſeller, in Cornhill.

Lately, at Aſhby-de-la-Zouch, Leiceſterſhire, the Rev. John Prior, B. D. vicar of that place, and maſter of the grammar-ſchool; alſo vicar of Packington, in the ſame county.

3. George Biggen, eſq. of Charles-ſtreet, St. James's-ſquare.

At Billericay, Eſſex, Mrs. Pakenham, aged 89, mother of Admiral John Pakenham and Captain Edward Pakenham.

4. At Culverthorpe, Lincolnſhire, Michael Newton, eſq.

Mr. Dove, of Blandford-houſe, Portman-ſquare, aged 73.

5. Mr. William Fountleroy, of Berner's-ſtreet, aged 21.

At Edinburgh, Rob. Arbuthnot, eſq. ſecretary to the board of truſtees for fiſheries,

ries, manufactures, and improvements, in Scotland.

At the Holm near Langtown, Cumberland, Mr. Richard Irwing, aged 71.

At Edinburgh, Sir John Gibſon Carmichael, of Skirling, bart.

Lately, at Woneriſh, near Guildford, in her 95th year, Lady Grantley, relict of the late, and mother of the preſent Lord Grantley.

6. William Arnold, eſq. Queen-ſquare, Bloomſbury, in his 78th year.

Mrs. Lee, wife of Mr. George Lee, banker, of Lombard-ſtreet.

At Cannonbury, John Strather Ancram, eſq.

Dr. Edward Horler, phyſician at Ayleſbury.

At Edinburgh, Mr. William Stevenſon, preacher of the goſpel.

7. Mr. Wheatly, ſeal-engraver, of Bond-ſtreet. He was killed by the breaking of the axle-tree of the Tunbridge coach, near Southborough, which occaſioned him to be thrown from the roof, and fractured his ſcull.

At Edinburgh, Alexander Thomſon, eſq. author of poems, entitled, "Whiſt," "The Paradiſe of Taſte," and other admired pieces.

8. Mr. B. Smith, of Newport, in the Iſle of Wight, formerly of Cannon-ſtreet, in his 87th year.

Mr. Chriſtie, ſen. auctioneer, Pall-mall.

At Southampton, Lieutenant-Colonel Davies, of the Portſmouth diviſion of royal marines.

Benj. Smith, eſq. of the Iſle of Wight.

George Hatch, eſq. late one of the members of the board of revenue on the Bengal eſtabliſhment.

Mr. Thomas Hills, of Gainsford-ſtreet, Shad Thames.

At the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh, John Millar, M. A. aged 76.

At Dublin, Mr. Digges Latouche.

9. John Farmer, eſq. of Kenſington.

At Carlton Kings, in Glouceſterſhire, Dodington Hunt, eſq.

10. In his 88th year, William Jackſon, gent. one of the caſhiers of the Bank of England.

11. In the Fleet priſon, aged 63, Mr. James Longman, formerly of the muſical warehouſe, Cheapſide.

Mr. John Kerby, bookſeller, Bond-ſtreet, aged 63.

Lately, at Bath, George Auguſtus Lawman, eſq. lieutenant-colonel in the Eaſt India Company's ſervice.

12. At Leith, Captain John Thomſon, late of his Majeſty's ſhip Indefatigable.

13. At Briſtol Hot Wells, Captain Charles White, of the 2d Royal Lancaſhire regiment of militia.

17. At his apartments in Greenwich Hoſpital, J. Willett Payne, eſq. rear-admiral of the red, treaſurer of Greenwich Hoſpital, commiſſioner general and auditor general to His Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales, brother to Lord Lavington, K. B. governor of the leeward Iſlands. On his return from town on Monday morning, he was taken with a cold ſhivering fit, and ſoon after was affected by a paralytic ſtroke, which deprived him of ſpeech: he was immediately attended by Sir Walter Farquhar, who declared him irrecoverable. He ſerved as Midſhipman on board the Eagle, of 64 guns, bearing the Flag of Lord Howe, in the American war; from whence he was made Lieutenant, and promoted to the rank of Poſt Captain on the 8th of July 1780. He alſo commanded one of the ſhips in his Lordſhip's fleet in the memorable action of the 1ſt of June 1794: was made Rear-Admiral of the Red on the 14th of February 1799; and the following year (on the reſignation of Lord Bridport) was appointed Treaſurer of Greenwich Hoſpital. For ſeveral years he has been the favourite companion of the Prince of Wales; and had the honour to convey her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of Wales to England, in the Jupiter, of 50 guns.

19. Mr. John Jones, diſtiller, of Whitechapel.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At St. Kitts, aged 73, Dennis Delaney, eſq. of that Iſland.

SEPT. 1. At Moſt, in Norway, on his return to Europe from Manilla, P. Everard Camper, eſq.

AUG. 27. At Jamaica, Dr. Peter M'Taggert.

JULY 20. At Roſetta, in Egypt, Captain Hayes, of the royal engineers, his Majeſty's reſident in Lower Egypt.

MARCH 12. At Kutchowrah Fort, to the north of Bengal, Major Robert Nairne, of the 6th regiment of native cavalry. He was killed by a ſhot from a matchlock, while leading on his regiment againſt a rebellious Zemindar.

Printed by I. GOLD, *late* Bunney and Gold, *Shoe-lane, London.*

EACH DAY's PRICE OF STOCKS FOR NOVEMBER 1803.

Days	Bank Stock	3perCt Reduc.	3 per Ct. Consols	4perCt Consols	Navy 5perCt	New 5perCt	Long Ann.	Short Ann.	Omn.	Imp. 3pr Ct	Imp. Ann.	India Stock.	India Scrip.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills.	Irish 5perCt	Irish Omn.	English Lott. Tick.
26																		
27		52 5/8	53 1/4 a 5/8	68 1/2	86 7/8	88 7/8	15 9-16		9/16 dis.									
28																		
29		53	53 5/8 a 54	69	87 3/8	89 3/8	15 11-16		8 3/4			163 3/4				77 3/4		
31	141 1/2	52 5/8	53 1/2 a 5/8	68 5/8	86 7/8	89	15 9-16		8 3/4			163 1/2						
1																		
2	141 1/4	52 7/8	53 1/2 a 3/4	68 3/4	87 1/2	88 7/8	15 9-16		8 3/4	51 1/4	8 7/8	163 1/4						
3		52 7/8	53 5/8 a 7/8	68 1/2	87	88 1/2	15 1/2		8 1/2									
4																		
5																		
7		52 3/4	53 5/8 a 3/4	68 1/4	87 3/8	88 1/4	15 1/2		8 1/2			163 1/4						
8	142	52 7/8	53 5/8 a 7/8	68 3/8	87 1/2	88 1/4	15 1/2		8 1/2	51 1/4	8 7/8	163 1/2				78		
9																		
10	142 1/4	52 3/4	53 5/8 a 3/4	68 1/4	87 3/4	88 1/8	15 1/2		8 3/4	51 1/8		164						
11	142	52 3/4	53 1/2 a 3/4	67 7/8	87 7/8	88	15 7-16		8 3/4	50 7/8	8 7/8	164 1/2						
12		52 1/2	53 1/8 a 1/2	67 7/8	87 1/2	87 5/8	15 5-16		9 1/4			163						
14		52 1/4	53 1/8 a 1/4	67 1/4	87 3/8	87 3/8	15 1/4		9 1/2	50 5/8	8 13-16	162 1/4						
15	142	52 3/8	53 1/8 a 5/8	67 1/4	87 5/8	87 3/8	15 5-16		9	51 1/8		163 1/2						
16		52 7/8	53 5/8 a 7/8	67 7/8	87 3/4	87 3/4	15 1/2		8 1/2	51 1/4								
17	142 1/2	53	53 5/8 a 7/8		87 3/4	87 3/4	15 7-16		8 1/2		8 7/8							
18	142	52 7/8	53 1/2 a 3/4	67 7/8	87 1/2	87 1/2	15 7-16		8 3/4	51 1/8		165						
19		52 3/4	53 1/2 a 5/8	68	87	87 1/4	15 7-16		8 3/4		8 15-16	164 1/2						
21		52 7/8	53 3/8 a 3/4	68	87 3/8	87 3/8	15 7-16		8 3/4	51 1/4								
22	142	53	53 3/8 a 7/8	68 1/8	87 1/2	87 5/8	15 7-16		8 1/2	51 1/2		164						
23		53 1/4	53 3/4 a 54	68 3/8	87 3/4	87 7/8	15 1/2		8 1/4	51 3/4		166						
24	142	53 1/4	53 3/4 a 54	68 3/8	87 3/4	88	15 1/2		8 1/2			166 1/4						
25	142 1/2	53 1/8	53 3/4 a 54	68 3/8	87 7/8	88 1/8	15 1/2		8 1/2	51 3/4	9	166						

N.B. In the 3 per Cent. Consols the higheſt and loweſt Price of each Day is given; in the other Stocks the higheſt Price only.